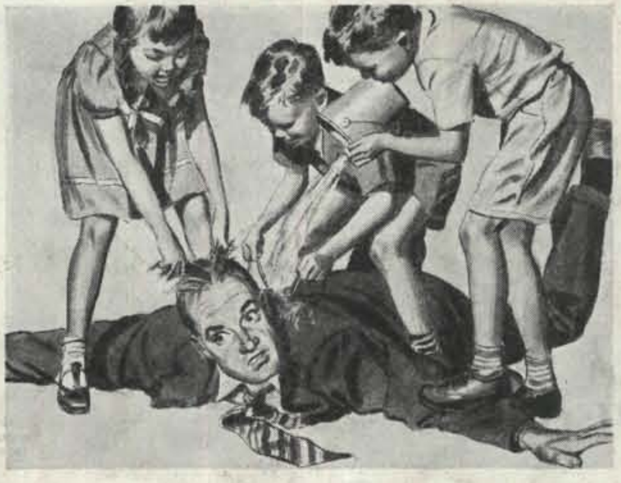
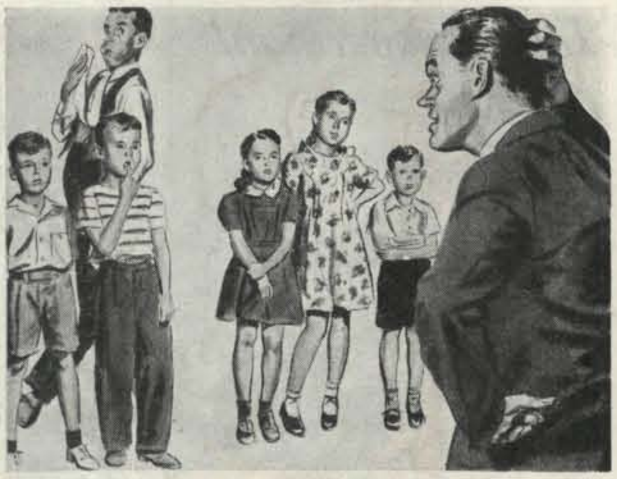
Getting along with relatives

by BOB HOPE

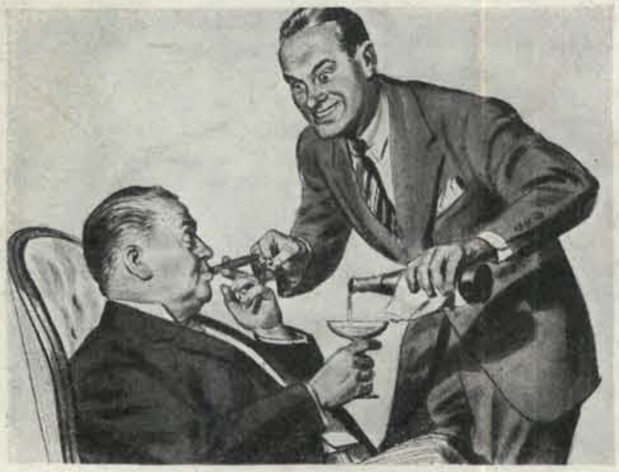
1. It doesn't take any special talents to get along with relatives . . . just a little Commando Training. Of course, almost everyone has trouble with relatives — especially their in-laws . . . in-law, that's an outlaw who gets in by marriage. It's not so bad with relatives who are born into your family, though. In fact, we get along fine with an uncle who is borne in every Saturday night.



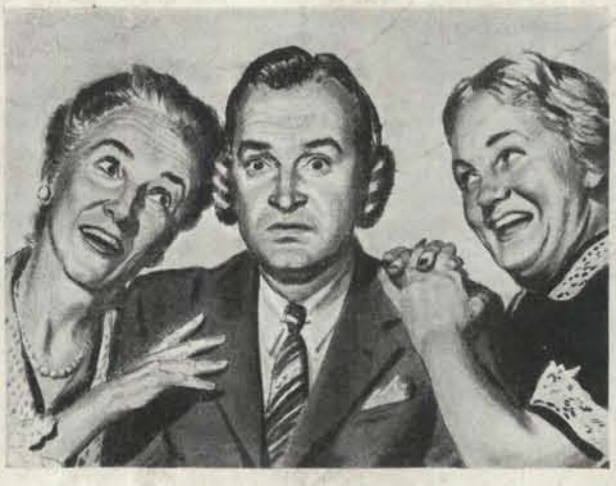
2. Always join in the children's games. This makes you popular with your nephews and nieces. It also gives your wife a wonderful chance to practice her first aid training. Naturally, everyone knows the best first aid to brighter, cleaner teeth is Pepsodent. No wonder it's Number One with men in the Service!



3. Feed the folks well. You'll find most relatives have fierce appetites. In fact, at our house we make it a point to count the children after every meal. I'll never forget the time we counted in a strange kid. We knew he was strange because he didn't know that Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium.



4. Be kind to rich uncles. You can never tell when one might leave you a fortune. Of course, mine never did. He just left me a copy of Esquire. But I only read the ads anyway . . . especially the ones that say "Pepsodent with Irium loosens the film you can feel on your teeth . . . uncovers the natural brightness of your smile."



5. Don't let their wrangling get on your nerves. I wouldn't say my relatives were noisy . . . but I do enjoy my quiet vacations as a riveter in the shipyards. Actually there's only one thing my family won't argue about, and that is if you use Pepsodent twice a day, you'll have brighter teeth in a hurry.

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
CONTAINS Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
CONTAINS Irium
Pep

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean, bright, and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

AUG. 21, 1943

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS **Kleenex** AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex* Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get out of ordinary boxes? With **KLEENEX*** it's pull a tissue and up pops another, ready for use!

(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

WHAT! NO KLEENEX?

IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT OF ***KLEENEX***, PLEASE BE PATIENT —HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY. QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT WE ARE DETERMINED, REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, TO MAINTAIN ***KLEENEX QUALITY*** IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

VITTLES FOR VICTORY

No more stained dish towels at canning time since I wipe the top of each filled jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX**

(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY*? —SOFT LIKE KLEENEX

Hope there'll be no shortages after the war

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

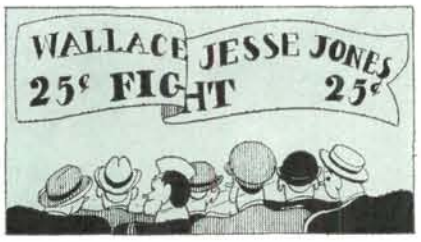
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	**CLARENCE H. ROY**	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	**AMY PORTER**	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	**GEORGE CREEL**	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	**WILLIAM HILLMAN**	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	**FRANK D. MORRIS**	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	**FRANK GERVASI**	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	**JIM MARSHALL**	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	**GRATTAN O'LEARY**	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	**AIMEE LARKIN**	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	**U. L. CALVOSA**	Photographs
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art	**GEORGE DE ZAYAS**	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

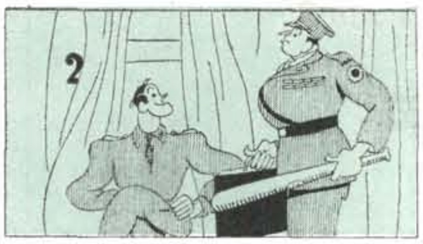
ANY WEEK

WE REJOICE to report that a large number of our readers are not only glad to be heavily taxed to defray a greater and greater part of the cost of this war, but are racking their brains for ways and means of helping Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Doughton and other money raisers. Some ideas are a trifle out of the ordinary—but sound. For example, here's Mr. Virginius Tyrus O'Donnell, who doesn't say a word about our moniker editorial, but: "From all that I hear and see, the goings-on in Washington, D. C., make Ringling's Circus look like an Epworth League meeting on a bad night. Now why not turn the capital of our country over to the circus people? They can put it on a paying basis by charging an admission of fifty cents a head with two bits extra for a good seat at the Hammering Hank Wallace-Jolting Jesse Jones fight. Properly advertised this ought to pay for the war and have quite a lot of change left over to see us all back to normalcy."



WELL, when we got to Washington this time, no admission fee being demanded, Union Station was a sight to behold. The place was jammed with women in uniform—Wacs, Waves, Wafs, lady Marines and so on. In spite of this, however, all the men, uniformed and civilian, were concentrating on one small but snappy number in a uniform unlike those worn by any other women in the vast shed. Frankly, this mouse was a colossal sensation—her cap at just the right angle, her skirt exactly the right length and her blouse— Oh, well, we're just a guy with a couple of experienced eyes. She walked through that crowd as if there wasn't any crowd. And presently we caught up with her. On her cap was the word TRAINMAN.

MOREOVER, we have a letter from an Army Air Force captain who says that he got a lower berth from Chicago to Washington. He was about to turn in when the occupant of the upper—a lieutenant colonel—arrived in the wake of a redcap who carried his bag. To the side of the colonel's bag was strapped a baseball bat. Our captain, thinking to make a little friendly conversation, said: "Well, well, Colonel, I see you have a baseball bat." The colonel was not very conversational. He looked at our captain, then at the bat, and said: "Yeah. I'm going to Washington." And that was all that our captain managed to get out of him, too.



OUR mail is improving a bit—in quality, too. Some time ago we complained that it was pretty terrible. We got an answer to that from Mr. Frank B. Doremeas of Kokomo, Indiana. "It isn't that your mail is so terrible but it is because you are terrible. You cannot read right. I have written you lots of good letters and you print nothing I say. You do not understand what I say as I am a great hand at writing between the lines. If you will read between the lines of this letter you will get what I mean which is that you are terrible."

IN HOUSTON, Texas, there is a Stage Door Canteen. We're informed by one of the women workers therein that a sailor entered one evening carrying a bottle of rum. As alcoholic stuff may not be carried into the place nor any served there, this sailor left his bottle in the pocket of his coat in the checkroom. Occasionally he'd go to the checkroom, take a drink and jitterbug with renewed vigor. But the doorman told him firmly that thereafter he'd have to leave the bottle checked until he unchecked his coat and hat, too. This stumped the sailor for slightly less than one minute. He returned to the checkroom, got his hat and coat, put them on, got out his bottle, took a drink, rechecked his hat and coat and went back to swinging it. He continued to do this every ten minutes until the bottle was empty. In the meantime, he and his girl friend won the dance honors of the evening. And our informant wants to know what chance the enemy has against guys like that. We wish all the answers were as simple.

NONE. . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

AUGUST 21, 194

SHORT STORIES

BEN HECHT
Café Sinister. A drama of vengeance is acted against a backdrop of high society Pag

VEREEN BELL
The Scars. A man is not beaten, even tho he turns the other cheek. Pag

GRACE NIES FLETCHER
Laney Draws a Limey. Was she just anc girl in a sailor's life? Pag

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Sweet Are the Uses of Geraniums, by Rc Fontaine. Pag

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The third of nine p Pag

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. Conclusion. Pag

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Airpower is Winning. Bombing out enemy's supply lines is the first and bic step to victory. Pag

MARGARET McKENNY
No Birds—No Crops. Our feathered fri destroy more bugs in a day than a gard can in a season. Pag

JOSEPH WECHSBERG
China's Quisling. Wang Ching-wei is anc example that a puppet's life is not a h one. Pag

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
It Happens in Moscow. Good living and theater offer some relief from horror bloodshed. Pag

DUGAL O'LIAM
The Kid from Azusa. B. G. De Sylva, si song writer and producer, takes it easy makes millions. Pag

GEORGE CREEL
The Allies' Poor Relations. Washington the cold shoulder to the smaller United tions. Pag

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT
American Mother. At 43, Mrs. Frances E. has eleven sons in the Armed Services. Pag

THÉRÈSE BONNEY
How the Finns Live. Shortages of almost e commodity make life in Finland a probler Pag

J. D. RATCLIFF
Shock Absorber. Curare, the jungle k plays a new role as agent of mercy to Pag

JAMES RORTY
A Doctor for All of Us. Why medical ra ing may soon become necessary. Pag

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

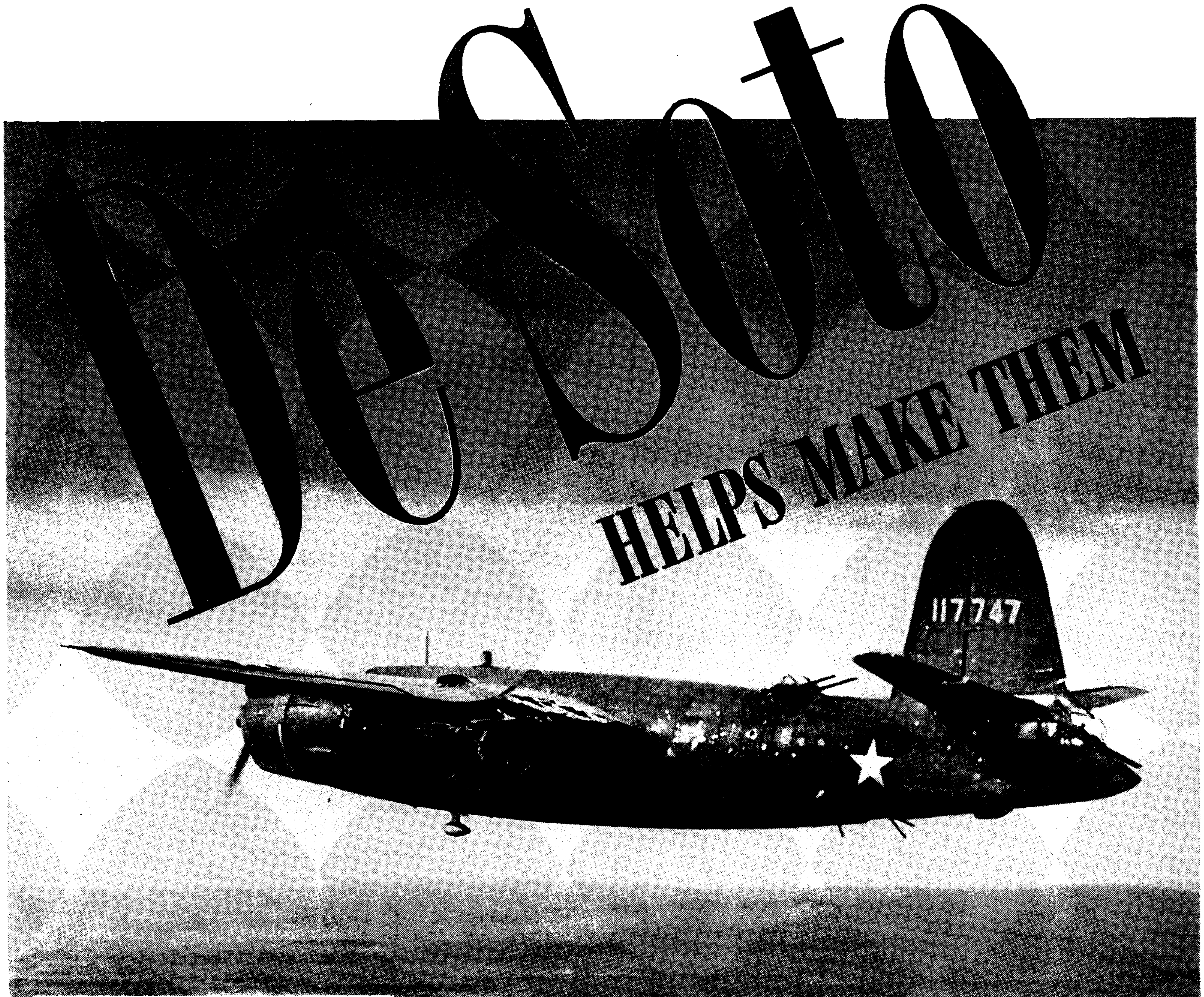
WING TALK. Pa

THE GUILTY (Julius Streicher).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 3. Pag

THE WEEK'S WORK. Pag

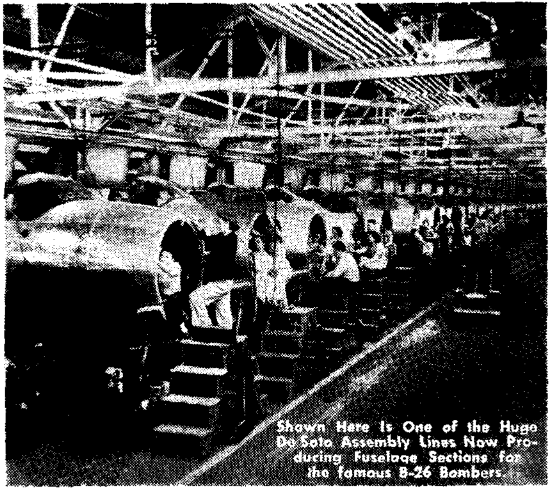
EDITORIAL
Four Planks for '44. Pag

COVER W. EUGENE SI



This B-26, badly riddled by anti-aircraft fire in a raid on Nazi installations, returns safely to its Tunisian base. — International News Photo.

B-26 —"The Marauder"


Shown Here Is One of the Huge De Soto Assembly Lines Now Producing Fuselage Sections for the famous B-26 Bombers.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

•

DE SOTO DEALERS throughout America remain strongly at their posts of service, maintaining the De Soto products of peace with essential parts and service.

It's a beautiful and powerful all metal monoplane, and some of the world's keenest pilots are its masters.

At Midway and in the Aleutians, these Marauders carried torpedoes; at Soputa, they dropped parachute bombs; at Buna *"they flew low and fast, their guns blazing."*

With its heavy armor and tremendous fire power, the B-26 can take mighty good care of itself. Seldom does it need fighter escort. It's a fighter on its own account. It's big and powerful and faster than most ships the enemy can send against it.

Yes, De Soto helps to build these B-26 Marauders. De Soto makes the big fuselage and nose sections on long assembly lines, manned by many of the same craftsmen who made fine cars for you every day in peacetime.

When De Soto delivers these nose and fuselage sections, it means that wiring, sound proofing, trim, tubing, functional mechanisms, most of the instruments and all of the controls are in their proper place.

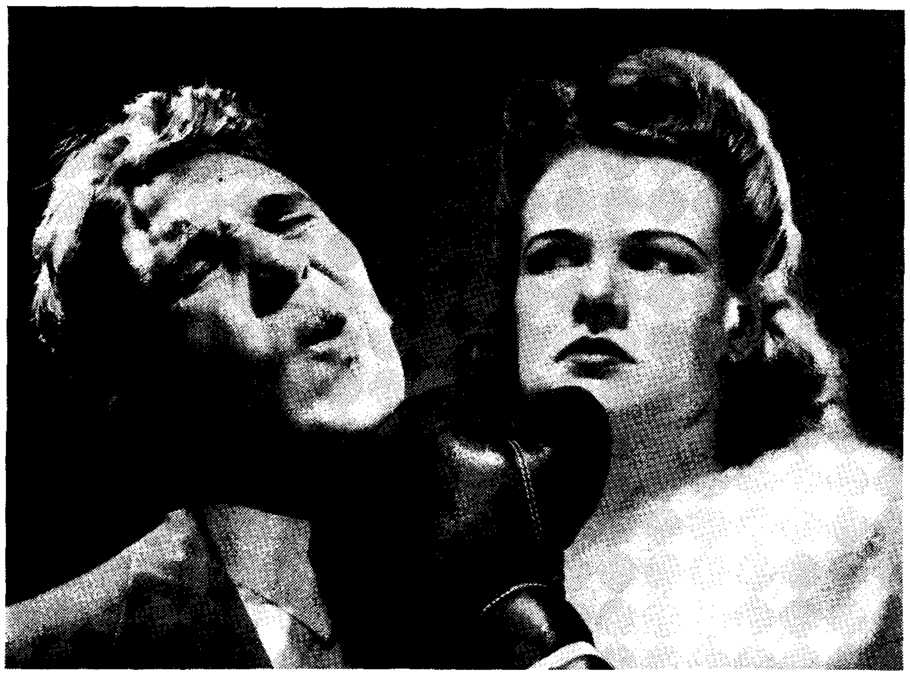
De Soto takes pride in the fame of these B-26 Marauders as reports from the battle fronts tell of their terrific striking power, their fleetness, maneuverability, and success.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR BONDS

They are Your Personal Investment in Victory.

OUT FOR THE COUNT, BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?



TRY 5 DROPS A DAY FOR...

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

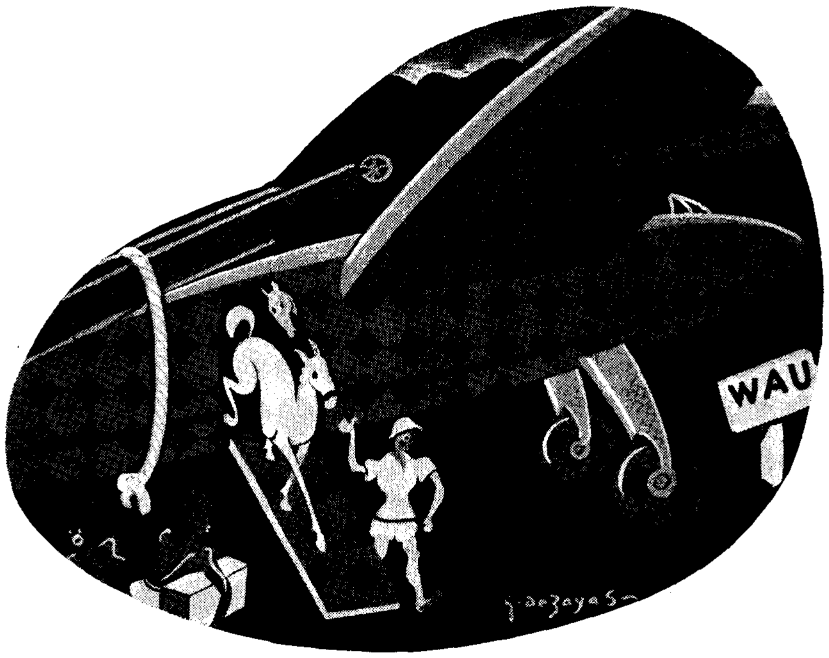
BETTER-LOOKING, HEALTHIER-LOOKING HAIR!

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

IT'S SO EASY: Just comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair or rub it directly on your scalp. It's just as easy as that to keep your hair neat, well-groomed all day long. And at the same time it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For double care of both scalp and hair, massage generously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing and rub a little on the scalp afterwards. Join the host of men who use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. You will discover that it's different, because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Wau, a gold-mining town in the New Guinea mountains, bombarded by the Japs for months, is the one Allied base that can be reached only by air. Since its founding in 1927, every person and every article has been flown in by plane, including dredges, building materials, war equipment, food and various animals, even several race horses.

During the past two years at Fort Benning, Georgia, paratroopers in training have made more than 100,000 jumps with only three fatalities, each resulting from a mistake made by the man himself.

Not only is America using vast quantities of paper in the war effort, but its peacetime consumption has always far surpassed that of every other nation. For years before this war, the annual per-capita use was 250 pounds in the United States, 120 pounds in England, 85 in Germany and 20 in Japan.—*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.*

Because it is possible and probable that London's newspapers reach Berlin and Berlin's reach London, through agents in Lisbon, within 24 hours after printing, these publications in both cities are carefully censored before going to press.—*By Bessie M. Park, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Under the laws of all states, the American flag cannot be offered free as a premium or inducement to purchase merchandise.

Poultry valued at $100,000,000 dies annually in this country from a number of diseases, one of which is responsible for half of this loss—a paralysis, with many forms, called avian leukosis complex. No one knows what causes or spreads the disease or how to control it.

At least 30 different types of slide fasteners, including the zipper, have been patented in one or more countries . . . Men in a blimp can spot a submarine, under favorable conditions, at a submerged depth of 90 feet. . . . The only American state or territory in which every person has been fingerprinted is Hawaii.

Because so much of the food being shipped abroad today has been dried, dehydrated or compressed, any American freighter of medium size is able to carry the entire annual yield of nearly 4,000 average farms, or, roughly, 600,000 acres.

A miniature electric railroad, now being built in New York City by a group of 100 engineers, will be the most elaborate model of its kind. Constructed on a scale of ¼ inch to a foot, it has already reached a length of a mile and is complete with rolling stock, scenery, signals, controls and timetables. Although this much of it, exclusive of the trains, has required almost 500,000 man-hours of work, the model is not expected to be finished until 20 years after the war.

Out of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women who offer to donate blood to the Red Cross, 57 men and 110 women are rejected because they do not meet various requirements.

The largest vertical letter file in the world is in the office of the Central Social Insurance Institution in Prague. Its thousands of drawers, which are ten feet deep and open and shut electrically, are in cabinets that extend from the floor to a high ceiling. To reach them, the clerks sit at elevator desks that move up or down or to the right or left at the touch of a button.

The six most popular sports in this country today, ranked according to annual attendance, are basketball, softball, baseball, football, boxing and horse racing.—*By Frank K. Lawler, Hollis, Long Island, N. Y.*

All warships of the U. S. Navy are required to display the national flag before firing a shot in battle. Even on submarines that surface quickly to engage an enemy vessel, the ensign must be hoisted before a deck gun goes into action.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Into the Fog.

Super Human Vision *with "THE INVISIBLE CREW"*

ELECTRONIC "vision" that penetrates through fog or cloud ... superhuman range of voice and hearing ... these are what Bendix* Radio and Radar give to the pilot of a U. S. plane!

And Bendix gives him other "senses"... third-dimensional senses. Pioneer* Instruments fix his horizon for him . . . where there is no horizon. They set his course, and hold it for him . . . show him his altitude, speed, position. Friez* Instruments supply his weather sense. The sure and instant perception that Nature gives to a bird ... these members of **"The Invisible Crew"** give to earthling man. Together they have conquered the hazards of blind flying!

Today this means, above all else, constant protection for our boys on the battle line. That common cause unites the many thousand Bendix workers ... under inspired engineers. But the science that pierces today's battle smoke, serves also to penetrate the veil of tomorrow's greater opportunities. **"The Invisible Crew"** will help to overcome the age-old handicaps of "flying blind" into the future, as into the fog.

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW Bendix

PIONEER*—Flight and Navigation Instruments and Aircraft Equipment. **BENDIX* RADIO**—Aircraft Radio Equipment for Navigation, Detection, Communication and Direction Finding, and Radio Compasses. **STROMBERG***—Automatically adjusting Aircraft Injection Carburetors, standard of the industry. **SCINTILLA***—Aircraft Magnetos, Spark Plugs and Ignition Systems.

BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg* Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints, Aircraft Gun Turrets, Aircraft Landing Gear, Wheels and Brakes. **ECLIPSE* AVIATION**—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, De-Icer Systems and other Aircraft Operational Auxiliaries. **FRIEZ***—Weather, Meteorological ... and Flight Recording Instruments.

*TRADE MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION AND SUBSIDIARIES

COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

SAVING HORSEPOWER
to SAVE FREEDOM!

Boiled right down to basic facts, it's horsepower of a hundred kinds that's deciding this war . . . horsepower giving mobility and meaning to the firepower in the hands of millions of Americans who have grown up with their feet on a throttle.

An unconquerable combination—American men and motors. It's an honor and an inspiration to every Sealed Power man and woman to serve every branch of our armed forces with the products that have won the trust of peacetime America. Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves are at every front, in tanks, trucks, jeeps, airplanes, bulldozers, boats, ships and power units.

And Sealed Power Piston Rings on the home front, too, are safeguarding power and saving precious rationed fuel. Packed in sets, individually engineered for each particular make and model of engine, they provide oil control, save gas, reduce wear and lengthen engine life. Insist on genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

SEALED Individually
POWER Engineered

© 1943 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK

IT'S a combination cookbook and guidebook, but it's a strange example of either. The main idea behind the volume for the present is to save the lives of American fliers forced down in the weird reaches of the Pacific. Every American plane carries one of the volumes. But after the war, it will be priceless to those of us who actually have the courage to take up beachcombing as a profession.

The book tells us how to roast a goanna to a turn. A goanna is a big lizard, and the tail makes a ravishing dish if properly cooked. The book also tells us that a stuffed bandicoot is elegant eating, that its flesh is scarcely distinguishable from rabbit. The fact that the bandicoot is nothing but a large rat with big ears has nothing to do with its taste. And the yavato! There's a dish that would thrill you clear down to your toes. Cooked up in a casserole, the yavato is something right out of this world. It's right out of our world anyhow, since it's described as "a large cream-colored grub found in rotting wood."

The book was put together by Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Much of the information in it was supplied by Dr. William Duncan Strong and his associates. Strong is director of the Ethnogeographic Board, which sounds very dull, but the Ethnogeographic Board has the delightful job of finding out all it can about the personal habits and environment of other folks all over the world.

The book does more than merely tell how to cook the strange flora and fauna a man is likely to run into on a desolate island in the Pacific. The main body of the book is divided into two columns. First, the name of the food, then a description and an explanation of where to find it and how to cook it.

An ordinary fig may be quite a strange business to a pilot from Brooklyn, for example. Figs growing on trees don't look much like those in packages.

Then there's honey. Honey is a blessed thing for a hungry wanderer to come across. The trick of finding it revolves around recognizing the insects that make it. In the tropics, the honey bee is a mild, stingless little thing that looks like an ordinary fly. The book tells the boys to tie a bit of white cloth on one of the bees, or sprinkle it with flour, then follow it through its zigzag course to its hive.

There's plenty of food lying around in the Pacific, both on land and in the water. But you have to know how to find it, and how to avoid the items that are poisonous, of which there are fortunately very few.

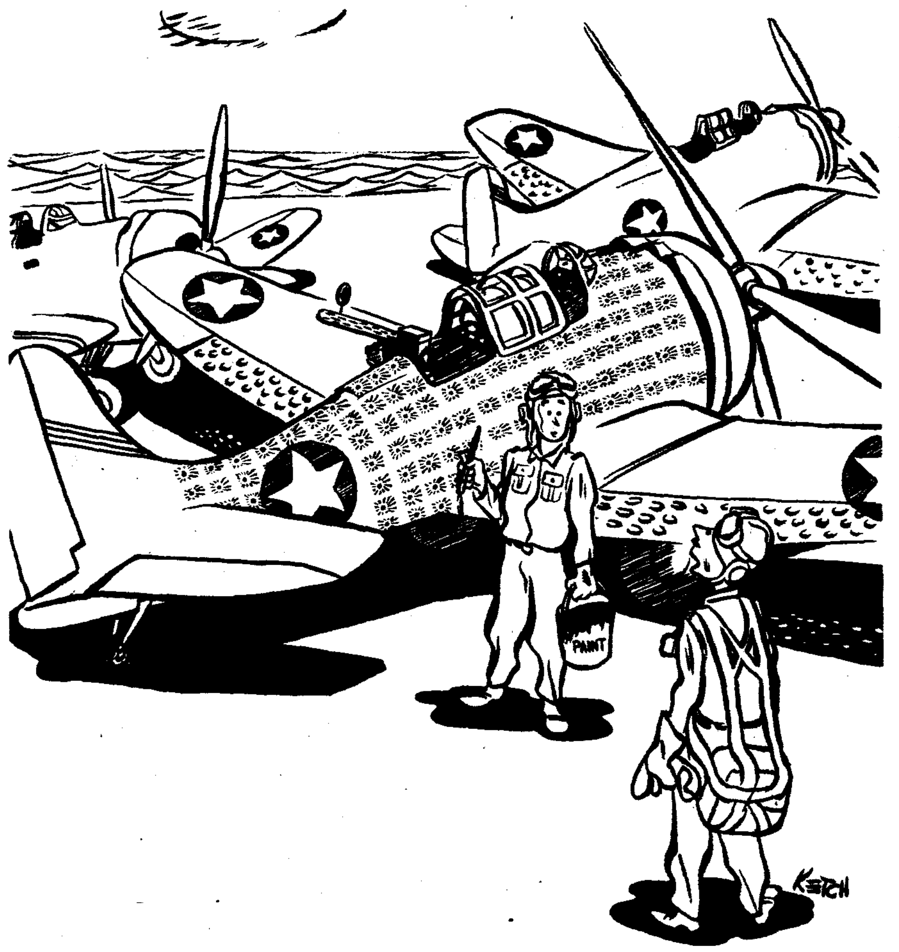
THE coconut palm is practically a grocery store all by itself. The meat of its nut is fine food, ripe or green. The liquor of the green fruit is refreshing. And when fermented, it becomes a powerful wine. The juices of sugar palm and other trees also make wine. The drink is known variously as tuba wine, palm wine, or toddy. A castaway who is ingenious enough to rig up a still can distill the wine into a powerhouse spirit called arrack, and accumulate a magnificent hangover.

To get back to the coconut—the tiptop bunch of leaves on the tree is a true delicacy. It is known as palm cabbage, it's cooked just like cabbage and tastes like it, only better.

Breadfruit is almost as much of an all-round dish as coconut. It grows in a large tree, and the fruit hangs on the tree like green balloons, with pock-marked skin. Breadfruit is a substantial item of food when roasted, baked or fried. After it's cooked, it can be sliced and dried, and it'll keep indefinitely.

Arrowroot is useful, too, the book tells us. Arrowroot looks like a turnip, and is best when roasted. Ordinary rattan, a ferocious-looking plant with long, slender stems and sharp, curving horns, also stews

(Continued on page 72)



COLLIER'S "A great record, Duffy, but for your own safety, I'd repaint your ship and start over" HANK KETCHAM

I WANT UP!

It's dark down here.

It's quiet down here.

It's lonely down here.

No light. Just the glow of emergency bulbs. No noise. Just the ebb and flow of air in our lungs. No talking. But a lot of thinking.

We're "on the bottom."

They're waiting for us up there. They're listening for us up there. For the turn of a screw, for the clang of a wrench on the deck to tell their next depth bomb where to go.

We're waiting, too. For the sound of their engines to die away or—for the gagging stink of chlorine gas that lets us know our hull is cracked, the batteries are flooded and we're going down in a bubble of air and oil to drown!

Somehow, sweating it out down here in the cold and the dark and the fear, it seems to me I get things straighter than I used to. I see things clear.

I know now what this war's about. I know what this war is being fought for. I want this war over quick—and when it's over, I want up!

That's what I'm fighting for—*up!*

For the right to stand up in the world with my bride by my side and her hand on my arm.

For the right to speak up in my town and have my say and then sit down.

For the right every night to run up the steps of my house back home and pick up and hold a son of my own.

For his right and her right and mine to grow up, to work up in the same America I left behind . . . where there's freedom to breathe . . . freedom to move up to new and better things . . . to look up to the skies and recognize that in America there will always be a limitless opportunity to rise as high, to go as far as courage and strength and ability can take me!

That's how I remember America.

Keep it that way . . . until I come back.

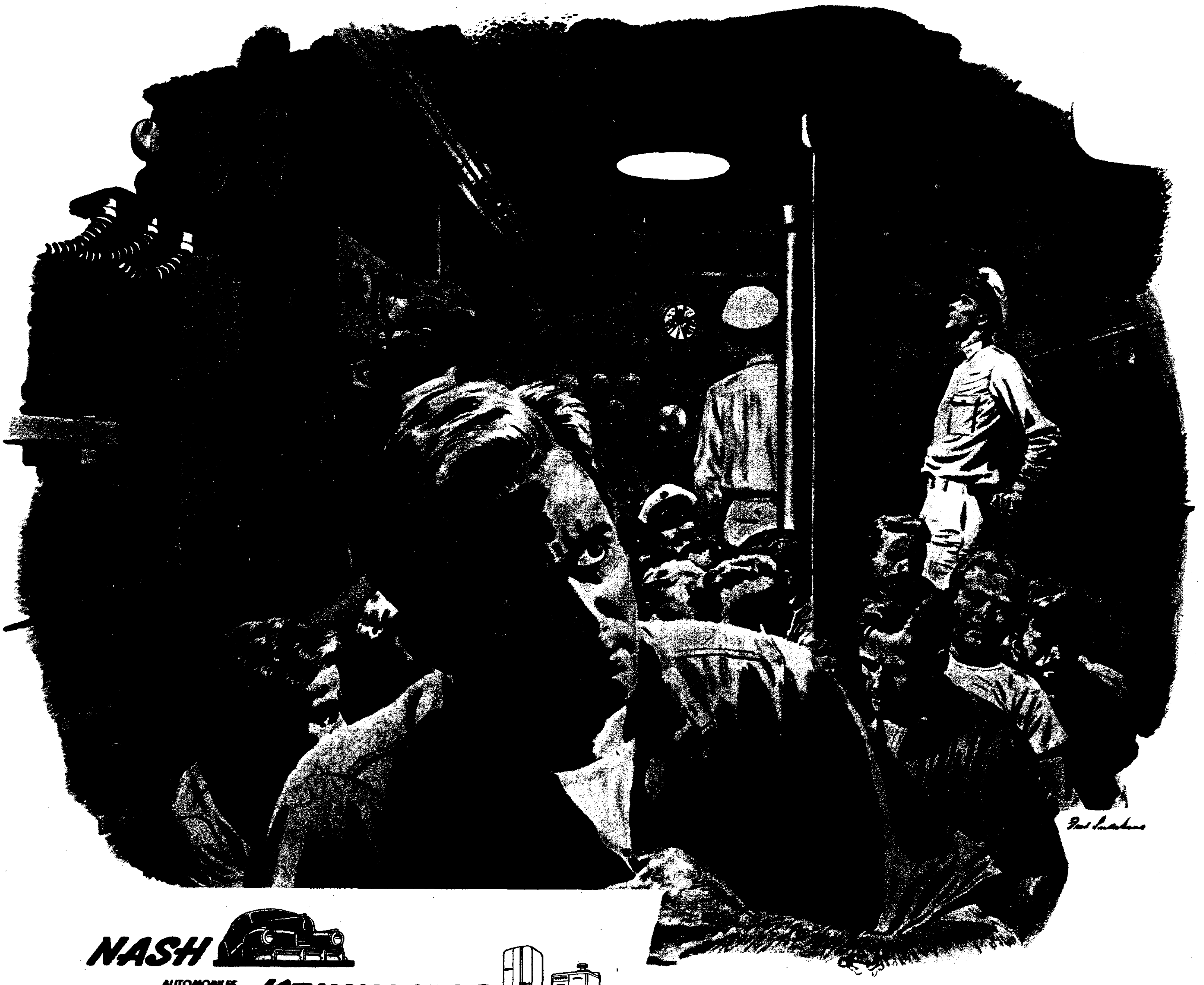
• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building 2,000 h. p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard propellers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . doing our part to keep for our boys while they're away the same America they've always known . . . a land of progress and enterprise and equality for all.

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



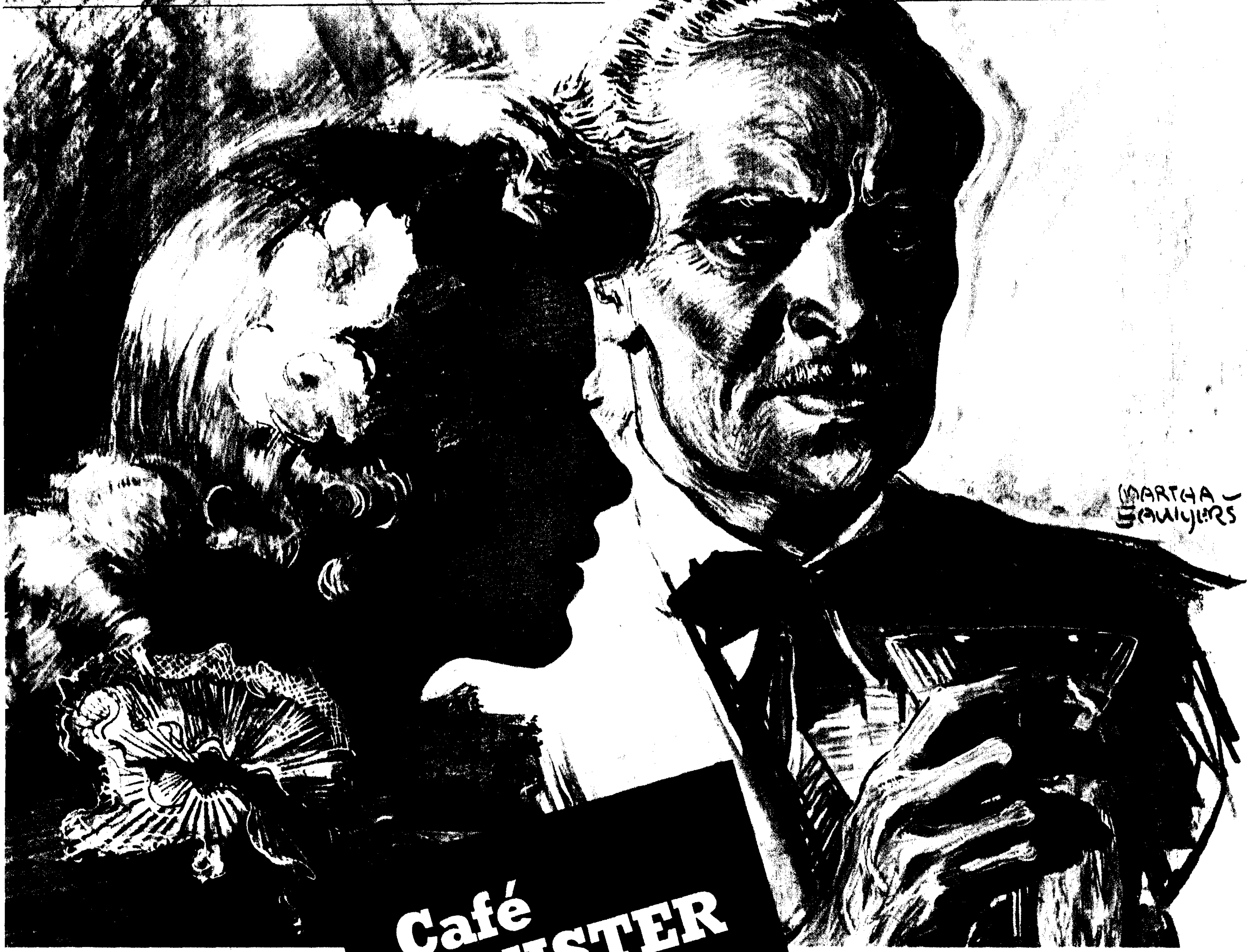
NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

They give their lives; we lend our money.
Buy more War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

When wires are busy,
"PLEASE LIMIT YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALL TO FIVE MINUTES"

If you hear the operator say that, it means that the line you want is crowded and other calls are waiting. . . . We're sure you'll understand and co-operate cheerfully — in the interests of better wartime telephone service for *everybody.* **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



I noticed a few evenings later that the baron had a different girl with him. "Well, we've got a new clue," I said. "We've found out the baron has a redhead fetish"

Café SINISTER

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Café El Granada — showcase for wealth, photographers' heaven, breeding ground of gossip and intrigue— spawns a revenge too long delayed, in a memorable tale told by a master

ALWAYS in a café of elegance where the elite come to advertise their boredom I feel the promise of sinister events. My years as a newspaperman still make me think of the fashionable and the famous in terms of derogatory headlines. I never enter one of these hothouse roosts without feeling immediately that around me are the important scandals of tomorrow.

Here they sit—in the ornate anteroom of suicide, bankruptcy and blackmail, aglitter with the spoils of life, including, that last most dangerous treasure: ennui. You would never fancy that these toy-faced heroes and heroines of the city's night were anything but what they seem—a group of beribboned insomnia victims come to stare at one another and exchange yawns. But this is a deception. For in these moribund huddles sit beauty, talent and wealth. And, however bored they seem, you may be sure that where such sit, there is always devil's music playing near by.

I have a friend, Dr. Mortimer Briggs, who is a Haroun-al-Raschid sort of psychiatrist. He is given to wandering the city after midnight and peering into its psychoses and, perhaps, looking for customers.

This soul gazer assures me that his favorite haunt, El Granada Café, is the most clinical spot in town, and I have taken to haunting it with him. My interest is chiefly Morty, who is a witty and instructive companion and who has the gift of making the dullest people blossom into werewolves and moon monsters—a side of psychiatry that has always pleased me.

In El Granada after midnight, says Morty, assemble the demon-driven of the town—the rich, the brilliant and the beautiful. The rich, he tells me, have warped souls—all of them—as a result of exercising their egos rather than their wits. As for their playfellows—the men and women of the arts—these are in an even worse situation. For only successful geniuses can afford to bask in El Granada, and medically, says Morty, there is nothing as troublesome to genius as success. It substitutes press notices for dreams and cocktail parties for the pursuit of beauty. Fame, holds Morty, is a sort of mummy case in which the creative talents of yesterday lie in state and glitter with mania.

As for beauty, my friend's theory is that all the lovely ladies who bloom nightly in El Granada are more phantom than female. They are, he says, shallow and dangerous. They are designed, like mirages, only to stir hunger and arouse the imagination and they have no food to offer either.

In the months we have been squatting almost nightly in El Granada, that ornamental caldron has yielded the press four suicides, one murder, fifteen divorces and innumerable lesser items involving bigamy, treason and embezzlement. None of these events actually happened in El Granada, but its violent actors were all recruited from its yawning tables.

It was while sitting with Doctor Morty in this Pandora's box of a café one night that I witnessed the debut of the Baron Corfus, and with it the opening scene of a drama as fantastic as any in the Arabian Nights, and one that fulfilled in abundance its promise of sinister events.

There was no hint of macabre enterprise about the tall, pottery-faced gentleman who made his first entrance that night. It was midnight—an hour at which

El Granada is so crowded with men and women of distinction that it is practically impossible for anyone to achieve the slightest attention.

The arrival of an elegant-looking elderly man wearing a camellia in his lapel and accompanied by a beautiful girl in camellia-studded furs is a matter of no more import to El Granada at midnight than the squeezing of two more shoppers into a subway train during the rush hour. The fact that Ganzo, the headwaiter, himself conducted the pair to a reserved table was no clue to the importance of the newcomers. It indicated that a twenty-dollar bill had changed hands.

THUS it was that the Baron Corfus and his companion created no ripples with their entrance. I remember well, however, that Morty was quick to bag the newcomer.

"Never saw him before," he said, "and the girl is new, too."

"Not bad looking," I said. You have to be modest in your opinions in front of Morty or he explodes. Psychiatry is basically the science of contradiction."

"Strip her, scrub her face and comb her hair out," said Morty, "and you have a slight case of pituitary emaciation plus a bit of narcissism."

"She still looks like Salome to me," I said. "Do you think that red hair is real?"

"The hair is real," the great scientist admitted grudgingly, "but the eyes are of glass. The man is vastly more interesting."

"He looks well preserved," I said.

"To the contrary," said Morty happily, "he is in the last stages of disintegration. A well-dressed case of cachexia always looks like a visiting diplomat." Morty mopped his face with one of his many handkerchiefs. Though not a fat man—as psychiatrists go—he was in a constant perspiration, and regardless of the temperature, seemed always either to be choking to death or about to be laid low by the heat. He performed this mopping operation with quick and furtive gestures as if he expected nobody to notice the oddity.

"Besides," he went on, "that man has too much poise unless it's arteriosclerosis." Morty changed handkerchiefs. "A very curious fellow—that fellow."

I shall describe the new arrival as I saw him this first time. He was a man so embedded in an attitude that his age seemed a mystery. The attitude was one of charm and aloofness. The gray face with its long jaws, its thin lips, its enameled gloss was raised as if it were in the midst of some performance. He had metallic-gray hair that was curled tightly on his skull and seemed to have been polished rather than combed. But the man's eyes were his chief attraction. They were almost tight shut. The eyelids were lowered as if against a glare and the eyes were reduced to two glittering lines—like the dashes in a code.

"I'd say he was almost blind," Morty went on slowly, "and the squint is a ruse for increasing his small vision. Or else—"

"Or else, what?" I asked, humbly.

"Or else," said Morty, "he's as mad as a hatter. A man closes his eyes like that for one reason, usually. He doesn't want to be seen. I call them ostrichomaniacs." Morty considered this a joke.

"That's a queer theory about a gentleman who seeks out a spotlight like El Granada," I said.

"It's his soul, not his camellia that's in hiding," Morty answered.

THE music resumed. El Granada was filling up for the night, which meant that the fashionable and the famous were being reduced to sardinelike postures that made drinking, talking or eating well-nigh impossible. Dancers inched about on the small floor. The service grew panicky, breathing difficult.

Baron Corfus had added himself to this ensemble as if it were his natural element. At one-thirty the newcomer rose to leave. Morty and I automatically called it a night. Together with some twenty other frolickers bored to a point of nervous collapse, we squeezed our way out of El Granada. I wondered idly as we stepped into the life-restoring street who the elderly glassy-faced dandy in front of us was and what type of insomnia had brought him to our roost.

An elegant automobile drew up to the curb. The baron handed Ivan, the doorman, a five-dollar bill for his single bow and entered the car with his lovely redhead.

"A very strange fellow," said Morty. "I hope we see more of him."

We did. In the weeks that followed, El Granada had produced a new diversion for us—a mystery man.

Mystery is not a thing that happens quickly. It is the negative side of events, the blank curtain concealing drama. You must look at this curtain a long time before even becoming aware that it is hanging in front of you. Having located it, however, you have a front seat at the greatest show on earth—the Unknown.

The Baron Corfus—headwaiter Ganzo had supplied his name—became our show—more Morty's than mine. For while I was content to enjoy knowing nothing and imagining everything, like any good mystery fan, Morty was busy with solutions. The trail, said Morty, after several weeks of studying furtively our camellia-tipped dandy, offered several scents. For one thing, the unvarying midnight entrance and the unvarying departure at exactly one-thirty A.M. was the sort of ceremonial behavior, said Morty, that revealed mania. Since my friend managed to discover lunacy in practically everybody who came under his scientific eye, I was not too impressed.

"The difference in this case," said Morty, "is that here we have lunacy in action. We are all lunatics, but inert ones. Psychic duds, so to speak. But the baron's mania is up to something. It's performing for us. It's plotting away every night."

"Plotting what?" I asked modestly.

"That, I don't know," beamed my Sherlock, "but I will soon. All we know now is that the baron arrives here with ceremonial regularity on the stroke of midnight with a beautiful young lady in whom he has no interest and we have also the fact that our baron, a tireless exhibitionist, nevertheless refuses to commune with any of the customers here."

We had both observed that our mystery man had frozen off a dozen neighborly attempts at conversation. I attributed this to jealousy of his companion.

"Nonsense," Morty answered. "Definitely the baron is not jealous. He's just busy and doesn't care to be interrupted."

"Busy doing what?" I asked humbly.

"Hiding," said Morty, "and plotting."

IT WAS I who first noticed a few evenings later that the baron had a different young woman with him. His new friend—in addition to wearing the same camellia-studded furs, the same fingernails and the same fixed glow of an enchanted window dummy—was also a redhead.

"Well, we've got a new clue," I said. "We've found out that the baron has a redhead fetish."

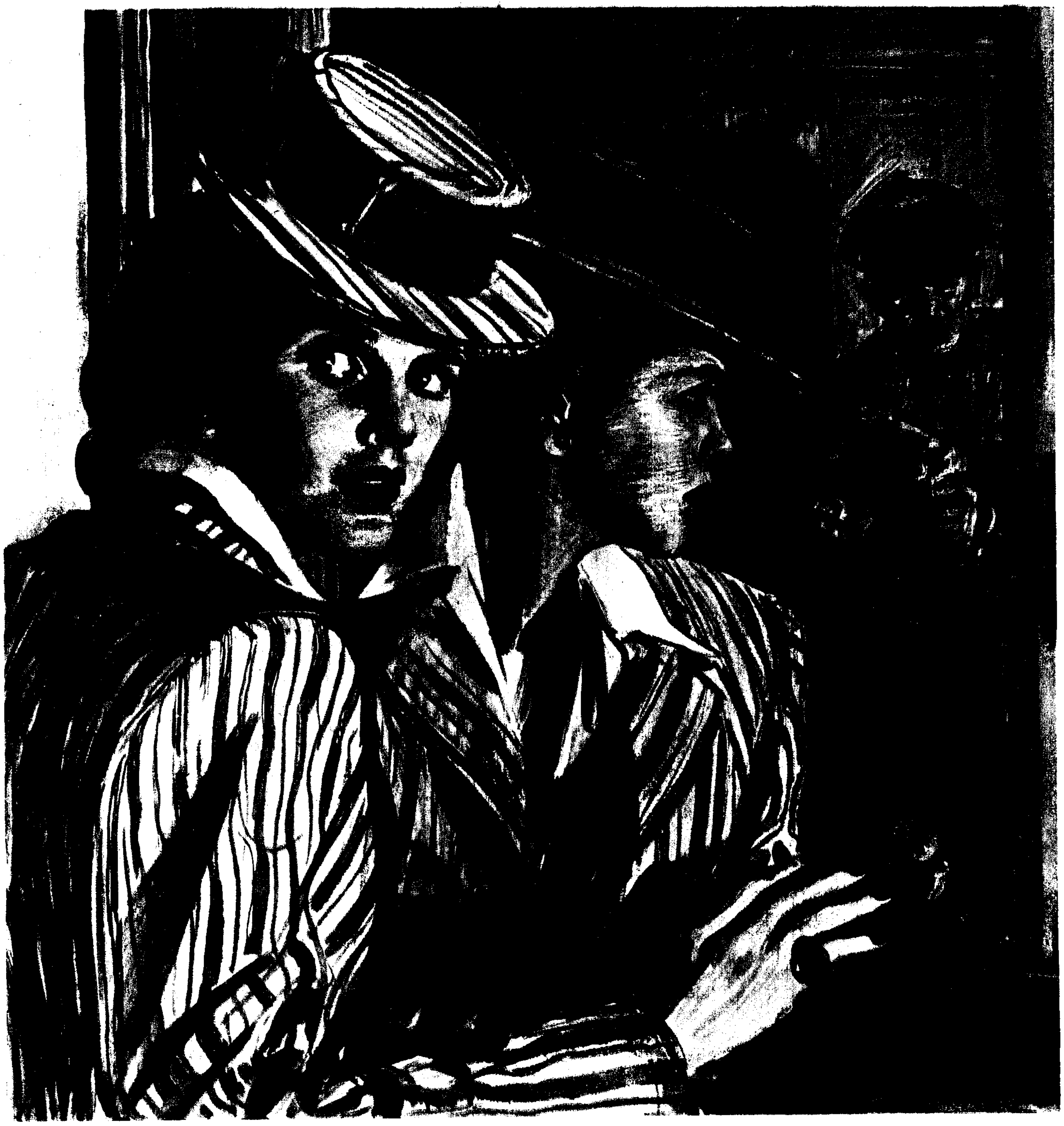
"A putrid deduction," said Morty. "A man who keeps his eyes shut isn't going in for color fetishes. The redhead is a coincidence. Or perhaps a drug on the market." But I could see that Morty was not too impressed by this notion.

A young naval lieutenant squeezed into a chair at our table. This was Dickie Malchen, one of our night-life alumni who had wheedled his way into the landlocked sector of the Navy.

"Hiya," said Dickie, "I'm on leave again. First free breath in five weeks. Ever been in Washington in the summer?" The young mariner shuddered. "There's nothing worse on earth than that Navy building."

"War is war," I offered. I had never

(Continued on page 66)



Marie arranged to meet Malchen across the Austrian border. But he was not waiting for her. Instead a group of Gestapo agents seized her and took her to Berlin

Victorious American soldiers survey the twisted mass of metal that once defiantly flew the insignia of the Luftwaffe at the captured airfield of El Ouina. Left: Major Gen. Lewis Brereton, who was greatly responsible for the devastation wrought by Allied airpower in the North Africa theater, is shown here with Frank Gervasi

ROBERT CAPA

Y FRANK GERVASI

ADIOED FROM CAIRO

s Africa was won, so Europe ill be won. Sooner, perhaps, ıan you dared hope. The sson is plain—bombs can reuce armies to impotence, ıd already American airower is rapidly widening the raight road to victory that carved out in African skies

THE Liberators were bombing Tobruk, Marshal Erwin Rommel's principal intake port for supplies and reinforcements for his Afrika Korps. Rommel watched the raid from a hill above the wreck-filled harbor of the crumbling town. It was months before Cape Bon but, on that starry night of October 25th, Rommel knew he was beaten.

He saw 500-pound bombs blast the quay. He saw them demolish dockside dumps of stores his Italian lackeys hadn't had time to remove. A bomb hit and sank an Italian destroyer. Port installations, already badly damaged, were nearly obliterated.

Until then, Rommel had been able to land approximately 4,000 tons of supplies daily at Tobruk. When our bombers finished with the port that night its capacity had been reduced to possibly 400 tons. The Afrika Korps was deprived of nearly all the guns, shells, food, tanks, spare parts and water it needed to fight the war.

It was also deprived of two commodities more precious than any of these—gasoline and oil, the blood and plasma of motorized war. Through the futile pyrotechnics of his antiaircraft batteries and the glow of fires ignited by American bombs, Rommel watched a tanker try to cut herself free of the dock and run for open water to escape the bombs. The ship twisted, turned and churned the black harbor waters. But the last bomb from the last Liberator over the target found her amidships. She blew up in a geyser of red and yellow flame.

Captured German officers who were with Rommel that night said the marshal turned his head quickly from the spectacle as though, at last, the hard-bitten old soldier had seen something truly ghastly in war. Rommel muttered bitterly through set, thin lips, "My last tanker," and German staff officers saw for the first time how one of their greats looked in defeat.

Rommel had lost many tankers in the previous weeks. His stocks of aviation gasoline were dangerously low. His Luftwaffe remained on the ground. He couldn't, during the months of May, June and July of last year, hurl the Luftwaffe against the trucks, tanks and men of the British Eighth Army as it choked that single escape road from Gazala to El Alamein. He couldn't send it into the air now to meet the waves of American heavy and medium bombers hacking mercilessly at his supply lines to Sicily and Italy, Crete and Greece. Rommel was out of gas.

No Power Without Gas

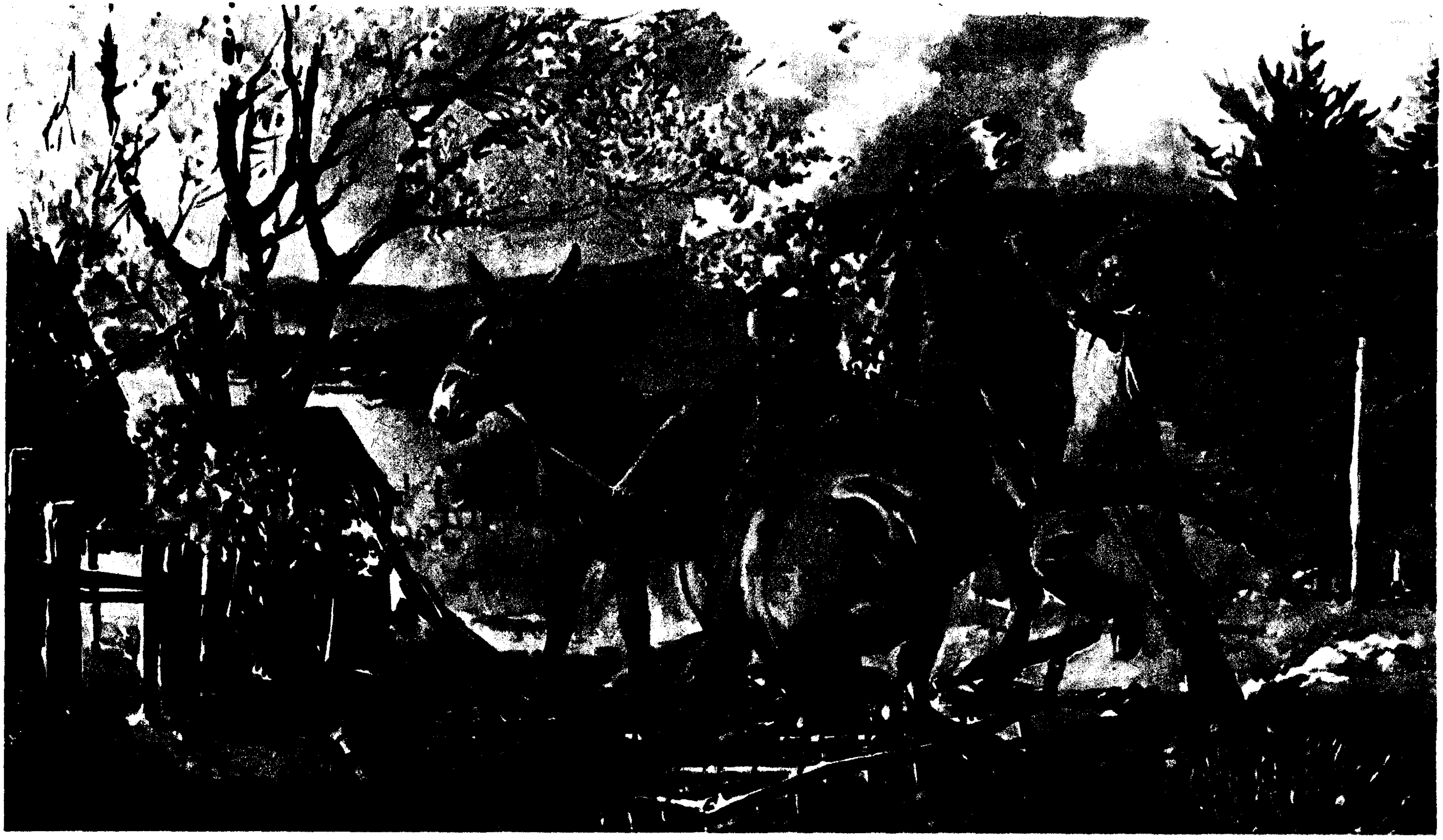
Desperately he signaled Berlin. He demanded planes, fuel and pilots. Many of the latter were sent to him from the Stalingrad front. Germany was making its most vigorous and costly single effort of the war against the Russians at the moment, but so urgent had become Rommel's need that weary young pilots were flown from the Caucasus to Greece, thence to the western desert to his aid. We shot down a few. They were grateful. They'd had enough. But though Rommel received some pilots and a few planes, he never got his gas. The Royal Air Force and Ninth United States Air Force under Major General Lewis Brereton, embittered veteran of the debacles in the Philippines, Java and Burma and founder of the Tenth Air Force in India, saw to that.

It was this force (born in those critical days one year ago when the enemy came within a taxi ride of realizing his grandiose dream of African empire) that provided the bulk of the strategic airpower that gave the Allies their African victory. They say that the Battle of Africa was won at El Alamein and at the Mareth line. That is only partly true. That's where the armies met on the ground and the generals matched tactics and one emerged victorious. But to believe that the Battle of Africa was so won is to commit an error in logic and to ignore or at least minimize the power of the one weapon that can win this war quickly. Even at this late point in the war—there's reason to believe from indications here in the Middle East that we are at least in the early afternoon of total victory—there are hidebound traditionalists who regard the airplane as an auxiliary weapon. If this traditionalism weren't translated into shortages of planes and spare parts where they are needed, it could be ignored. But unfortunately that isn't the case.

American Air Forces in the Middle East, from what I've learned by talking with mechanics, oil bowsers, engineers and others in a tour of our bases that took me as far west as Tunisia, are still stepchildren of war in the Mediterranean. They need planes, they need spare parts and equipment of all kinds. That they've attained and held dominance of African and Mediterranean skies is a monument to American ingenuity and tactical genius in actual combat.

In the rush to worship those who won the spectacular victories on the ground in the Battle of Africa, the role of the Ninth Air Force in support of the British was unfortunately submerged. What happened was comparable to the tendency to

(Continued on page 40)



"I told Mr. Lundy to be sort of gentle-like slipping the bridle on Kate's head, but he never paid me no mind," said Toby

THE SCARS

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

How much of a beating should a man take for what he thinks is right? Jesse Macon went the whole way. Some said he accomplished nothing. You might think so too—but for one thing

JESSE MACON wasn't exactly a preacher; he was just a farmer who led the meetings every other Sunday. Once they had had a regular circuit rider to come to Bold Creek Church, but he was old and he died. For a time they did without any meetings, and then they drafted Jesse Macon, because he was good at reading and singing, but mostly because he was the best man in the settlement. On meeting Sundays he would put on the clean shirt Martha had washed and ironed for him, buttoned at the neck without any tie, and his blue serge suit, and his congress gaiters, and he would go to the church.

You could tell he wasn't a regular preacher, because he didn't say "thou" and "wouldst" and things like that. But almost everybody loved Jesse Macon and they knew he had a lot of respect for the Lord.

So it was sort of bad when the trouble came and Jesse Macon decided he couldn't lead any more Sunday meetings. When the bandages came off his face, there was one great splotch of scar on his jaw, and another that started at the corner of his mouth and went down in a worldly sneer.

The doctor said, "Jesse, you can go to one of those hospitals up North and pay them a lot of money and let them see what they can do. Otherwise you'll carry those scars to your grave." Of course Jesse didn't have a lot of money, and what he had he didn't want to spend on himself that way. He said that he didn't think the pulpit of the Lord was the place for anybody that looked like a juke-house outlaw, and he quit being a spare-time preacher from that day.

NOT all Jesse Macon's praying had been in the church. He had got in a lot of it right there at home, praying about Sue Anne, his and Martha's daughter. Sue Anne wasn't a bad girl, exactly. She was kind, and good around the house, and generally a laughing, friendly sort. But Sue Anne was a Saturday-night girl. Better than anything else she liked to have a good time, and Jesse disapproved of some of the things she included in having a good time.

The worst thing she ever did was to start going with Lundy Reeves. Lundy liked to dance and have a good time, too, but he was sorry and no-account. When Sue Anne ran off and married him, people tried to think of something nice to say about Lundy, for Jesse's and Martha's sake, but all they could say was that he'd had a sweet mother or that he could whistle pretty or something like that.

They all wondered what Jesse Macon would do. What Jesse did was to send for his new son-in-law, and when Lundy came in, suspicious and scornful, Jesse held out his hand to him and said, "Son, you're part of my family now. See that land yonder, beyond that hedgerow? There's about eighty acres, forty in the clear, and from now on, what's across that fence is yours and Sue Anne's. I'll give you the loan of two mules and a plow, and when you get ready to plant, let me know and I'll send Toby over to help."

Lundy looked out the window, and he said, "Right smart stumps in that field."

"We'll go to work on the stumps if you like. It's good growing land."

The following week Jesse sent Toby over with the mules and plow. Toby was a big and simple-minded Negro whom Jesse and Martha had raised from a baby.

Toby went down with two mules and helped Lundy break his land, and in a few days he took the harrow and disked the field smoothly.

It was after dark when they heard Toby coming home. Jesse was at the well, drawing water for the stock, and Martha was in the kitchen at the stove. They heard the rattling of the trace chains, and they heard Toby's low singing. They'd never heard him singing in such a mournful and sad-hearted way.

Then he came into the yard, and they saw that he was driving only one mule. "Where's Kate at?" Jesse asked.

"She's dead," Toby said unhappily. "Mr. Lundy, me and him was hitching 'em up to the harrow, and I told him to be sort of gentle-like slipping the bridle on Kate's head 'cause she was kinda ticulous about her ears, but he never paid me no mind 'cept to told me to shut up, and Kate 'gin to jake her head back and he 'gin to fight at her and she backed up and backed right into the harrow. Cut her hind leg to the bone, leaders and all, and that scared her more and she tried to jump out, and then is when she fell into it and broke her leg. Mr. Lundy he seen she was done for, and he cut her th'oat with his pocketknife."

Jesse waited a moment, and then said quietly: "Well, what's done is done."

"Ain't you goan do nothing about him killing your mule?" Martha demanded.

Jesse said, "I don't reckon Lundy went to do it."

AND that was the beginning of it. Lundy was constantly feuding and doing unneighborly things. "You're done let him get away with so much," Martha told Jesse, "that he knows he can do you any old way," and she got to nagging him about it.

Especially after the way Lundy did about Sue Anne's baby. It was about the middle of the afternoon when the little Negro girl came up to the house and told Martha, "Mis' Sue Anne say tell you please, ma'am, come down there. She say tell you hit's a-coming, and ain't nobody home but her." Jesse got the car started and hurried to town to get the doctor, and Martha ran down to do what she could

(Continued on page 55)

NO BIRDS—NO CROPS

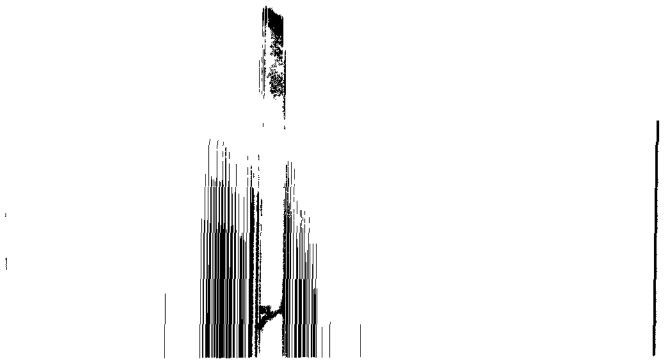
By Margaret McKenny

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABRA AND HEATHCOTE KIMBALL

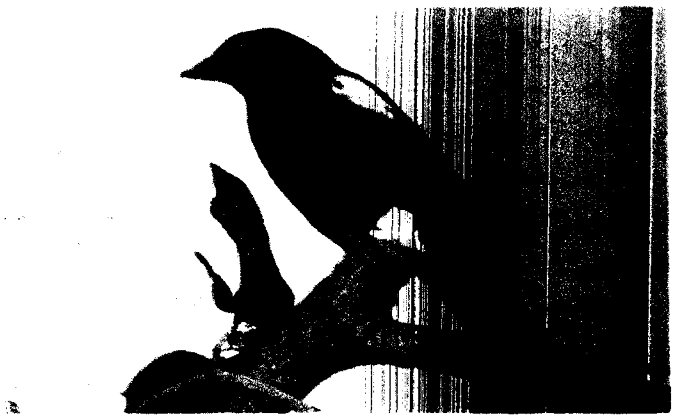
NOW that you are harvesting your Victory garden, the courteous and generous thing to do would be to throw out a few extra crumbs for the birds which have had almost as much to do with the success of your crop as you have. Maybe they've had more to do with it, for if the birds had kept away from your garden, you probably would not have had any crop. They've stood watch over your growing plants all summer, destroying millions of bugs which otherwise would have feasted on the delicate foliage of your lettuce and tomato vines and devastated your cabbage and potato patches. Long before you were ever astir in the morning, they were up and at work, breakfasting on the cutworms and other night-working pests before they could dig in for the day.

Swallows, nighthawks and flycatchers have pursued and caught the flying insects; warblers, wrens, vireos, tanagers and orioles have lived largely on the caterpillars, which, unmolested, would have chiseled off your vegetables as soon as they appeared above ground. Meadowlarks, thrushes, jays, robins, blackbirds and thrashers have annihilated enormous numbers of crawling and burrowing marauders; and the birds of the sparrow family, in addition to eating their share of insects, have consumed thousands of tons of weed seeds. ★★★

The blue jay, shown above snatching a bite at a feeding-station, is a notorious scold and tease, but scientists say he is 75 per cent good. He dotes on suet and peanuts, but rounds out his diet with moths, caterpillars and other pests



The Maryland yellow-throated warbler, above, is one of the busiest of birds. He hurries from garden to field to orchard, snapping up millions of pests ranging from leaf hoppers to moths, flies and plant lice. The bird shown here is the female



Another early arriver, and late stayer, is the red-winged blackbird, above. If you want these birds around, put dry bread on a feeding-shelf

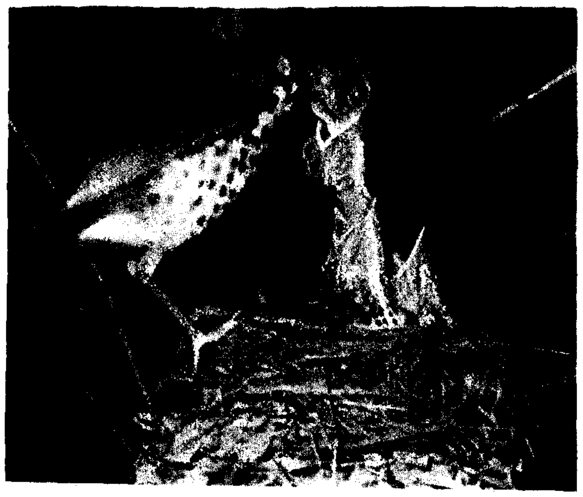
The robin, posed sedately above, is one of the gardener's best friends. He's especially fond of the cutworm, eating thousands every season

The great crested flycatcher, shown below giving Junior his breakfast, is a noisy and pugnacious bird, but of great value to the garden. He lives principally on beetles, locusts, ants, crickets, flies and moths, capturing most of them in mid-air

The brown thrasher, below, doesn't eat as many ants as the flicker, but as an all-around bug devourer he has few equals. It has been estimated that in one summer a pair of thrashers will eat and feed their young at least 50,000 insects

The flicker, below, probably holds the ant-eating championship of the world. With his long tongue, studded with points directed backward, he licks up thousands of these pestiferous insects every day. Five thousand ants are just an appetizer

The wood thrush, shown below making certain that baby gets his dinner, searches for bugs all day, and at dusk breaks into song. Like the robin, the wood thrush is fond of cutworms and wireworms, but his especial gustatory passion is the rose beetle



Below, a male Maryland yellow-throated warbler is rearranging his living quarters with straw provided by the photographer, while his spouse is out hunting bugs. Since these birds nest on the ground, cats should be kept off the premises

This handsome bird, lured to the feeding-station below by a handout of finely crumbled doughnuts, is the white-throated sparrow, also called the Canadian nightingale. He lives in your garden all summer, eating huge quantities of weed seeds

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

In the Axis orchestra, Wang Ching-wei is the oriental oboe. Here, as Tojo waves the baton, he sounds the theme song: "China must keep in step with Japan." He's marked for death, as the Chinese frankly admit

CHINA'S QUISLING

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The traitorous Wang Ching-wei, once a famous Chinese patriot and now the puppet ruler of occupied China, cowers behind stone walls guarded by Jap machine guns

THE life of a Quisling is not an enviable one. Take Wang Ching-wei, puppet ruler of Jap-occupied China. Wang enjoys the infamy of having been a Quisling, 'way back in 1938, before the ugly word found its place in the English language. He has betrayed 450,000,000 people—one hundred and fifty times as many as Major Vidkun Quisling of Norway.

A wall of reinforced concrete twenty feet high surrounds Wang's residence in Nanking. Recently another five feet was added to the top. What the Chinese say about Wang Ching-wei is mostly unprintable, and they assure you with disarming frankness that they are going to kill him. Contributions to Chungking's Kill Wang fund—with the money to go to the successful assassin and his family—are still coming in.

There have been three known attempts on his life, and at least three more were hushed up by the airtight Jap censorship. Being shot at every year or so has failed to make Wang a heroic fatalist, as you might expect. In truth, it has left him in a lamentable state of utter nervous exhaustion. He is suffering from peptic ulcer, diabetes, insomnia, and he has frequent nervous breakdowns. Last spring his Jap keepers forbade him to smoke—poisoned cigarettes had been found in his house.

Interviewing Wang was never a routine assignment. He has hated the sight of correspondents since 1935 when he was shot by a phony newspaper photographer with a revolver concealed in his camera.

I met Wang in April, 1939, in Hanoi, French Indo-China, shortly after another attempt had been made on his life. "They call me a traitor," he said. "Is it treason to work for peace? Someday they will know me as a true Chinese patriot. Chungking means chaos, hunger, banditry. China is tortured, tired of war. Peace with Japan can be negotiated without loss of prestige on our part. There's no use denying that I have been in contact with the Japanese for over a year. Japan welcomes peace. She is preparing for the showdown in the Pacific and needs peace in Asia."

Late in 1939, Wang received me in his Shanghai house. I saw electrified barbed-wire entanglements, pillboxes, elaborate alarms, sentries, searchlights, sharpshooters in watchtowers.

Wang was in high spirits. "We cannot defeat the Japanese on the battlefield, but we can outmaneuver them at the conference table," he said, slick and smiling.

I said, "In Munich, Chamberlain and Daladier thought they could outsmart Hitler."

"That's different. We are realists. We don't want to be slaves of Japan, but the war must be localized. A basis for a just peace can be found. China will retain her independence, fly her national flag, have her army, her own generals—"

"And they will take orders from the Tokyo military."

He shrugged. "You don't get the point. Can't you Westerners understand that Asia must seek peace and reconciliation or she will be swallowed up by the white powers? Look at the International Settlements! The Anglo-Americans had no right to come here. They are the *real* enemy. I'm going to make them bleed white and get the Settlements back for China. I'm not going to do business with Washington and London. China's natural business partner is Japan."

A few months later I met Wang in Nanking. I had to appeal to the International (Jap) Publicity Board in Nanking six weeks in advance for the interview.

Wang's house stands in a new, sparsely settled part of the city. It is heavily guarded. Someone peeks out of a sliding panel, and the door opens and you enter the inner courtyard, full of Jap ex-wrestlers and soldiers of Wang's puppet army. You note that the Chinese carry old-fashioned rifles and no cartridges at all. The Japs are armed with short-barreled submachine guns. The Japs take away your wallet, handkerchief, comb, pencil. Finally you are taken, between three guards, to a room on the first floor. They enter without knocking and you face the "president" of the "reorganized national government," a helpless captive of the Jap military.

Wang Ching-wei, at fifty-nine, looks twenty years younger and is pleased to hear it. Emotionally unstable, he can be naïvely sentimental or brutally cynical.

The day I saw him he was ill at ease, irritated by the presence of the Jap officer. Wang understands English and speaks French very well, but we had to converse through a Jap interpreter who seemed to "edit" Wang's answers, because they came out in the translation as foggy generalities.

"China's revolution cannot be successful without Japanese understanding," he was quoted as saying. "The new China will keep in step with Japan. Japan needs China just as China needs Japan. Sino-Japanese relations are the basis of a lasting peace in the Far East. We must have peace at any price."

I asked, "Do the Chinese people want peace at any price?"

The interpreter hissed excitedly, and the Jap navy man said, "The interview is closed."

Uneasy Lies the Traitor's Head

There is little fun for Wang. His conversations are recorded. His telephone calls pass the Japanese embassy switchboard. Japs tell him whom to see and what to say. At 6:30 A. M. they wake him up; at 11 P. M. they turn out the lights. They tell him what to eat—after an attempt at mass poisoning was made last year.

He hasn't brought peace to China. His power never exceeds the range of Jap rifles. He has no "face" left in China. Once he was a "Father of the Revolution;" today the Chinese children burn his wooden effigies, his name has become a low invective. His wife left him and went to Canton. The whereabouts of his three sons and daughters are unknown.

Yet this turncoat once was a great Chinese patriot. At one time or another, he was president of the Executive Yuan (second only to Chiang Kai-shek), foreign minister, deputy leader of the Kuomintang, vice-chairman of the Supreme Defense Council.

A political chameleon, he has been almost everything, from radical left winger to rabid reactionary. In 1938, he assailed the Generalissimo for not fighting "aggressively enough;" at the same time, he secretly sought peace negotiations with the Japs by way of German intermediaries.

Once, he was one of Doctor Sun Yat-sen's two foremost protégés. The other was an earnest young officer by the name of Chiang Kai-shek. After Doctor Sun's death in March, 1925, a triumvirate was to lead the revolution—Wang (left-wing radical) as political leader, Hu Han-min (conservative Kuomintang leader) as chief administrator, and Chiang as military chief.

That was hardly enough for Wang, who considered Chiang an upstart out to get Wang's rightful inheritance. Hadn't he, Wang, written many of Doctor Sun's manifestoes, drafted the Great Old Man's famous will?

At his farcical formal installation in Nanking, on March 30, 1940, no foreign power was represented. Chungking put a $100,000 price on his head. Not to be outdone, the Chinese colony of Chicago, Illinois, offered $700,000 for Wang's life.

Wang has become a billionaire in inflated Wang Ching-wei dollars. The Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Ohkura have appointed him vice-president in their "development corporations." His agents are busy collecting American dollar bills.

A few weeks before Pearl Harbor, Wang, through an intermediary, approached several British and American life insurance companies in Shanghai. They declined to write a policy on his life.

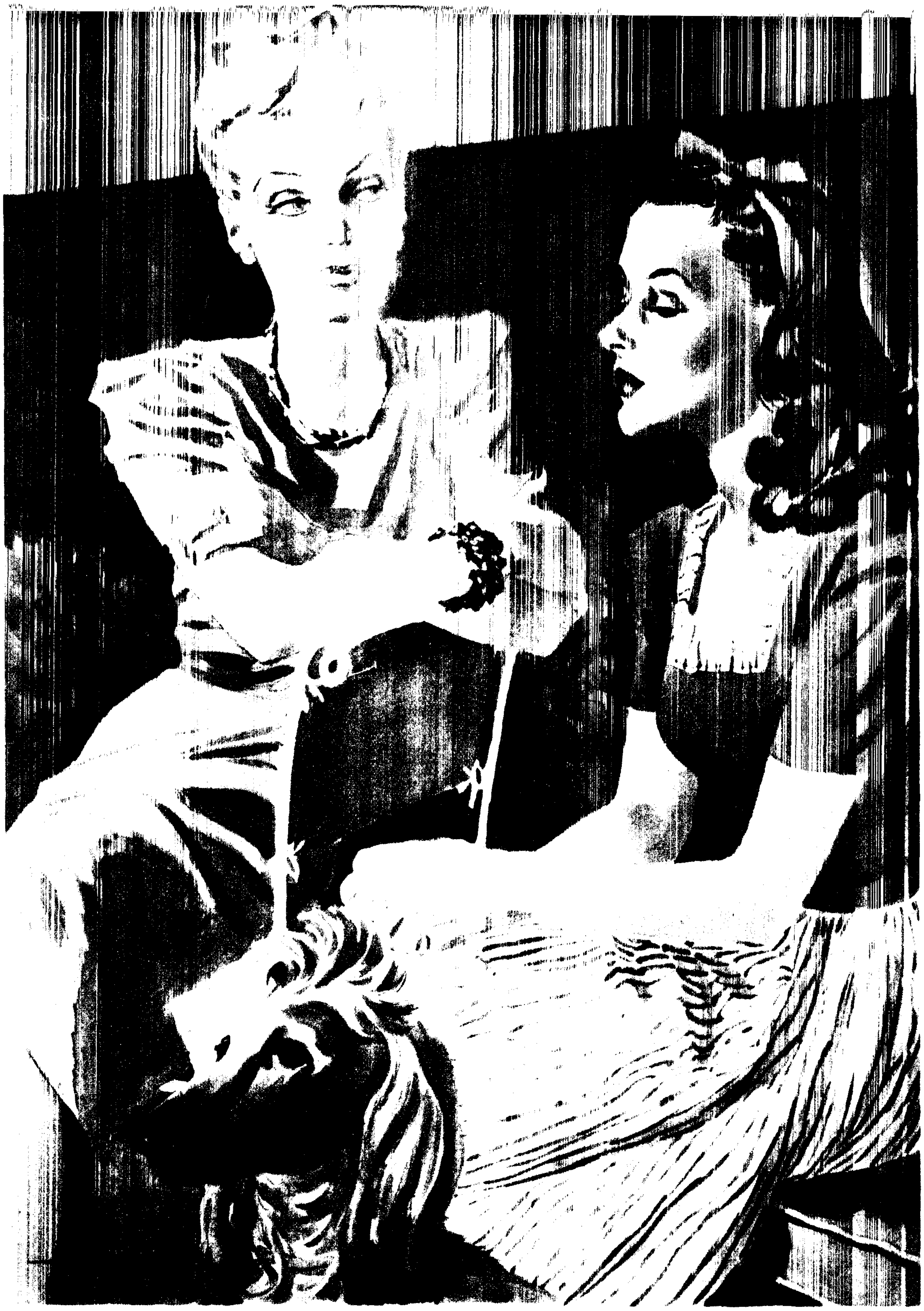
"I'd rather write a policy on the life of my father-in-law," an American insurance man said. "The old man is eighty-seven, has stomach ulcers and a very bad heart. Still, he would be a much better risk than Wang Ching-wei." ★★★

CORNER OF HEAVEN

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"Can you understand a woman married only last year who falls in love with another man?" *Mitzi demanded.* Griselle sat in stunned silence

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Griselle Mountjoy, an orphan, is twenty years of age, her grandfather—who has brought her up—suddenly dies, leaving her alone in his heavily mortgaged home not far from Washington, D. C.

Griselle is an unusually timid girl. Aware of this, and noting that she is lonesome, Mrs. Mabel Lawrence, who runs a place known as Little Indian Creek Tavern near by, befriends her, takes her in as an assistant. There, at the Tavern, she meets a man from California: Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps. Before he leaves for the coast, after a brief stay, she has fallen in love with him.

General Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, now over eighty years old, lives in Berkeley, California. Aware that what Griselle needs most is contact with other young people, he persuades her to make the long trip to Berkeley and enter the University of California.

The Samuel Cruickshanks—Sam, an unsuccessful physician who is the general's nephew, and Mollie, his wife—run a boardinghouse in Berkeley. There Griselle settles down, begins her collegiate career. She is surrounded by lively girls; she has a roommate—Torchy White.

At the earliest opportunity, she calls on the general, who informs her that his niece, Mitzi Armitage, is on her way to join him, live with him, until her husband (who has just sailed for overseas duty) returns. Mitzi's husband—her second—is David Armitage, a lieutenant in the Navy.

While Griselle is conversing with the old man, Mitzi—beautiful, young, vivacious—arrives. She says that she has motored up from San Diego; and she raves about an officer (one of "dear David's" friends) whom she has recently met. The officer is—Captain Alan McIntyre! Noting Mitzi's enthusiasm, as she talks of the captain, Griselle finds herself, for the first time in her life, becoming jealous!

A few days later, Alan comes to Berkeley. He meets Griselle, takes her to call on his mother and his brother (a cripple) in Alameda. On the way home, Griselle asks him—as casually as she can—if he has seen Mitzi lately. Alan says that he has not; and he shows Griselle, plainly, that he likes her, enjoys being with her. . . . They reach the boardinghouse. Alan says that he must report, at once, for duty. "Thanks awfully for going with me," he says, as he prepares to drive away. "It made it a party."

III

ALAN'S pleasant, crooked smile was with Griselle as she went upstairs. Oh, what an afternoon!—sang her thrilling heart. What unexpected joy and delight! She would never have time enough to think about every miraculous detail of it, from the moment when he had found her in a shower of drying hair to this last moment when he had said that her presence made it a party.

And so the beautiful procession of the minutes began. She had it now, definitely, something to build upon, something that nobody could take away from her, that even her own doubts and misgivings could not take away from her. Alan McIntyre had asked her to drive with him; he had taken her to meet his mother.

"Captain McIntyre said that he saw you, Dodo," she seized the opportunity to say next morning at breakfast. "Was that when you were up at General Cruickshank's?"

"No," Dodo answered, with her mouth full of cornbread. "Dad and I met him up on the campus, when he was coming from the R.O.T.C. camp."

So *that* was all right. He hadn't been at Mitzi's—

"He said you were getting terribly pretty, Dodo," Griselle went on.

"Did he say that I'd marry him tomorrow if he'd so much as look at me?" Dodo asked absently, reaching for the coffeepot. Griselle laughed her rare, deep laugh. "If he's a mind reader he knows it, too," Dodo said, and Griselle went back into her dream.

It was a dream destined to be brief, for it was that same afternoon that Mitzi came down to Mrs. Cruickshank's, and found Griselle in the kitchen compounding a chicken aspic for a company supper the next day. Mitzi sat down and watched her respectfully.

"I'm not admiring you, because I don't know whether that's hard or easy to do," said Mitzi.

"Well, it happens that this is easy," Griselle said, trying to speak naturally over the little thrill, compounded of admiration, envy and fear with which Mitzi always inspired her.

"Can't you find a cooler place to work than right here, a day like this?" Mitzi asked.

"Oh, today isn't so bad! There was a wonderful fog all morning," Griselle said. "I'm through now, anyway. We can go out in front where it's cool."

"I came to ask you— But maybe you have a date?" Mitzi said. "Uncle Andy and I would like you to come to dinner with us."

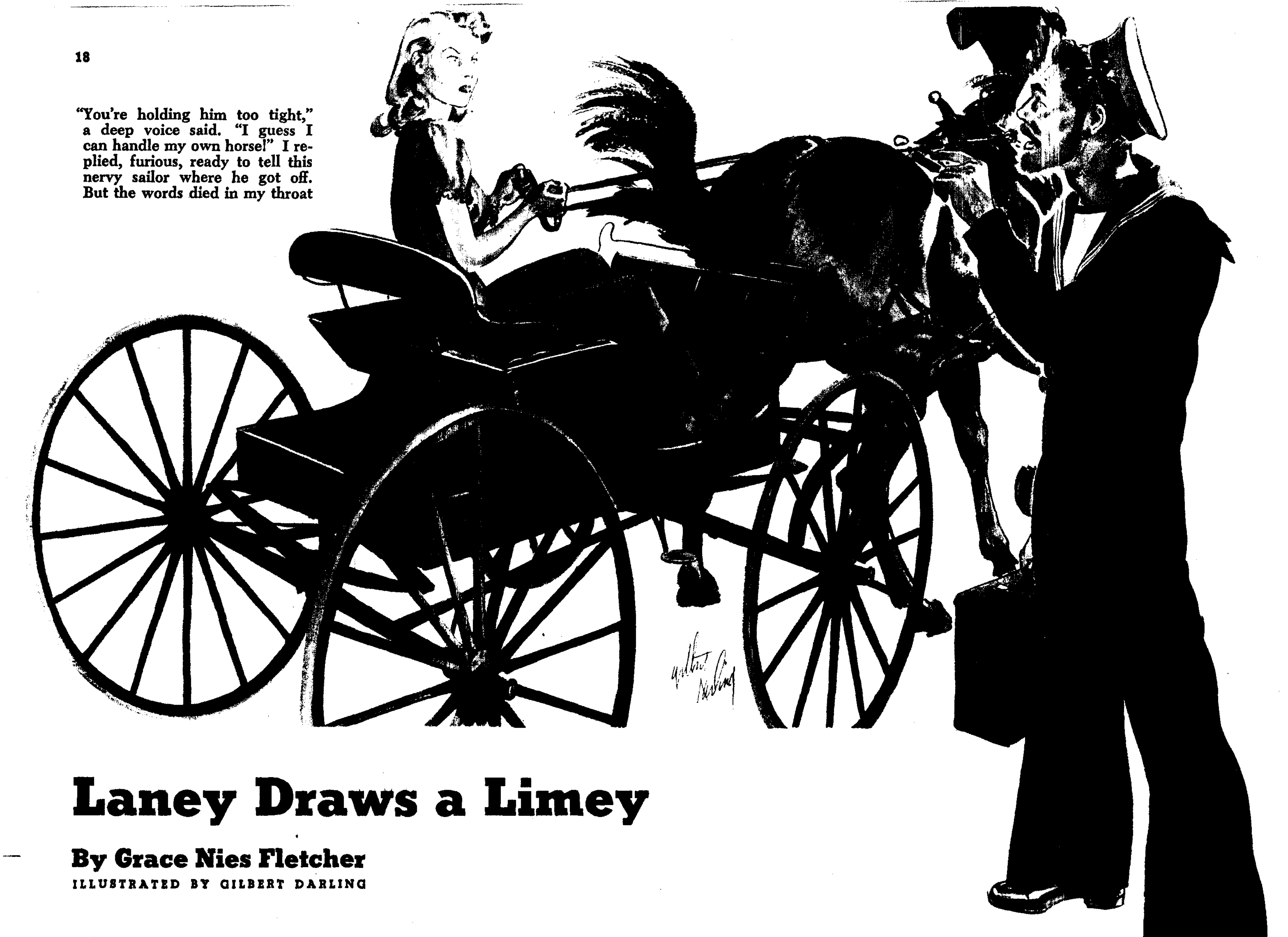
To dinner! Oh, maybe Alan was going to be there—maybe he had suggested this—

"Tonight?" Griselle asked, changing color.

"Why not?" Mitzi said. "No dressing. Just the three of us. I'll wait for you and take you up."

Just the three of them! But it was an honor just the same. A thrill and a change; perhaps the beginning of miracles. Griselle flew upstairs to wash her hands and push her hair into some sort of position, and came down to join Mitzi in the car.

(Continued on page 30)



"You're holding him too tight," a deep voice said. "I guess I can handle my own horse!" I replied, furious, ready to tell this nervy sailor where he got off. But the words died in my throat

Laney Draws a Limey

By Grace Nies Fletcher

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

When an American girl sets her sights on a unit of the British navy — particularly one with a red beard—it's time to stand by for action

POP had planned to help me this week end, but he'd had to go to Chicago on business, so I was out putting fertilizer in our Victory garden, when Mom called to me from the back door. It was a swell day in early May. The sky looked washed and shining, the warm earth squished through my bare toes inside my sandals, and a couple of birds were yelling, "Sweet? Sweet?" at each other up in our lilac tree.

"Laney," Mom called me again and came outside, "you'll have to hitch up Ledgie and meet the ten-o'clock bus at the Corners. There isn't a drop of gas in the jalopy. The Union Jack Club phoned from Boston that a new destroyer was in and they had a rating who'd been torpedoed and needed a week end in the country, so of course I told them to send him on out."

More sailors. Every Saturday we had 'em. Just because Pop had been born in England, did we have to make our house a rest home for the whole British navy?

"Jeepers," I grumbled, wiping my hands on my dungarees, "how'm I going to raise carrots so we can see in the dark next winter, unless I get this stuff worked in?"

I'm nineteen, and Mom's thirty-nine, but sometimes you'd think it was the other way around; what I mean is, I'm the practical one, and am always having to make her face the facts of life.

"You'd better hurry, dear," Mom urged. "And don't talk slang so he can't understand you. Ask him what part of England he comes from and about his rosebushes. I do wish you'd wear something besides those filthy pants. They smell."

You can't really garden unless you get in all over, but I didn't have time to even wash my hands. I backed Ledgie into the old buggy, and we rattled off down toward the Post Road to meet the Boston bus, and Ledgie felt so sharp, just like the morning, that he kept tossing his head and jitterbugging. "Don't show off, mister," I told him. "We aren't meeting an admiral, just another darn' rating." But he kept right on, and when the bus came in, he put on a regular one-horse rodeo, the dope. I was so busy making him behave that I couldn't give our sailor the glad hand, but out of the corner of my eye I could see him coming over toward us, anyway.

"You're holding him too tight," a deep voice said.

"I guess I can handle my own horse!" I looked down, furious, to tell this nervy sailor where he got off, but the words died in my throat.

Jumping jeep, we certainly had drawn a pip this time! He was practically masttall, with his broad pants flapping about his spindle legs, and that wasn't all. *He had a beard!* A bright red beard like the flag on the end of one of the trucks going by our house to the ammunition dump, and he was staring at Ledgie and me as if we were a circus.

"You're from the Union Jack, aren't you?" I snapped. "I'm Laney Taylor. Get in, please."

He got up beside me in one leap, not bothering with the step, and his wide pants flapping sent Ledgie off toward home like one of those brands of breakfast food shot out of a gun. I was thinking they didn't really need clothes rationing in England; if they'd just take a few reefs out of those pants, they'd have enough to clothe the whole British Isles and most of the colonies, when he said, "I'd drive for you, except that you go on the wrong side of the road here."

I stiffened. So everything that wasn't English was wrong. Or did he mean it that way? When I sneaked a look at him his face had a sort of closed look like the tightly curled buds on our lilac tree. It made you wonder what he'd be like if he let go, loosened up.

"Where do you live in England? Do you have a garden?" I muttered, not giving a darn but remembering what Mom had said.

"Sussex. I've been on convoy mostly for two years."

SO THAT settled that. What should I say now? There was a great hunk of silence, and then I said desperately, looking at the silly little overnight bag he'd parked between his big feet, "You're a high-hat rating, aren't you? Most of the boys we've had out brought their gear in their hats! Last week one sailor took out his toothbrush and comb, his mirror, his money and two packages of cigarettes. I was positively bug-eyed!"

"Really?" he murmured.

It made me mad, being treated like a chatty six-year-old. And then I noticed him looking down at my feet, and I looked too, and they were kind of dirty inside my sandals, and my pants smelled, like Mom said, and I could feel myself getting red up to my ears. I was glad when we turned in at our drive, and Mom came running down the steps.

She held out her hand, and the tall drink eased himself down and held her hand limply a moment and then dropped it.

Mom said brightly, "How do you do, Mr. . . ."

Jeepers. I'd even forgotten to ask his name. "St. John," he told her, only he pronounced it *Sin Gin.* "Vivian Sin Gin."

Vivian. Oh, my gosh! And we had this dope for the whole week end, with Pop away! It was the first time I'd really understood why we'd had a Revolution. I told Mom when I'd put Ledgie out in the meadow and was back in the garden, and Mom had come down from showing friend Vivian his room.

"It's the shock," Mom said feebly, trying to excuse him. "How would you like to be blown through the side of a ship?"

"How do I know?" I asked irritably. "I wish I'd pulled that red egg strainer to see if it's phony. I bet it is." My fingers really did itch to give that beard a good, hard yank; the way you walk along a high cliff sometimes and get a crazy notion to jump because you know you mustn't.

Suffering from shock, was he? "Lay the victim flat. Warm up with blankets. Stimulate . . ." The rules for treating shock that I'd slaved over in First Aid all winter ran through my mind and I began to grin. "Boy, would I enjoy laying that Sin Gin flat!" I laughed till the tears

(Continued on page 43)

T HAPPENS
N MOSCOW

Y QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

SOVFOTO

Moscow's citizens crowd around an exhibition of war trophies in Gorky Central Park of Culture and Rest. Although the city is technically still under siege, the theaters and ballet play to capacity audiences. Below: Prima Ballerina Olga Lepeshinskaya, a leading favorite, puts the final touches to her costume

PRESLIT

Broad-beamed peasants buying greens in the market; a U. S. sergeant elbowing diplomats at the ballet; a Frenchman with a hen and a rooster in his kitchen; yellow sun and swaggering Cossacks and a Southern sea captain murmuring, "Friendliest damn' town I ever did see" —that's Moscow after two years of war

JEAN CHAMPENOIS, who writes for the Free French agency, is one of the most popular correspondents in Moscow. He has a comfortable apartment, and the other day he held a cocktail party. Actually, of course, there are no cocktails in Moscow —there's nothing but vodka and some Caucasian wine. But the party was a success. Two ambassadors and three generals were present as well as several correspondents. We sipped sweet wine, and conversation in French, Russian and English flowed and ebbed in the room. A Soviet general was discoursing with considerable knowledge on the strategy of the Stalingrad victory when he was interrupted by the shrill crowing of a rooster.

A moment later, there came the unmistakable triumphant cackle of a hen. Both sounds seemed a bit out of place in an apartment in the center of Moscow. I asked Champenois where the noise came from.

"I keep a rooster and a hen," he said casually. "Didn't you know? They're in the kitchen. Come along."

I went into the next room and, sure enough, there was a belligerent-looking rooster that made ominous throaty noises when we walked in, and a plump motherly-looking hen that had just deposited an egg on the floor.

"I get three eggs a week from the hen," Jean said proudly, quite unconscious of the incongruity of turning a kitchen into a farmyard. "I may get rid of the rooster. He doesn't like me. I think I'll have him for dinner some night."

"If you could only get a cow now, Jean, you could have milk and butter and an occasional steak," I suggested.

"I wish I had a cow," Jean said wistfully. "I could keep her here in the living room. But how would I get her up the stairs?"

Things like that happen in Moscow. The ambassadors and the British, American and Soviet generals saw nothing out of the ordinary in Jean's sharing his apartment with the hen and the rooster. In Moscow, the unusual seems normal, and daily life is a series of paradoxes. Technically, Moscow is still a city under siege, and martial law is still observed.

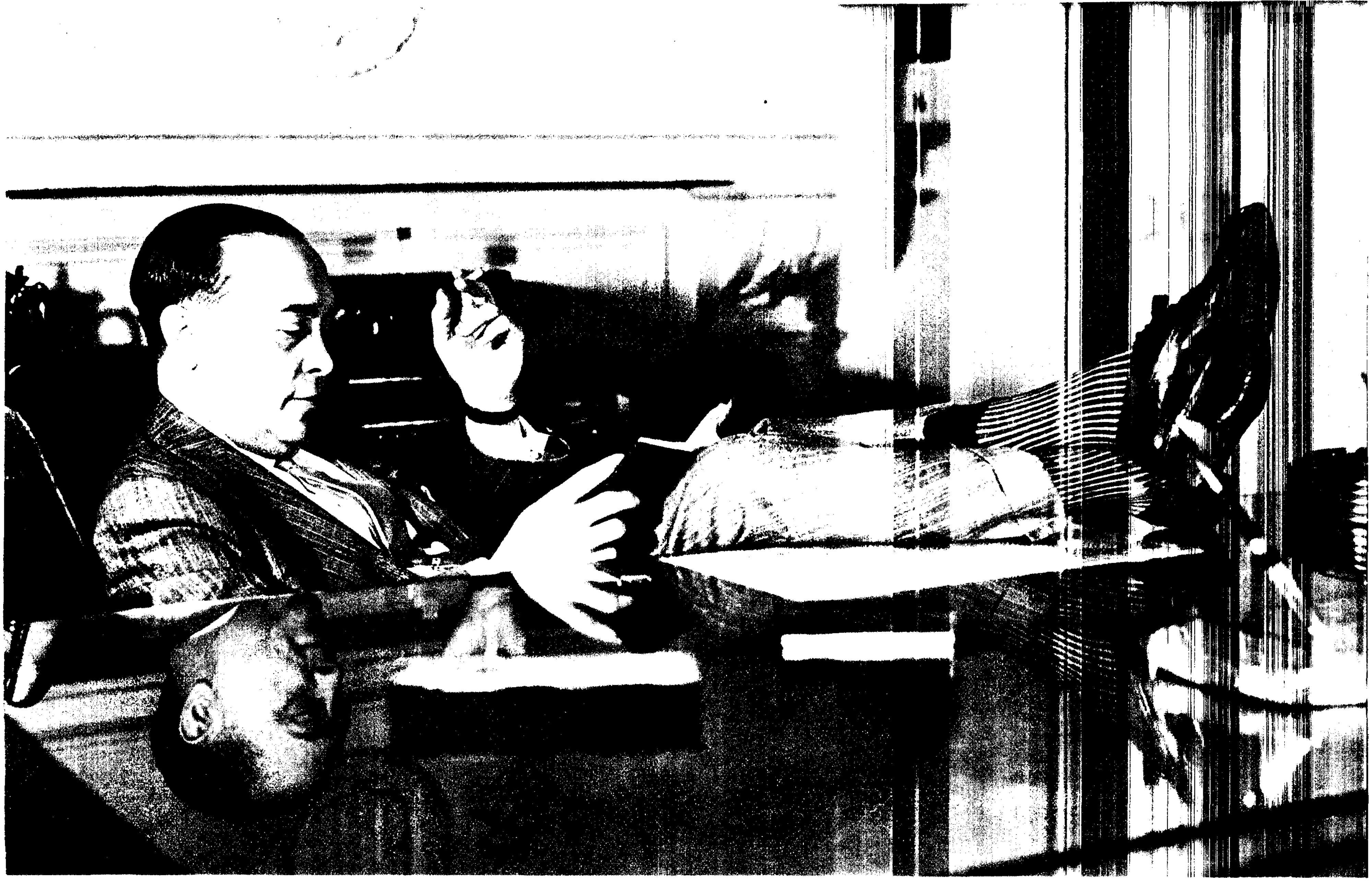
The midnight curfew rule is strictly enforced, even on correspondents, and, during the day, avenues are thronged with men and women in uniforms, armored cars, American jeeps and guns.

Yet, within the limits of military supervision, four and a half million people live fairly normal lives—as normal as life can be in a city dedicated one hundred per cent to the war effort. Correspondents who share this existence have also come to regard life here as fairly normal, although they admit that outsiders would probably disagree with them.

The other night the Ballet Swan Lake was shown with the incomparable Ulanova as the prima ballerina. This is by far the most popular ballet in Russia, and the Swan Lake performance has all the glamor and éclat of an opening night at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. No member of the diplomatic corps would miss it. Neither would the British and American military missions stationed here. It was a gala occasion, for which tickets had to be purchased weeks in advance. Between acts, according to Russian custom, the audience paraded around the large lobby.

Two American correspondents, Bill Downs of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and David Nichol of the Chicago Daily News, were among the lucky ones to obtain tickets. They joined in the parade, jostling elbows with gold-epauletted Red army generals, with American and British generals, with ambassadors and with the beauty and culture of Moscow. But they wanted to smoke, and neither had a cigarette.

We are strictly rationed on Russian cigarettes in Moscow. American cigarettes come our way only when a visiting fireman arrives from *(Continued on page 48)*



Portrait of B. G. De Sylva at work. The desk seldom has anything more on it than his feet and his reflection

THE KID FROM AZUSA

By Dugal O'Liam

Despite his policy of never working too hard, Mr. Buddy De Sylva has earned millions of dollars, has written hundreds of song hits and produced countless successes for the stage and screen. He has even found time to vindicate the good name of Azusa

WHEN Buddy De Sylva was eight years old, his mother took him to visit in Merced, California. A young native made the inevitable inquiry as to his home, and Buddy, at the moment a small-town Californian, replied, "Azusa . . . everything from A to Z in the U. S. A."

The other said he'd never heard of Azusa. Diagnosing symptoms of a black eye a few minutes later, Buddy swore that one day all the world would hear of Azusa and that its sons would speak its name proudly without incurring contusions.

Thirty-six years later, as production head of Paramount Pictures, B. G. De Sylva made Hold Back the Dawn, in which the heroine told the hero that she was from Azusa . . . "everything from A to Z in the U. S. A." The picture was one of the best of the year, almost winning an Oscar, and the kid from Azusa had paid off.

The incident is typical of the amiable persistence that has marked the career of B. G. De Sylva. He wanted to write songs and he published 500, including Wishing, California Here I Come, Avalon, Sonny Boy, Look for the Silver Lining, When Day is Done, and A Kiss in the Dark.

He wanted a million dollars and earned it before he was thirty. He wanted to be Broadway's top producer and he put Du Barry Was a Lady, Louisiana Purchase and Panama Hattie on Broadway in one season. He wanted to be a picture producer and he made Shirley Temple's five most successful films and Miss Temple box-office tops. He wanted to head a major studio and this year, at Paramount, he is producing twenty-five pictures with an average budget of $750,000 each, including For Whom the Bell Tolls, biggest film project since Gone With the Wind.

He is convinced that such successes as he's had are due to his habit of never working too hard for his own good health and never asking anyone else to do so. This, he says, enables him to get a clearer picture of entertainment's best customer—to wit, the man who is able to spend his time being entertained.

This practical philosopher was born in New York on January 27, 1897, and was christened George Gard De Sylva. As the boy grew up, his mother looked so youthful that strangers mistook her for his sister and the name "Buddy" evolved. In time he dropped the George and substituted Buddy, creating the present B. G. (for Gard) De Sylva.

After Buddy had finished high school, his mother took him to Los Angeles. Seeking a means of earning money consistent with his allergy to labor, he discovered, on Catalina Island, the Utopian profession of diving for coins to amuse tourists. During this same summer, a cousin acquired a wondrous device called a ukulele. Buddy quickly learned to pick a few tunes on it and returned to Catalina with a new resolve. In a week he'd salvaged enough coins to buy his own uke.

Invitation to Work

He matriculated at the University of Southern California, but spent most of his time lying on the Venice beach, strumming his ukulele and crooning. The sun kippered his pelt to a rich, coffee brown, and a cabaret impresario named Baron Long, noting his crooning, invited him to join a Hawaiian orchestra at one of his clubs. Buddy's denial that he was a Hawaiian was lost in Long's assurance that tips and salary would bring him $60 weekly.

This posed De Sylva's first major problem—whether to remain in college and acquire culture, with some effort, or accept $60 a week for doing something he already spent most of his time doing without pay. The $60 won and he had been imitating one Hawaiian six months when Al Jolson heard the orchestra do an early De Sylva composition called N'Everything and offered $250 for the number.

"You take the song and sing it, Mr. Jolson," De Sylva said, "and if you sell it, I'll give you half."

This nonchalant perspicacity intrigued Jolson and he took a copy. Six weeks later he appeared and handed De Sylva a check for $250, half of the publisher's advance on the song. De Sylva resigned from the orchestra and the Polynesian race simultaneously, gathered up his mother and took the next train East.

He was down to the conventional thin dime in New York when the Remick Company gave him a song-plugging job at $50 a week. This was $10 less than he'd made with Long and the climate wasn't as attractive. He was on the verge of starting home when Jolson made one of his inspired appearances, accompanied by a check. This time it was for $16,000, half of the first six months' revenue from N'Everything, and the De Sylva legend pecked at the shell.

A man who sometimes lyrically deplores

(Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SEVEN SINS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON, late one night, someone murders Sir Giles Loeder, a radio broadcaster, and somehow contrives to deposit the corpse in the home of Lord Marcus Amberdale, who, finding the body, telephones Scotland Yard.

Investigating, Chief Inspector Firth learns that for some time Lord Marcus has been performing some mysterious experiments, in his home—experiments in which a hypnotized, or entranced woman (a "Mrs. Vane") has been playing an important role. The inspector does not regard his lordship as a suspect.

On the trail of some Nazi conspirators, Gaston Max, a clever French detective, has come to London. Shortly after the murder, he gains possession of a code message which, decoded, proves *conclusively that Sir Giles Loeder had been a German spy!* Like Scotland Yard's operatives, he keeps a close eye on Mrs. Ysolde Destrée—who runs a gambling establishment—and her associates: "Mr. Francis" and "Mr. Michaelis."

Lord Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay Perigal—who is in love with Dick Kershaw, a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. Dick disappears mysteriously, for a time; then, reappearing, he tells a strange story: Temporarily infatuated with a girl named Rita Martin, he had learned that she and Loeder had been having an affair. One night—on a quiet street, with no witnesses present—he had quarreled with the broadcaster, knocked him down, killed him (so he believes). But by this time, it has been clearly proved that Loeder had been killed—*by a man who walked with a limp!*—after Kershaw had left him. . . .

Firth questions James Wake, Lord Marcus' butler. Wake finally confesses that, for a time, he had been a croupier at Mrs. Destrée's gambling place; that he had seen someone kill Loeder (had seen the murderer, but not his face); that he, Wake, had placed the body in the lobby of his employer's home.

Suspicion now shifts to a man named Johann Fritz Brandt, a *Nazi who is somewhere in England*—a Nazi who limps!—and a man named Batt, a pianist, who according to Gaston Max, is sending secret messages to Germany, in a clever piano-note code. . . .

Lord Marcus invites a number of people, including Dick Kershaw and Fay Perigal to his home, to witness a séance.

Conclusion

"IT MAY be somewhat difficult," said Lord Marcus, "to make clear to those of you who have neither sympathy with, nor knowledge of, a subject to which I have devoted much study, the purpose which inspires me tonight."

He stood before the open hearth of that room which also housed an Egyptian mummy. His guests were seated, some on chairs, others on a deep settee, facing him. A standard lamp, in addition to that on the desk, was alight, so that his study, reliquary of queer treasure from an earlier civilization, presented a somewhat less somber appearance than usual. Lord Marcus wore a dark suit with a blue stock, and these seemed at once to accentuate his pallor and his peculiar fairness, and to stress, also, the ascetic beauty of his features.

One might have noted that the mummy in its gaily painted sarcophagus (which stood in a recess beside the hearth, and on the right of Lord Marcus) was that of a man at least equally tall. Refreshments of all kinds were set out on a mobile buffet; and except for the singular appointments of the house, and more particularly those of the lobby, nothing overtly mysterious had so far intruded upon the gathering. Nor had anything been said by their host to account for his assembling these persons together.

The guests seemed oddly chosen. These were: Mr. Michaelis, Lady Huskin, Dick Kershaw, Fay Perigal, and Mrs. Vane.

Mrs. Vane, her wonderful hair a fiery halo, had selected that discreet black gown, square cut at the neck. She looked remarkably beautiful but unusually pale. She was acting as hostess, and approaching Fay, seated beside Dick Kershaw on the deep settee, she offered sandwiches. "I am used to these strange ordeals, and you are not. I hope it will be worth while, but I warn you it may be midnight before we get any supper."

Dick laughed. "I'd like to know what it's all about," he admitted.

Fay, gazing in a troubled way at Lord Marcus, shook her head, so that hazelnut hair shimmered like autumn leaves; her frank, gray eyes held no reproach; rather, they sped a message of appeal. In her simple walking suit she looked slim with the lissome slimness of a dryad, and, when her glance rested on Dick Kershaw, she was delicately and radiantly lovely.

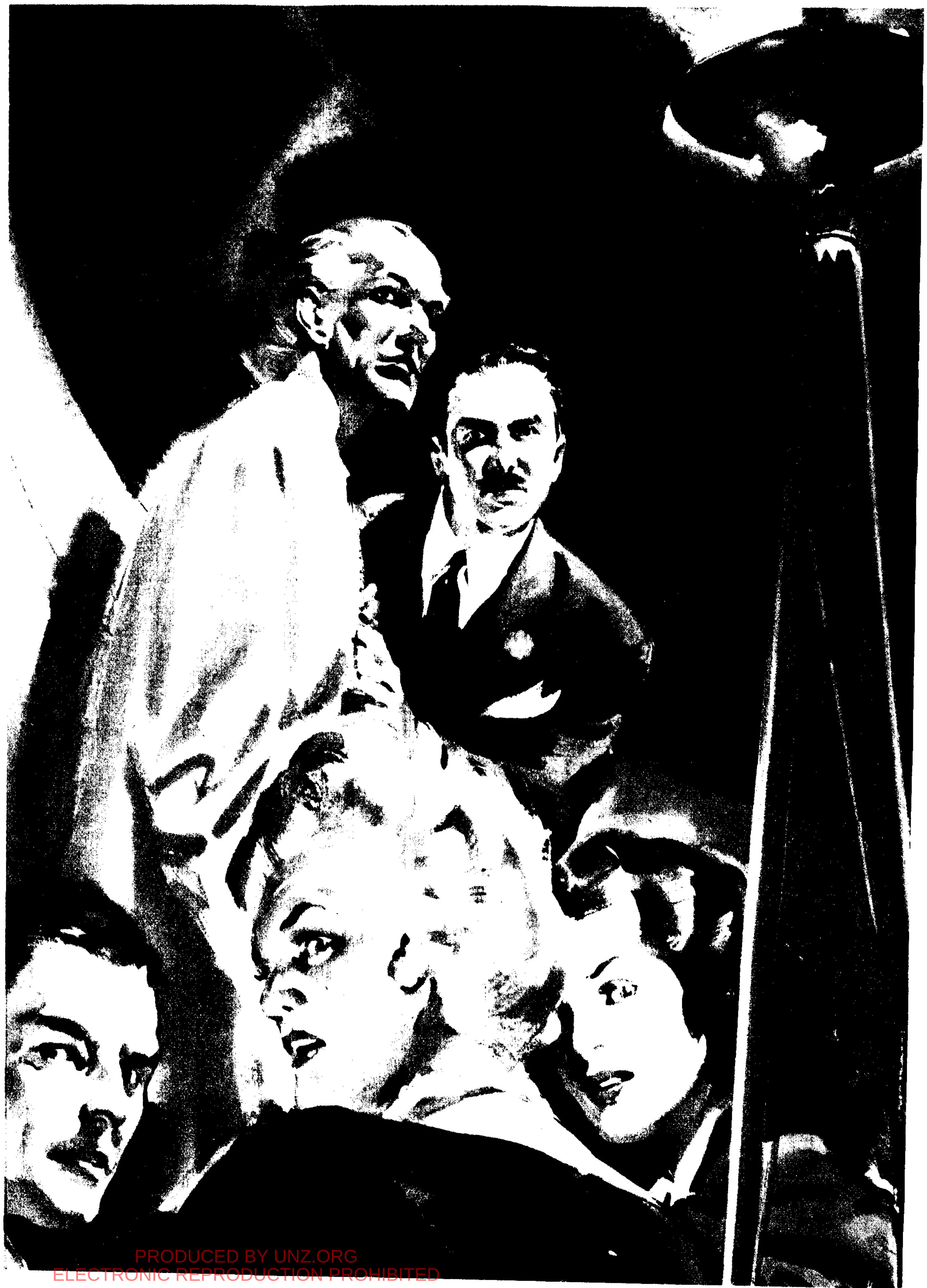
"I believe I overheard a thought of yours, Fay." Lord Marcus smiled, clasping his hands behind him. "But I hope to convince you by a palpable demonstration that my beliefs do not rest upon sand." All, now, were listening to him. "My butler, James Wake, was arrested recently in connection with the death of Sir Giles Loeder. This may be news in some quarters, for the name of the man detained has not appeared in the press. However, I hold my own views regarding Wake. A thief I had always known him to be; that he is a murderer, I deny. Let me, therefore, give you an outline, necessarily incomplete, of an experiment in which I ask you to co-operate with me tonight."

LADY HUSKIN, thrilled but slightly frightened, moved from her armchair to the settee, where she joined Dick and Fay. Mr. Michaelis leaned against a bookcase, motionless; his monocle, catching the light from a standard lamp, glittered statically. Mrs. Vane had retired.

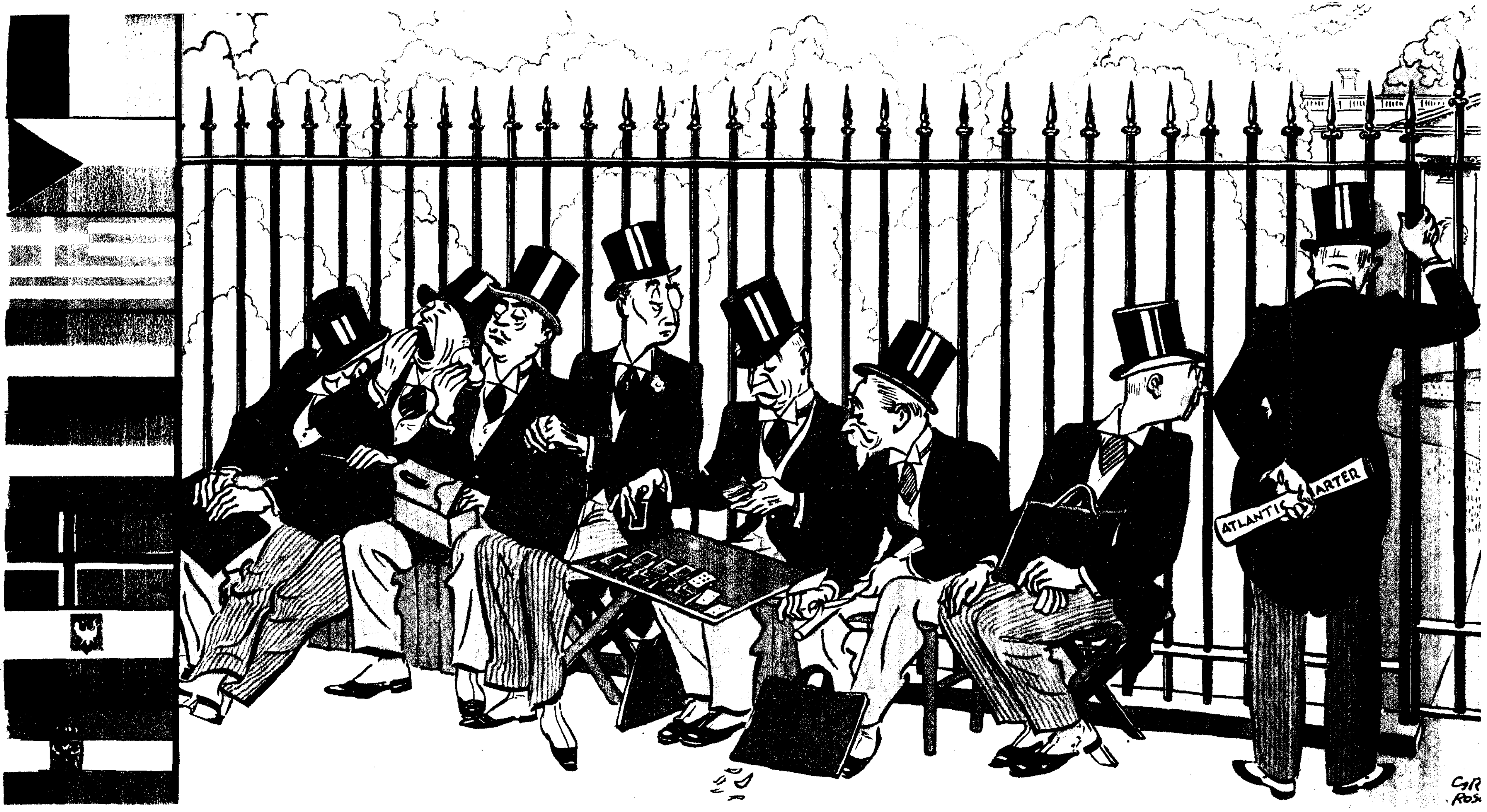
"We live in a machine age. Tied to the wheels of a giant juggernaut, we are swept on, deafened and blinded to eternal truth, crushing all beauty in our path. The horrors of this war merely illustrate my meaning. As the machine advances, God recedes, so that in time all the world would be plunged into darkness; those lamps laboriously lighted by followers of the great Masters would be obscured, indeed, become buried and lost. In humility and deep consciousness of my own limited powers—mental as well as spiritual—I have endeavored to preserve some of those lamps from destruction."

Lady Huskin was holding Fay's hand. The music of the speaker's voice seemed to be touching chords deep within, chords which rarely sounded. . . .

"I have failed in a large measure. I have achieved nothing to enable me to place results before the world in a manner calculated to serve any useful purpose. Yet, I have learned much; notably, that it is wrong to work alone. There is an unsuspected power latent in all of us. Few possess a sufficient quantity of this force, or, possessing, know how to direct it, to be able to employ their gifts as the high priests of Ancient Egypt formerly were able to do." *(Continued on page 58)*



Michaelis grasped Lord Marcus' arm. "Lord Marcus!" He spoke strangely, wildly and gutturally. "Listen to me. That voice was not the voice of Mrs. Vane!"



Do you know these flags of our allies? Guess. (Correct answers on p. 52.)

THE ALLIES' POOR RELATIONS

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

In Washington, a group of silk-hatted men must wait outside the White House gates for news of the United Nations' plans. They are ambassadors of the little United Nations. When troubled by insomnia, they reread the Atlantic Charter

PERHAPS the unhappiest men in Washington are the representatives of the "governments-in-exile"—Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia, to be exact, for no others have yet been recognized by the State Department. All of them, save little Luxembourg, have been lifted from legations to embassies, but not even this boost in status has lessened the moans or subdued one sob.

A change indeed from January 1, 1942, when the silk-hatted diplomats assembled in the White House to sign the joint declaration of the United Nations. Then every face shone with pride at being equal partners in the great struggle for a free world. What else could *United* Nations mean? From that day to this, alas, no second invitation has been extended. The very existence of the "exiles" has been ignored to a point where the daily visits of the postman constitute their only official contact with the government of the United States.

When Mr. Churchill reaches Washington on one of his regular salesman trips, the ambassadors never fail to rush forward hopefully, but the closest they get to the White House is the iron palings. There they huddle, scorched by sun and pelted by storms, patiently waiting for the newspapermen to emerge. At sight of the first correspondent, the piteous cry goes up, "Tell us, *please* tell us, what *we* United Nations did today? What did *we* decide? What are *our* plans?"

At that, it was not a definite unhappiness, but more of a melancholy, something akin to sadness only as the mist resembles the rain. Clutched close to the bosom of each ambassador was a copy of the Atlantic Charter, and when his spirits hit a new low, he could always find comfort in reading these explicit pledges: "They (Great Britain and the United States) desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned; they respect the rights of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live, and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

Soothing words! Balm for bruised feelings! What first shook confidence in them was Mr. Churchill's bland intimation that nothing was farther from his thought than to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. A statement of policy, to be sure, that did not directly affect any of the governments-in-exile, for none of them had territorial interests in India, Burma, North Africa or the Chinese treaty ports. Just the same, the declaration disturbed all of them profoundly, for it marked a departure from the principles of the Atlantic Charter. Was it possible the document had not come from Sinai?

Quite a different matter was "Uncle Joe" Stalin's blunt announcement that Russia meant to assert title in fee simple to Poland's eastern provinces, along with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania—and maybe Finland, too, if the Finns would only take a deep breath and lie back. That was the blow that sank the poor governments-in-exile down into a pit so deep that no stars could be seen. From all of them, but particularly from Russia's near neighbors, came screams that carried clear to the White House, causing Falla to call on the Army for a couple of police dogs.

Fear of the Russian Bear

If part of our country is taken from us, cried the Poles, where is there guarantee that the whole will not be stolen? The Yugoslavs were in no less parlous a state. For weeks they have been calling on the world to notice that Russia was backing the Partisans against General Mikhailovitch's Chetniks. And Partisans, mark you, led by Tito and Nagy, Hungarian Communists! On hearing Stalin's intentions with respect to the Polish provinces, Ambassador Constantin Fotich and his staff blacked their faces and took to the woods to practice Commando tactics.

It has long been an open secret that the Greeks had their hearts set on the Dodecanese, the District of Epirus and a rectification of the Bulgarian frontier—one that would give them elbow room in case of a brawl with the Bulgars. Quite naturally, therefore, the Stalin statement brought on an attack of the hives. If the Baltic states, why not Bulgaria, too? And was it probable that the Russian Bear, once loose in Europe's berry patch, would overlook the Dodecanese?

Even the Czechoslovaks are not without a very perceptible case of the jitters. They have been actively courting Stalin's favor, to be sure, and on the occasion of his recent visit, President Benes shyly intimated that Russia would back his country's claims to Ruthenia. But Ruthenia, after all, is the gateway to the plains of Central Europe. What if Uncle Joe, thinking over his promise, decides to let his great big heart run away with his head?

Talk with any of the Danubian, Baltic or Balkan states, and it is quickly discovered that their hate of Hitler is no more profound than their distrust of Russia. All live under a fear that the future may find them satellites of the U. S. S. R. or else integral parts of the Soviet Union.

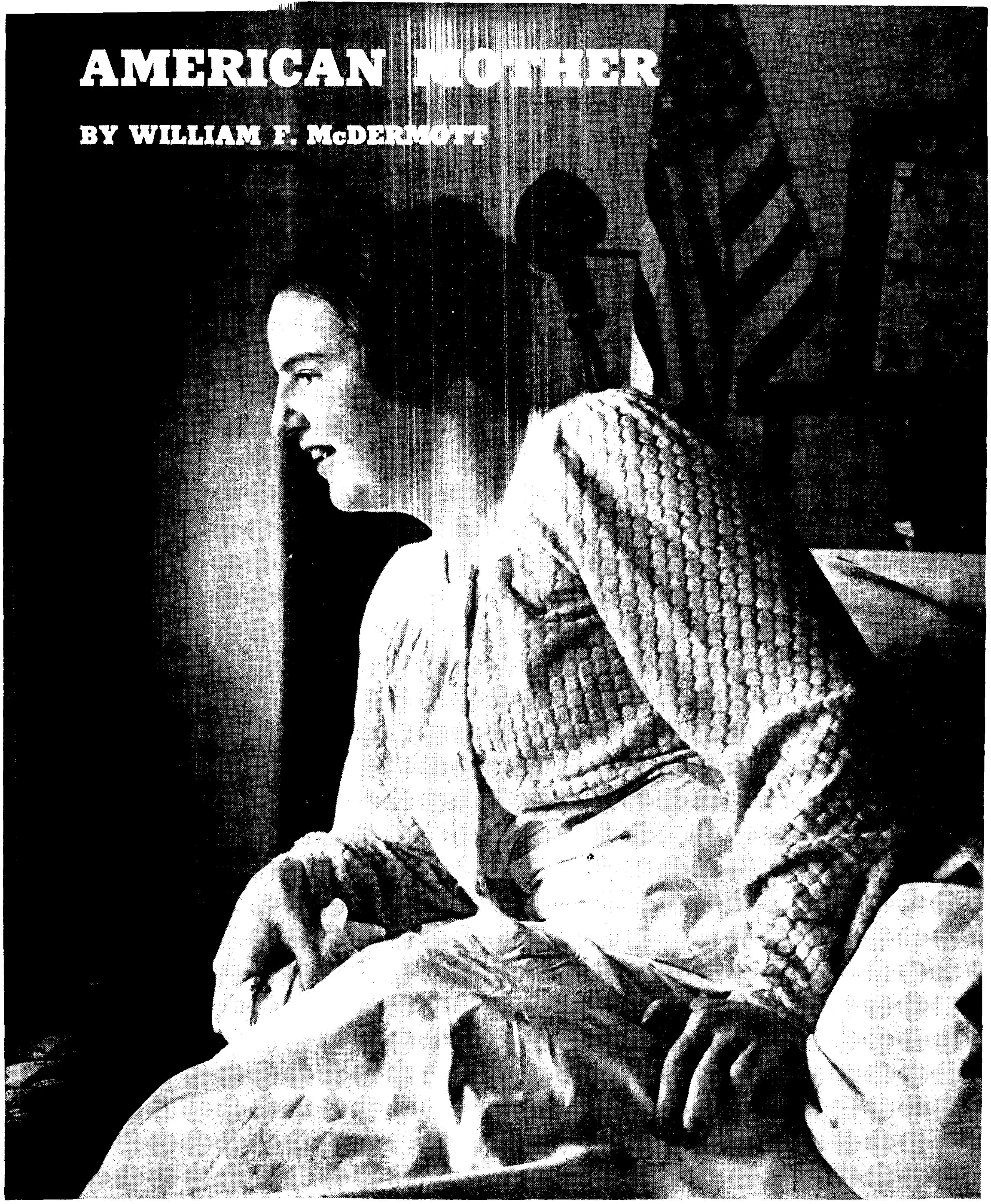
What more binding than the nonaggression pact that Stalin signed with Poland in 1939? Yet when Germany invaded Poland from one side in 1939, Russia invaded from the other side. And how can Stalin's present claim to Polish provinces be squared with the treaty of 1941 that gave Poland explicit pledges of eternal friendship and surrendered all pretense of Russian title to Polish territory?

The Russian policy of the United States adds to these gloomy apprehensions. As the governments-in-exile see it, appeasement is a poor thing to put up against a hard-boiled realism that looks on conciliatory approaches as signs of weakness. All admit the heroism of Russia's resistance, and the supreme importance of keeping Russia in the war. But (runs their argument) is it not equally true that Russia's one and only hope lies in America's shipments of foodstuffs, planes, guns and

(*Continued on page 52*)

AMERICAN MOTHER

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT



KNOPF-PIX

Mrs. Frances Evans Dyke has given eleven sons to the Armed Forces. She is shown here during her most recent sojourn in a maternity hospital, looking out the window at her three small sons who are playing in the garden below

IN a rear tenement window overlooking an alley in one of Chicago's most congested melting-pot districts, hangs a service flag with eleven stars—each one representing a fighting man.

Eleven sons scattered over the war fronts of the world—that's the proud record, said to be without parallel in American history, of Mrs. Frances Evans Dyke, forty-three years old. She also has four small sons—the last born a few weeks ago—whom she is ready to dedicate to her country's service if it ever needs them. She has never lost a child, and has never had a daughter. Mrs. Dyke is herself a twin—one of four sets born to her mother in Poland. The mother had twenty-one children in all, eighteen of whom are still living.

Migrating to America when Frances was very small, the father worked in coal mines at Butte, Montana, and in gold mines at Leadville, Colorado. The child never had a doll; all she knew was babies from the day she was born.

At twelve, she was a buxom, matured girl, courted by 25-year-old Joseph Evans, a miner; at thirteen, she married him; at fourteen, she bore triplets, Joseph, John and Steven; at sixteen, twins; at eighteen, twins; at twenty, twins; and at twenty-two and twenty-four, her last two boys by Evans.

Thus, she had eleven sons by the time she was twenty-five years old!

Facing the World Alone

When she was twenty-nine, the husband and father, a World War veteran who had fought in France and been wounded, was killed in an accident.

The young mother and her brood faced the world alone. There was some insurance and some damages; but she went to work as a waitress in a hospital, doing the laundry work for the eleven at night, keeping her home, then at Salida, Colorado, as best she could.

The boys didn't sit around to be waited on. As soon as they were big enough to hustle a side job, they went to work selling papers, sweeping out stores, running errands and doing chores; at home, they washed the dishes and did the cleaning and scrubbing.

It was a tough grind, but the heroic mother and the sturdy youngsters—not one of whom had a serious illness in childhood—fought through it.

Mrs. Evans had got only to the seventh grade, but she instilled in every one of her youngsters the desire for an education. Her own mind is alert, she keeps informed on current events, and her eleven sons took after her and their father in the desire for knowledge.

Practically all of them finished high school. The triplets, now almost thirty years old, finished high school at Denver and developed a burning desire to become aviators. Along with their work, they studied aviation and learned to fly. Even before the war broke out, they joined the Army Air Corps—all three enlisting together—and now they are in the thick of the fighting in the South Pacific.

The first set of twins, Martin and Albert, now twenty-eight years old, are in the Marines, as are the next twins, William and Gene, twenty-six years old; the third and last set of twins, Peter and Michael, twenty-four, are in the Army. The singles, Robert, twenty-one, and Jack, nineteen, are in the Army and Navy respectively. Several of these boys are in service abroad.

Seven years ago, the high altitude proved too much for the mother's heart, and she had to seek a lower altitude. Bringing her younger boys with her, she migrated to Chicago, where she got a job as a waitress. Here she met Peter Dyke, and though he was making only $10 a week as a trucker's helper, they married. He's in war work now and makes good wages. Their four little sons, Peter Jr., Franklin Delano, Arthur and Richard, are all healthy, happy, bright youngsters.

When the attention of President Roosevelt was called to the amazing record of Mrs. Dyke as a war mother, he wrote her congratulations upon the eleven stars in her family service flag.

Good Friend to All

Mrs. Dyke looks young for her age, with no gray showing in her brown hair. She bubbles over with good humor and she is known throughout her neighborhood for her friendly smile and the helping hand that she extends to those who need it.

"Kids have never been a bother to me," she said. "I was raised with a lot of them around and I always want to be with them. I saw that my children got the best food and care I could provide, and while I always loved them, I never coddled them. I felt it was best for them to get out and hustle.

"I saw to it they always had time for football and baseball, and there was a time when I could put a baseball nine or a football eleven on the field. I used to take a bunch of them at a time with me to neighborhood folk dances and I taught them to be graceful as well as strong.

"I realize I married terribly young but, frankly, I don't regret it. I suppose it seems incredible — maybe terrible — to some people to have had so many sons, but I can't say it ever scared me. I never let it get me down. In fact, I've had a whale of a lot of fun as a mother, and even though I'd have liked a girl or two for variety, I never complained about it. My boys were always swell to me, in fact still are, and I was more of a pal to them than a parent."

Every night, Mrs. Dyke prays for her eleven fighting sons, wherever they may be; and she names them one by one in her petitions.

"I don't pray they shall be kept from all harm, because I know that injury and even death must come to many of our nation's defenders, but I do ask God that they be true soldiers and sailors and Marines. I am intensely proud of them and I know they want to be worthy of their father's record in the first World War."

Then she tucks in her four tiny sons—they all sleep in one room—and goes about her never-ending housework. She has never known anything but struggle and hustle, and she would be lost without it now.

At that, she's laid by a few War Bonds and never lets a Red Cross or USO campaign go by without doing her bit. ★★★

HOW THE FINNS LIVE

BY THÉRÈSE BONNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

In many parts of Finland people are actually starving. But they do have plenty of lemons, forced upon them by the Nazis

EVERYWHERE I went in Finland I heard two words over and over again—*ei ole,* "no more." They ran through the whole of Finnish life like a refrain; they were the answer to most of my questions.

When I talked to a farmer, it was no more fertilizer, no more leather for mending harness; to a housewife, no more milk, no more shoes for the children; to a forester, no more heavy gloves, no more boots; to a butcher, no more meat, no more sausage.

Finland has never been a land of abundance, and three years of war and invasion have exhausted reserves and brought about shortages in virtually all the necessities of life. The standard of living has been forced downward until large masses of the population are facing starvation; they are dependent almost entirely upon the meager contributions of the Germans.

About the only food that is really plentiful is lemons, enormous quantities of which are shipped into Finland by the Nazis in payment for cellulose and other forest products. At certain seasons of the year, windows of delicatessens, fruit shops, and grocery stores in Helsinki and other cities are piled high with lemons, handsome to look at but almost useless.

"We didn't order them, we don't want them and we don't know what to do with them," said a Finnish merchant, "but we've got to take them."

I have never forgotten my first meal when I arrived in Finland in July, 1939, and I shall never forget my first meal when I returned in October, 1942. In 1939, in addition to meat courses, the usual vegetables and unlimited bread, butter, coffee, sugar and pastry, I had *smörgasbord* and large portions of the great delicacies of of the country—smoked whitefish, crayfish, northern salmon.

In 1942, there was no *smörgasbord,* no butter, little bread, only ersatz coffee, and no pastry. The meal consisted principally of a lamprey, an eel-like creature about ten inches long and an inch in diameter; a small slice of smoked fish, a thin round of smoked eel, and a scrawny, almost meatless bird not much larger than a robin.

A few days later, I had dinner at the home of a Finnish army officer and was served the best in his larder—a tasteless soup, a watery stew with a few small pieces of mutton floating in it; sandwiches made of pickle and mushroom and thin slices of bread about two by two inches; and an ersatz preparation of wood, bits of onion, a dash of margarine, and a few drops of artificial flavoring which gave it a taste vaguely reminiscent of liver.

Bootleg Luxuries Come High

The delicacies which I had enjoyed so much three years before are now unobtainable except occasionally in the black market at high prices—two dollars for a small slice of smoked salmon, for example—while bread, butter, coffee and sugar are strictly rationed in small quantities.

Incidentally, the black market is surreptitiously encouraged by the Germans who send "hot" foods and materials into the country by Nazi soldiers. Recently the Finnish government has been much concerned over the circulation of counterfeit ration cards, particularly for meat, sugar, bread and tobacco.

Restaurants in Helsinki still offer English and French dishes, but few of those listed bear any relation to their names. Such places may serve only certain foods prepared in specified ways, and a diner must surrender ration tickets for each item. For home consumption, virtually everything is rationed and the allotments are very small.

Before the war, the Finns consumed about 115,000,000 pounds of sugar a year, most of which was imported from Denmark and Germany. Today the sugar ration per person is one half pound a month.

In peacetime, the consumption of coffee in Finland was approximately 44 million pounds a year. Now the allowance is one half pound every two months, of a mixture containing only 15 per cent of real coffee. If the Finn is willing to forgo the fifteen per cent he may have, during this period, a whole pound of ersatz coffee made of roasted cereals. It doesn't taste like coffee; in fact, it doesn't taste much like anything. It is black and strong, but all that can be said for it is that it is a hot drink. On the black market, real coffee sells for about $40 a pound.

The restrictions on the consumption of coffee have caused more restlessness in Finland than any other feature of the rationing system. Every Finn who manages to get to Stockholm tries to buy real coffee in the Swedish black market (where it is cheaper than in Finland) and smuggle it into his own country. He considers himself successful if he brings in enough for a cupful.

Most of the smugglers, however, are caught, for Sweden exercises very strict control over travelers and over her food supplies. No rationed food may be taken out of Sweden, but small quantities of unrationed eatables may be exported by special license. The traveler is not allowed to choose what he will take; allotments for export are made according to surpluses. For example, a home-going Finn might ask for three pounds of sardines and wind up with three pounds of cookies.

An Acute Dairy Shortage

Shortages of meat, butter, milk and fats in general have caused serious problems in Finland ever since the first war with Russia. While I was there, a Finnish official estimated that only 20 out of every 150 cows in Finland are producing milk. Much of the milk never leaves the farms because of a shortage of milk cans and wagons. Before the war, Finland exported about $7,000,000 worth of butter a year, of which considerably more than half went to England. Today the butter ration, including cheese, is slightly less than a pound a month. On the black market, butter is $10 a pound and up.

The meat ration now is approximately three fourths of a pound a month, and only chopped meat may be sold. All the pork is supposed to go to the army, but some finds its way into the black market, where it sells for $12 a pound. One of my Finnish friends bought a ham for last Christmas, on the black market, and paid $80 for it. With a special license a Finn may buy a pig if he can find one and he is permitted to board it with relatives in the country. It must be fed nothing fit for human consumption. When the animal is butchered, the owner may eat four pounds of the meat a month but must give up his meat ration card.

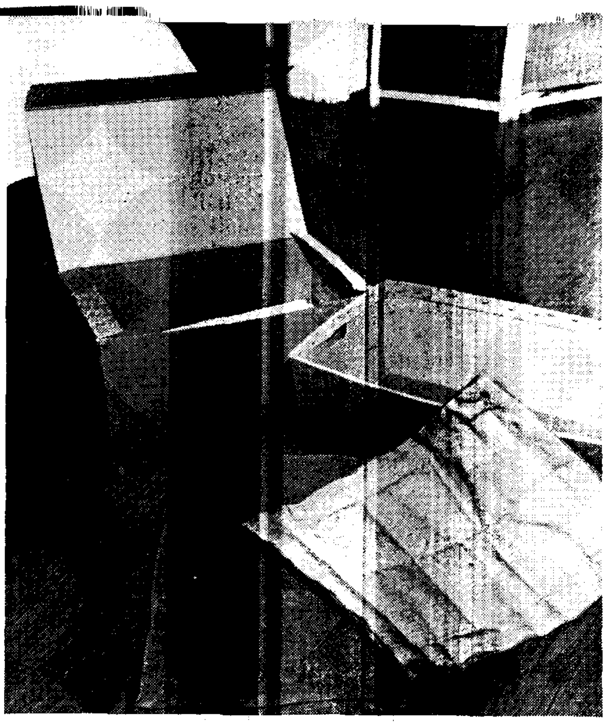
Of such things as household furnishings, yard goods, clothing, bath towels and dish towels, there is not so much a shortage in Finland as an almost complete absence. A Finnish woman is allowed to buy, in one year, a blouse, a shirt, a jacket, a pair of knickers, a dress, a coat, two sets of underwear and one pair of shoes, but it is seldom that all of these articles can be found.

Most of the shoes now available are made of woven paper, with heels and soles of wood or composition. The lasts are of cardboard. In the shoe department of one of Helsinki's great department stores, nothing now remains but one pair of silver evening slippers.

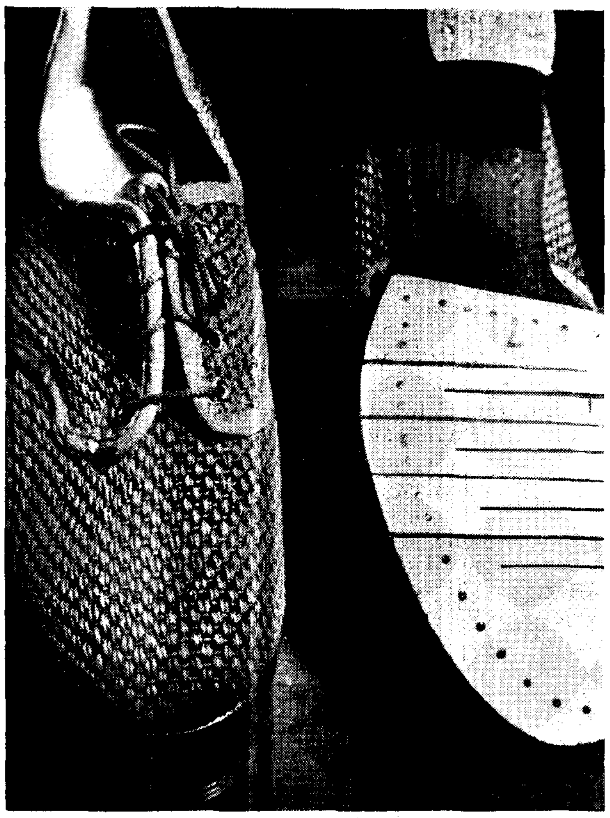
The soap ration in Finland when I left there was one pound a year. On the black market, a dealer offered me three pieces of soap, each about half the size of an ordinary American cake, for fifteen dollars. The Finns have tried many substitutes for soap, but none has proved very satisfactory. Among them are juniper berries and birch bark, which are boiled, and the water is used to wash clothing. Vinegar, ammonia and salt are also used mixed with water.

Finns who manage to get hold of an extra bit of food, or anything of value, immediately try to trade it for something else. The newspapers are filled with advertisements offering swaps.

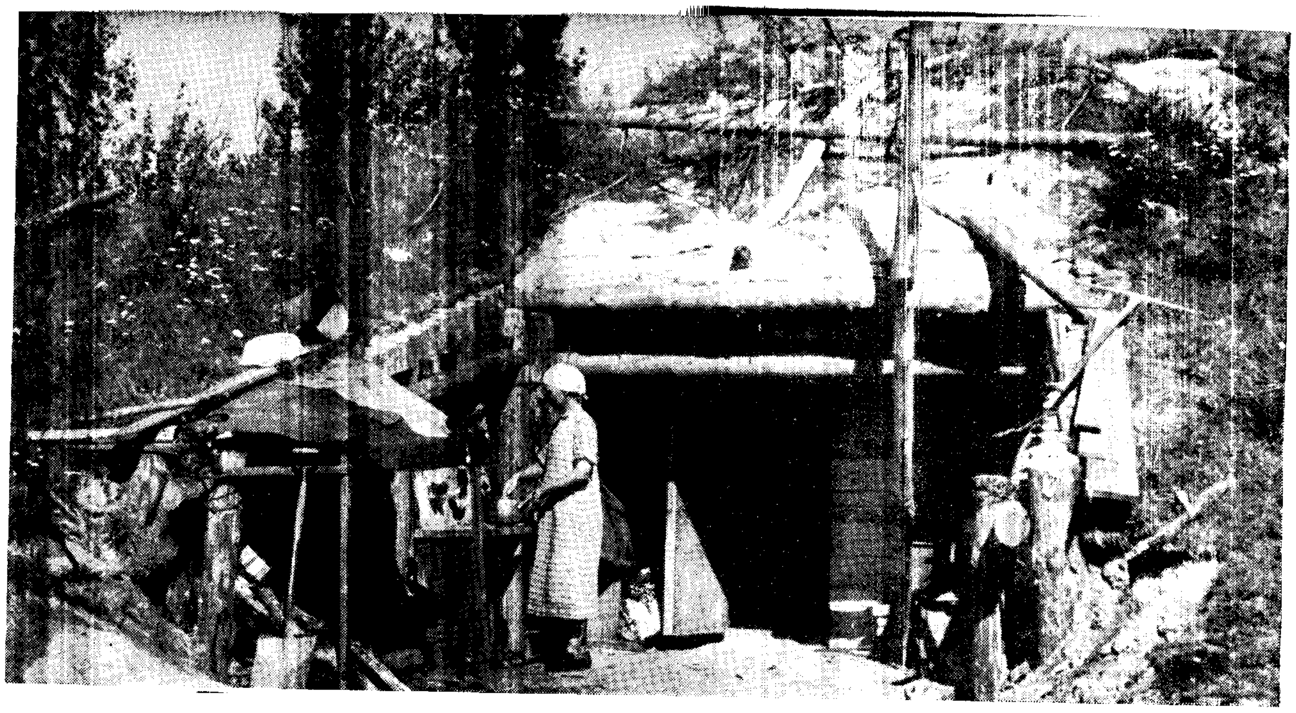
When I went to Finland I took one of my friends a pair of silk stockings. She immediately traded them for a gill of cream to serve at a dinner party which she had been planning for months. Another friend told me of trading two boxes of cigarettes for four pounds of butter, which he then sold for 600 marks. With part of this money he bought three bottles of liquor, which brought 1,500 marks in the black market. A third swapped a box of cigarettes for a cake of Swedish chocolate, traded the chocolate for two boxes of cigarettes, and swapped those in turn for a small bowl of butter. ★★★



The cradle, box and blanket shown above are ma of paper. Together with a paper mattress and complete layette, also of paper, they are provid free to poor families by the Finnish governme



There is no leather for civilians in Finland. T shoes above have wooden soles, cardboard las paper tops and linings. Below, one of the few de cacies left in Finland, a fish called nahkiain

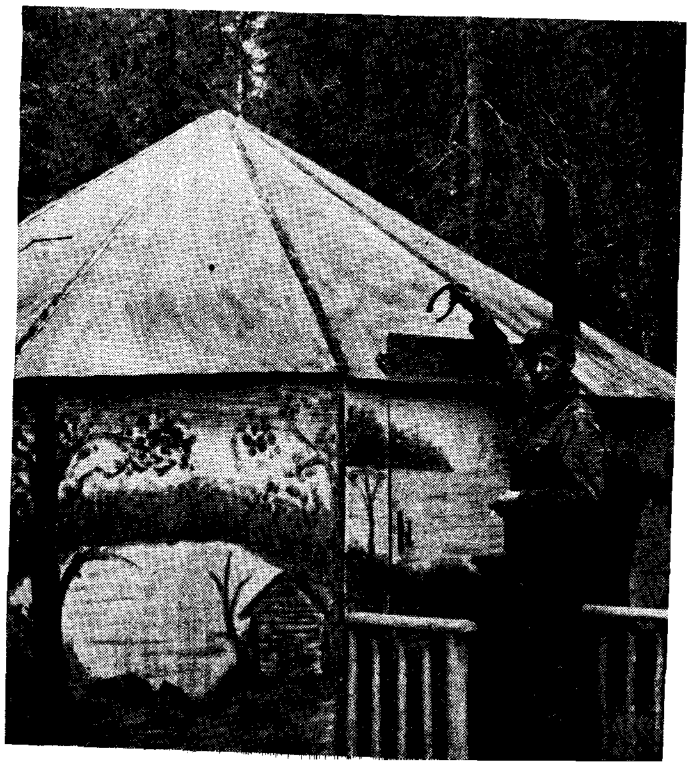


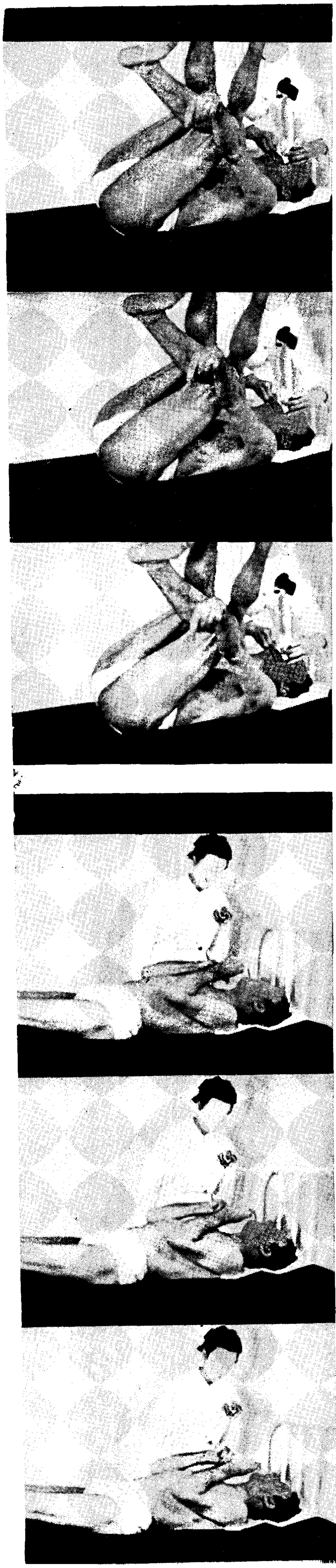
The korsu, above, is a dugout shelter built by soldiers in the side of a hill, or underground, with heavy beams to support the walls and ceiling and a thick layer of earth on top. Usually it is equipped with a brick stove and primitive ventilating apparatus. Sometimes peasants, finding an abandoned korsu, move in until their homes are rebuilt

Because of the shortage of fuel, thousands of Finns go regularly into the forests to cut firewood. Picture above shows an actor and an actress of the Helsinki People's Theater with saw and ax

Instead of the huge quantities of fine fish usually shown, the lone fish cart at Helsinki Market, above, is displaying a few boxes of kalalokki, a bird of the sea gull family which in normal times was never eaten. Below, since Finnish delicatessen stores have little or nothing to sell, the shelves are decorated with empty soda bottles

Above, a Karelian farmer returns to the ruins of his home to start life anew. Below, a tent made of paper and decorated by a soldier-artist. Temporary shelters for refugees are also constructed of paper





The three top photographs show the violent seizures of a mental patient undergoing metrazol shock treatment. The bottom three show the same treatment, with soothing curare added

SHOCK ABSORBER

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The dreaded killer drug of the jungle, once used mainly to tip the lethal darts of savages, now fights—and conquers—some of mankind's most baffling ailments

IF YOU read detective fiction, you know about curare—the arrow poison used by South American Indians. The story is always pretty much the same. The victim feels a gentle prick from a blowgun dart. Then the silent death from the jungle gets to work. In a matter of seconds, the victim is paralyzed; and in a matter of minutes, he is dead. It is all very hair-raising.

Up to now, the detective-story writers have been the biggest users of curare; the second biggest users—the million Indians on the upper Amazon. They use it on game, casual enemies and an occasional explorer. Their efficient blowguns are almost uncannily accurate. At 100 feet, they can pierce the neck of a small bird better than many expert shots can do with a rifle.

Now we get around to the third use of curare. In a score or so of American hospitals, this swift, efficient drug is being used to treat sicknesses which would be untreatable by any other means. A drug that has meant sudden death in the past is giving life and hope to thousands of patients. The story of how this violent stuff was tamed and put to work is a superb story of medical detective work. The story starts in the jungle.

The outside world has known of curare since 1595, when Sir Walter Raleigh brought a sample back from his trip to the Orinoco. Indian witch doctors have known about it longer, and they have known more about it.

Curare is an alkaloid contained in stems, roots and leaves of several tropical plants. Individual witch doctors have their own recipes for making it. To make his own brand of curare more lethal, one Indian will add the heads of a few poisonous ants. Another will put in a dash of snake venom. But the basic recipe is the same. The stems are boiled in water. After a while, solid matter is strained out and the resulting soup is boiled down into a thick, blackish, tarlike substance. This is jungle curare which is applied to the tips of arrows, darts and spears. It works swiftly in the blood stream of bird, monkey, jaguar or man—paralysis—then quick, merciful death. In effect, curare is nothing but a man-made snake bite.

For years, medical men speculated on the potential value of curare. Mightn't it be enormously valuable in treating convulsions—say the convulsions of tetanus? When a person is seized with tetanus—or lockjaw—he has violent and uncontrolled spasms. Muscles work so continuously that the patient literally works himself to death. Now, the doctors said, if we had curare and knew how to use it, maybe we could partially paralyze the patient, rest his muscles and let him get well. If . . .

But there were *"ifs"* everywhere. They didn't have curare and they didn't know how to use it even if they did have it. This was the situation in 1938.

Then an American, living in Ecuador, began to talk to physicians. He was Richard C. Gill, who ran a dude ranch on the fringe of the jungle. He knew the Indians, knew curare. He went to several pharmaceutical houses with his story. Physicians, he said, had been interested in curare for a long time without quite knowing why. Perhaps it was because of the drama of the drug. Very well. Why didn't some pharmaceutical house get a supply? Then it could get to work on it—purify it and standardize it.

Medicine from the Jungle

More important, they could find what it was in curare that had the paralyzing effect. If they were successful, medicine might have a potent new weapon against several diseases. Then he added a tantalizing thought: Medicine had got several enormously valuable drugs from jungle witch doctors. Merciful, pain-deadening cocaine was one. Quinine—which means life for millions of people with malaria—was another.

Gill told his story to a number of people without result. Finally, he talked to Horace Holaday, H. Sidney Newcomer, and R. A. Hardt of E. R. Squibb & Sons. They agreed to put up money for collecting curare and, when the curare came in, they would put a crack team of research men to work on it.

In time the curare did come in—about 100 pounds of it. Doctor Newcomer met it at the dock and drove it to the laboratory in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The first job was to get the black, tarry resins out of the curare. The next was to get a trustworthy test of potency. This last point was particularly important. The stuff had to be perfectly standardized; otherwise doctors couldn't use it. A drug can't do one thing one time, another thing another time; particularly a drug like curare.

To give you an idea of how pitifully little was known about curare when this work started, note one point: The small amounts that had reached the civilized world were classified according to their container. Thus, there was clay-pot curare, gourd curare, and bamboo-tube curare. It was like classifying beer as growler beer, bottle beer and draft beer—and implying that all were different.

The Squibb researchers set to work trying to sort fact from fiction. After a few months' work they had a reasonably pure curare—a straw-colored liquid. The next step was to get a standardized test. Holaday solved this one—and rather neatly, too.

He strapped a rabbit to a board and dropped measured amounts of the drug in an ear vein. The amount required to destroy the action of neck muscles was one standard unit. A rabbit, you see, always tries to hold its head up—and will hold it up until the curare paralyzes the muscles. When the head drops, you see how much curare has been dripped into the vein. That is one unit.

For about fifteen minutes after receiving this dose, the rabbit is a formless bag of bones. It suffers no pain, of course, but it can't stand on its feet or lift its head. Before we forget the rabbit and move on to other things, maybe we should mention one point: The effect wears off—since the dose is small—in about fifteen minutes, and the rabbit is good as new; puzzled, perhaps, but not harmed.

All this preliminary work was tedious, time-consuming, but at least a pure, standardized curare was available for clinical trials. The research men were ready to hand it over to the medical men and see whether it would do the jobs they hoped it would do. Little 5-cubic-centimeter ampules of straw-colored liquid went out to clinics for trials.

There was one obvious and immediate use. While Gill was collecting curare in the jungle, a new shock treatment for insanity had come along.

Up to 1933, about the worst thing that could happen to a human being was dementia praecox—the insanity of the young. Most of the victims of this terrible sickness never got well. Occupying over half the beds in hospitals for the insane, they were doomed to useless lives. Then Doctor Manfred Sakel of Vienna (now of New York) came along with insulin shock. He found that repeated, massive doses of insulin miraculously brushed the cobwebs from disordered minds. Over half the patients thus treated either made complete recoveries or, at least, social recoveries. They were well enough to go home.

Insulin performed wonders for sufferers with dementia praecox. But it had less hopeful effect on the second great group of mental cases—the manic-depressive group. About 1938, other treatments arrived for them—also shock treatments. Either with electricity or metrazol, patients were thrown into violent convulsions. After each shock (perhaps a dozen were needed in all), heads got a little clearer. Results were striking. In some sample groups of involutional depression, nearly all patients made full recovery.

Hopeful and promising though this was, a big catch still remained. Terrifying things happened to patients in convulsions. Muscles contracted so violently that arm and leg bones snapped. One out of every six patients suffered dislocations—of jaw, shoulder or some other joint.

Danger in Shock Treatments

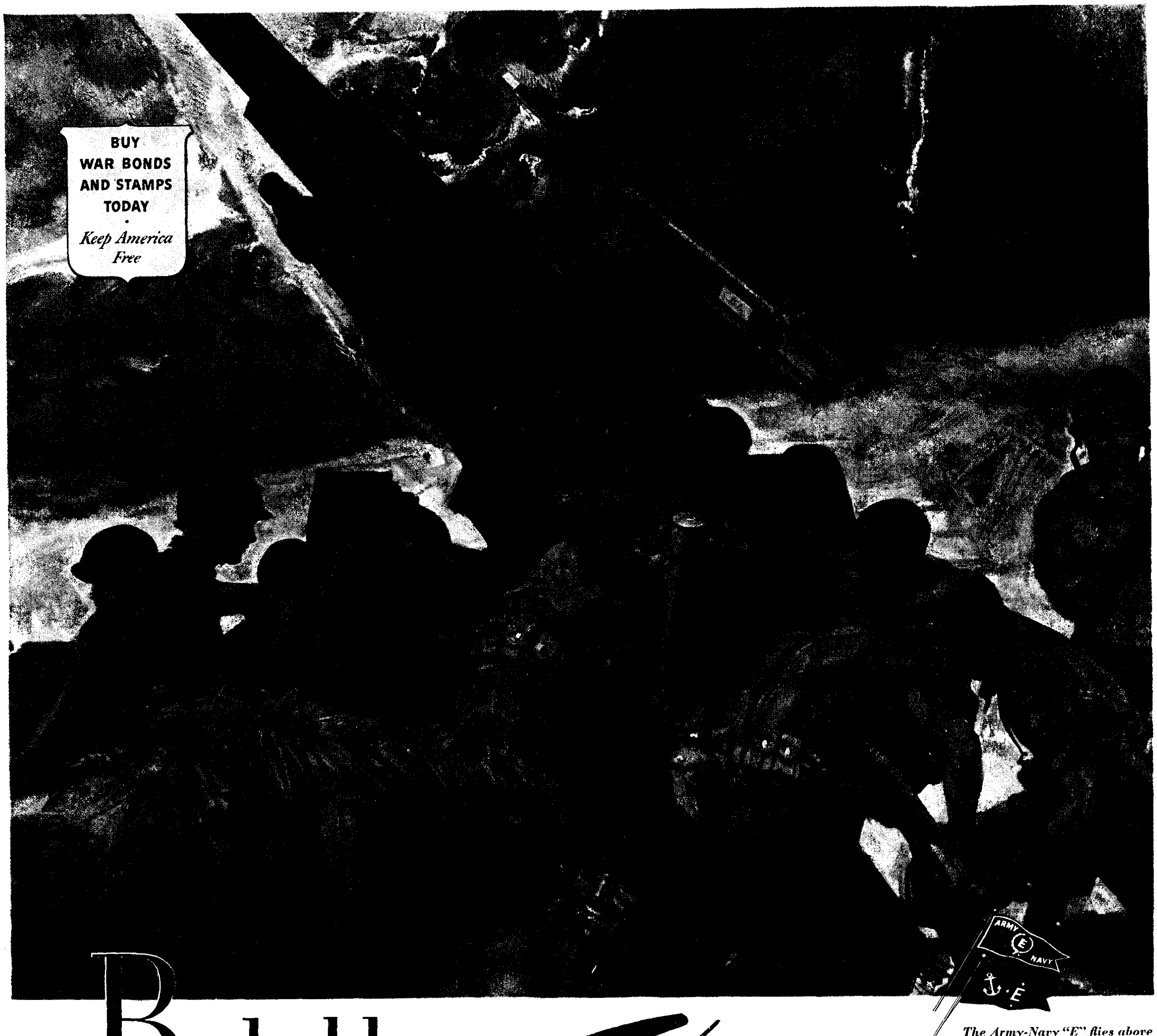
Many patients could not be treated by this method—older people with brittle bones, people with weak hearts, hernias or deformities. Many doctors were on the point of abandoning such shock treatments. One put it frankly: "Metrazol is a perfectly dreadful drug." Still, it did clear heads. It might break bones, chip vertebrae, cause the ultimate dread in patients—but it did clear heads. This was the situation when Squibb's curare was made available for chemical study.

It had an obvious application. Why not use it to partially paralyze muscles of patients about to undergo shock? Wouldn't it soften the convulsion? Muscles might want to contract and snap bones—but curare would weaken them so that they couldn't. This, at least, is what the Squibb research men hoped.

Perhaps the reader thinks a physician would be hesitant about using such a potent killer as curare. A few facts will straighten this out. Curare isn't a poison, as such. It doesn't destroy cells or tissue. Small amounts can even be eaten without ill effect; Indians must consume it in the game they kill with blowguns.

It acts only when introduced in the blood stream. It blocks nerve-muscle junctions and causes paralysis. The brain might

(Continued on page 73)



Body blow *by Fisher*

The Army-Navy "E" flies above three Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with three stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.

IT'S bad news for enemy planes—this 90-millimeter anti-aircraft gun. Here are a few notes for the record—time and place deleted.

A four-gun battery of these "nineties" brought down sixteen high-altitude bombers in twelve days.

"Body blow" was right!

Fisher is proud of this gun, although Fisher did not make *all* of it. Like most armament, it is a fine example of the cooperative spirit of American industry, with many manufacturers contributing to the finished product.

Perhaps Fisher's most notable contribution to this national effort is craftsmanship well directed. Precision men and precision methods help to give Fisher tanks, bombers, anti-aircraft guns and delicate aircraft instruments a technical plus. All the unusual crafts and special skills we have developed are trained on this target.

In war as in peace, craftsmanship is our goal. And we do our best to make the Fisher name on armament mean an ace in the hole when the going gets tough.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY *Fisher*

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time

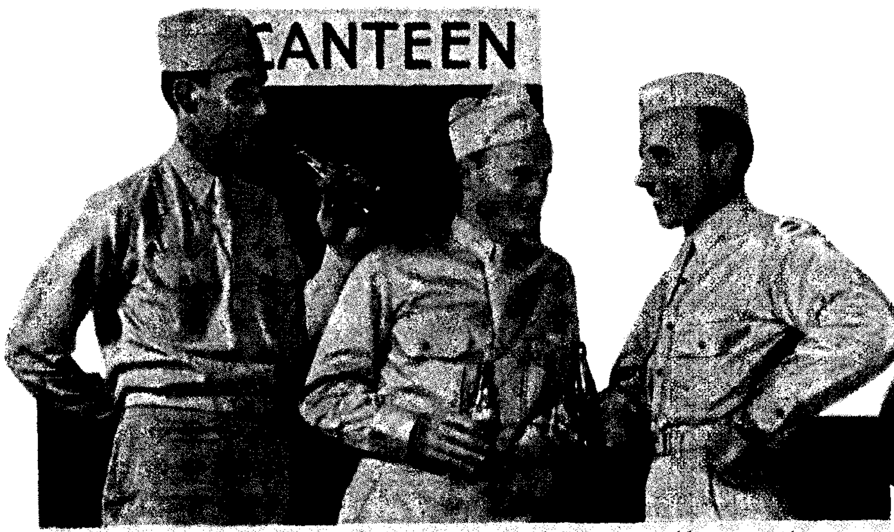
When war correspondents say that Coca-Cola is the drink of our fighting men, you know there is a reason for it. What drink offers such delicious taste and downright refreshment?

One tells how a Ranger, returned from Dieppe, asked for Coca-Cola in preference to anything. Another cables that the main event of the week for the doughboys at a desolate South Pacific outpost was 12 bottles of Coke. We read such things in the papers regularly.

Coca-Cola had to be good to earn fast friendship like that with our Armed Forces. Coca-Cola is good. It's made that way with a finished art and choicest ingredients. And with a taste all its own. Truly, the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.

Although war has changed and disrupted so many things in their lives, our fighting forces overseas are so often delighted to find in far-off places an old familiar friend . . . Coca-Cola . . . being bottled in Allied Nations all over the globe, just as it is at home.

Wherever there's action in this world-wide war, you find the famous jeep. Wherever it's possible to get it, you'll find Coca-Cola, too, bringing refreshment to our fighting troops.



You could see this going on many places in the world. When our soldiers get a chance to enjoy a pause, they make it *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The best 5¢
is always the better buy!

COPYRIGHT 1943, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

America's "shortage" of doctors is nothing worse than a maldistribution of doctors. Put physicians where they're needed, say our overworked medical men, and the job of safeguarding civilian health can be licked. But there's a catch in it: Nobody seems to have the necessary authority, and doctors, after all, are human, like the rest of us

A Doctor for All of Us

By James Rorty

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

ON JUNE 2d last, soothsayers and sybils in and about our national capital noted that planes coming into Bolling Field were tossed by a vio-ent updraft; about the same time a Scottish doorkeeper n the House office building ran howling into the street.

Two weeks later the Congressional Record revealed what had happened. On that day, the hard-boiled House Appropriations Committee, which never fails to pare he requests of any and all government bureaus, suddenly went gaga and told Assistant Surgeon General Draper to stop being a piker. Timidly, Dr. Draper had asked for $175,000 with which to place 35 private physicians and dentists and another 35 from the staff of the United States Public Health Service in our badly underdoctored war-boom towns. Here, believe it or not, s how the House watchdog of the Treasury handled his request:

Mr. Tarver: That makes 70 in all. You do not think that this is going to meet the very crying need for additional doctors for the civilian population, do you?

Dr. Draper: No, sir, I do not. . . .

Mr. Tarver: You are running along here with a popgun to try to do something that will probably require heavy artillery. . . .

Subsequently, in its formal report to the House, the Appropriations Committee declared its willingness "to give consideration to any type of program which the Public Health Service may suggest to meet the need in a more adequate manner, but does not feel justified in recommending to the House the expenditure of funds to embark on a program which is so patently ineffective."

That put the matter squarely up to Surgeon General Parran, and presumably the latter was not tardy in upping his bid. The lowest estimate of the number of doctors required to meet the acute shortage in boomtown and depleted rural areas is 2,000. Twice as many might well be required and even that number is scarcely "artillery," in the terms of an entirely practicable mobilization of health forces. One can only surmise why the Public Health Service confined its original request to a popgun; possibly because it was trying to keep the peace with the American Medical Association and its Procurement and Assignment Service, which has been given responsibility for the job, but which has thus far been able to shuffle only 500 civilian physicians from places that could at a pinch do without them to places where they were badly needed.

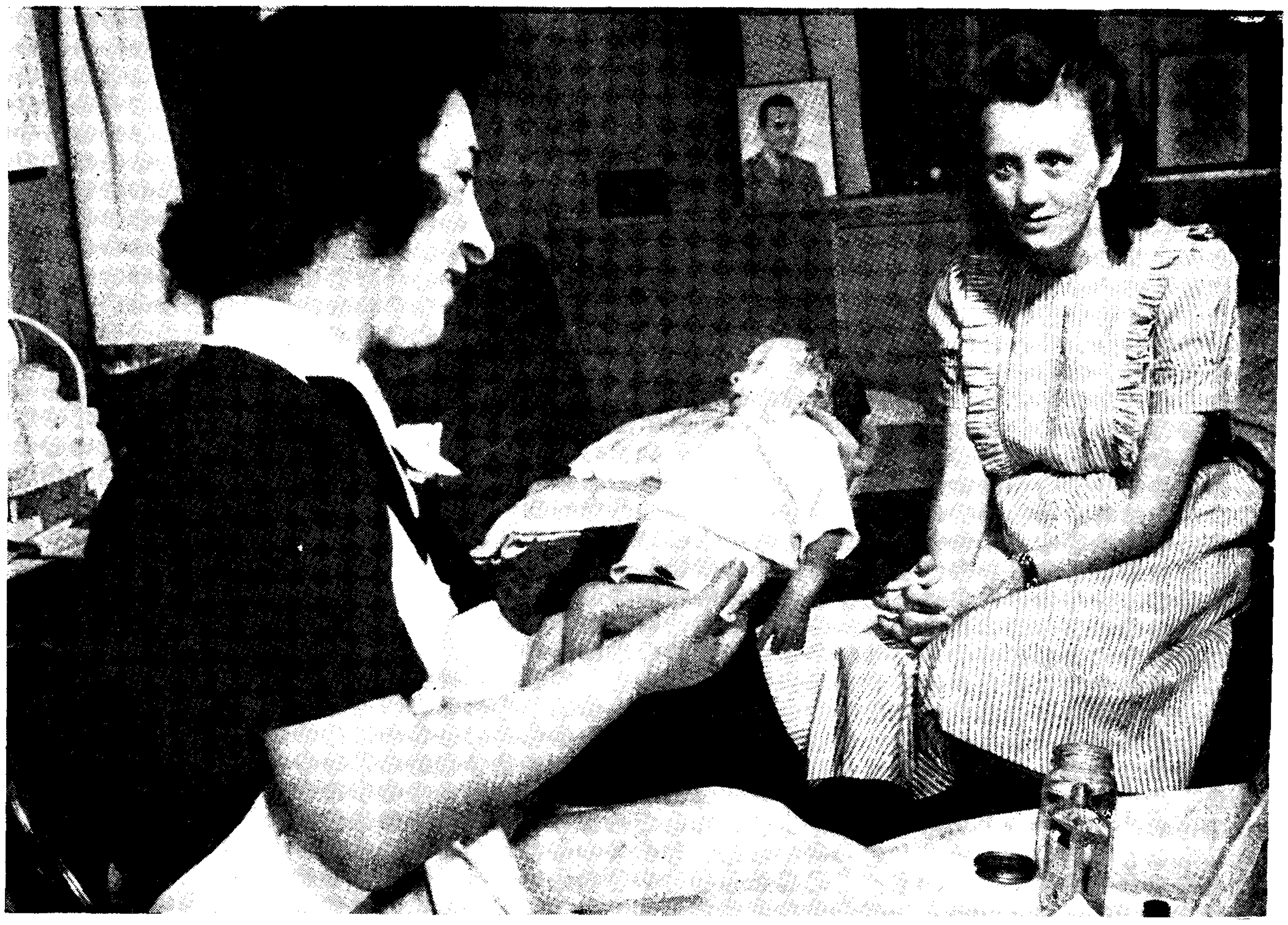
Self-Rationing by the Profession

Nearly two years ago, the organized medical profession undertook a kind of voluntary rationing of its own members between the growing demands of the Armed Forces and the minimum requirements of the civilian population.

This setup was called the Procurement and Assignment Service for Physicians, Dentists and Veterinarians, and the volunteer professionals who staffed its regional and local offices put in long hours trying to make it work. But the directors of this effort, headed by Doctor Frank H. Lahey, the distinguished Boston clinician, and past president of the American Medical Association, had no legal authority.

They could ask their colleagues to go here or to stay there, but they couldn't tell them. Nor could they give orders to the Army, which, deciding that the voluntary system wasn't working fast enough, began a year ago to send out its own recruiting teams for doctors. The latter encountered no lack of medical patriotism, but many states already low in doctors gave up far more than their proper quotas, others considerably less. The consequences of this unhappy situation multiplied rapidly. Today, there is a serious shortage of doctors, other health personnel and hospital beds in hundreds of swollen war-boom towns and doctor-denuded rural districts.

Doctor Lahey told a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, headed by Senator Claude E. Pepper, that "voluntary methods definitely won't achieve the best results." The committee has recommended that a central *(Continued on page 53)*



Nurses like Lotta Chaikin save doctors' time. She examines Mrs. Frances Teel's premature daughter, finds both doing well. The Charles E. Chafins (below) live in a trailer with their brood. Both parents work. The Chafins board a woman worker. When one of the four youngsters becomes ill, they need a doctor in a hurry

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 17

"I had to wear this dress or one of my house dresses, and they're really kitchen aprons," Griselle said apologetically. And immediately she was angry because she had once again taken a humble and explanatory tone with Mitzi. What was it to her what Mitzi Armitage thought of her?

But Mitzi only commented absently, "You're all right," and they finished the short drive discussing the college town, what they liked about it and what they did not like. "I wonder if she knows Alan and I had that wonderful time together yesterday?" Griselle thought more than once in her triumphant heart. "I wonder what she'd think of *that!*"

Mitzi presently told her what she thought of it. But not until after the luxurious little dinner was over and Griselle had played some dozen games of backgammon with General Cruickshank. Then, when the clock struck ten, jingling the eleven cents he had won from Griselle as a sort of accompaniment, he limped slowly upstairs and the two women were left alone.

"It's a short walk home if you're tired, Mitzi," Griselle said then, not knowing quite what was expected of her, whether she should immediately depart or whether it was for Mitzi to suggest taking her home.

"Oh, no; I left the car in the drive," Mitzi answered carelessly. Her thoughts seemed to be far away. She had taken a chair on the porch; they had wandered out there when the general went upstairs. Now Griselle took the nearest chair and they looked down across the town to the lighted spans of the great bridge beyond and the lights of the city on its seven times seven hills. There was a moon tonight, already setting, and the sky was throbbing with stars.

"Griselle," Mitzi said suddenly, "I'm in trouble, and I think you can help me."

GRISELLE was able to say nothing. The silence between them seemed to pulse with the beating of her heart.

"When I was nineteen," Mitzi went on, "I married—the wrong man. I was a spoiled kid; Jeff was rich, good-looking, had played football in college, was an All-America halfback. Well, anyway, we were married. I have a little girl, you know—Joan; I adore her. It simply didn't work and I knew from the beginning that it wouldn't work, but we stuck it for five years. That is, I stuck it. Jeff never stuck anything. He left me alone for months; his home was the last place that interested Mr. Jefferson White. Three years ago I got a divorce, and because I had no plans I left Joan with his mother. Then for a while I played 'round. I had a little French beau, and a divine Englishman; that was just playing. Then I met David Armitage; you met him. Did you like him?"

"He seemed awfully nice," Griselle said hesitatingly. "I only saw him for a few minutes."

"I know. Well, he *is* awfully nice," Mitzi said after a short pause in a thoughtful voice. "He's kind and jolly and popular and he likes everything—night clubs and poker and dancing and dinner parties. David's—normal. The kind of man all men like. He's never done anything in his life, you know, until he went into the Navy, last year. But he's always being put on boards of directors, so he must have something . . ." Mitzi stopped, on an appealing note.

"Well, you'd think so," Griselle conceded temperately.

"Wouldn't you? I mean, president of duck clubs and yacht clubs, managing hunting lodges and community chests and so on," Mitzi said. "Well, anyway, he gave me a *rush;* I have never been so carried off my feet. And here was the family mansion outside of Detroit—I mean, oil portraits of the children, and old colored servants who'd been with them since the Flood—you know what I mean? To be Mrs. David Armitage was something, believe you me! Not," she interrupted herself to say practically, "that David has much of his own. His father gives him a big allowance and pays all our bills—things like that. And, of course, when the father dies we'll have *oodles.* Even as his widow, I suppose I could claim—" she went on dreamily, and stopped. "But on our very wedding day," Mitzi resumed, with sudden emphasis, "I told him that it was part of the understanding that he was going to make me as crazy about him as he was about me. I didn't pretend that I was head over heels. Do you think that was fair?"

"You'd think they'd never seen a guy take a bath before in their lives"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Well, yes. If he thought it was."

"My dear, he wanted me on any terms!" Mitzi fell silent for a moment, and there was no sound or stir among the deep shadows of the porch. "Now he's gone to war," she presently went on, "and I am writing him twice a week, sending books and cigarettes and goodness knows what. And I'll always feel that he is one of the finest, and the best company—in fact, I don't know why I'm saying this," she interrupted herself to interpolate, "for I'm not trying to get out of anything, and I'm devoted to him, and he must never know—"

ANOTHER silence. Then Mitzi said slowly:

"He must never know that a few weeks ago I met the man my heart has been waiting for all my life. That sounds sentimental, doesn't it? But it's true. I didn't mean it—I didn't want it. God knows I was as innocent as you are about it! We went to a luncheon at the Ambassador, somebody said, 'Captain McIntyre, Mrs. Armitage,' and I took one look at Alan. David is short, of course, and Alan looked like a tree beside him; he had his head sort of bent sidewise, and he looked down at me. You know the way he looks."

"Yes, I know." Griselle had to clear her throat to make herself heard.

"We drove up from Los Angeles together with the Maberlys, but they didn't matter," Mitzi said, "and we've seen each other a dozen times since. Yesterday," she went on with a little difficulty, her voice thickening, "yesterday we lunched together— No, we didn't lunch. We just drove the car up into the hills and sat on the grass and—and talked it over. And it has to stop. We know that. What I want you to do is come here to live with Uncle Andy and me—Uncle would love it. I've spoken to him about it. I have to get over this, Griselle. I have to make myself a fit wife for David who's always been so decent to me. And I need someone to talk to, to have with me all the time, to keep me from going mad!"

Again Griselle could not speak. She remembered Alan's tense face and weary eyes yesterday; she understood them now. He had just come from that last talk with Mitzi. Bitterness flooded her soul.

"Do this for me—just for midsummer holidays, Griselle!" Mitzi said unsteadily. "I'll make it up to you, some day! Help me! For the first time in my life—for the first time in my life, I'm in love! Can you understand a woman married only last year who falls in love with another man?" Mitzi demanded.

Griselle sat in stunned silence. Only yesterday she and Alan had gone together to Alameda; she had met his mother and his brother; she had felt herself admitted to their councils, honored by his confidence and dizzied by the hope that he liked her.

Now she knew that he had come to her straight from that last talk with Mitzi. He had been half blind with pain when she had looked up to see him standing near her in the back garden, he had been bewildered and despairing all the time they had been together. Not one word of what she had said had reached him or would have mattered at all if it had; he had been thinking only of Mitzi, beautiful, mischievous, completely out of his reach!

"You can't understand it, then?" Mitzi said humbly, sadly.

Griselle came back to the present with a stammered apology. "Oh, yes—yes, I could," she said hoarsely in a low voice "If it—if it just happened that way."

"I want you to know how it did happen." Mitzi dried her eyes, straightened herself in her chair, her head flung back and her eyes fixed on the stars. "I've had no one to talk to," she said. "I've almost gone mad, wanting someone to talk to! Aunt Mollie would think I was simply, well, promiscuous—no use talking to her—and Uncle Andrew is over eighty! You don't know what it means to me to have you here. Griselle, there is nothing in this world that will ever make me anything but faithful to David Armitage; it simply isn't in me to let him down I'll write him, and I'll wait for him, and when he comes back, I'll make the kind of home he wants; he wants to live on a farm they have near Wyandotte, and entertain people. I'll do it. I'll go to the college football games and hockey; I mean it, I'll make him happy. You know me well enough to know I'll do it!"

GRISELLE stirred a little in the dark. She did not speak.

"But I hadn't been married to David a week," Mitzi went on, "before I knew that I'd made a mistake. Oh, he'll never know it. I hope I have character enough for that! And it wasn't a mistake as far as liking each other goes, and companionship and lots of fooling and presents; we never went anywhere, Palm Beach or New York or Atlantic City but what we bought each other presents. And that—I told Alan yesterday—that's safer than going off into wild furies of ecstasy, isn't it? That's real."

Griselle made no sound.

"But Alan—!" Mitzi drew a long breath; she was speaking softly now as if the very name was sacred. "I had no idea of what was happening to me until—oh, last week," she said. "I knew what was happening to *him;* I knew he was getting in deeper and deeper. But I thought: Oh, I can stop this at any moment. So I let things drift along. And then day before yesterday, we met in San Francisco and we had lunch After lunch we were going out to the Cliff House to see Seal Rock We'd never seen it. And something—at the lunch table—we were just chatting along and something was said—I forget what—

"Well, anyway, it was something that made me say to him, 'Why don't you realize that we're falling in love with each other? What else is this, if not that? Haven't you been seeing it?'

"Griselle, I never saw a man's face change as his did! He got fiery red, and he began to stammer something about. No, that was ridiculous; I had a husband, and he knew it. I felt so heartsick for him and for myself that I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes. I said, 'Alan, don't be sorry. It's too beautiful a thing to be sorry about. It doesn't have to hurt us, or anyone. But he was like a man who's been—well, stung by a bullet We had finished lunch, and he paid the check—he couldn't seem to get through things fast enough—and when we came out to the door of the hotel and I said something about the Cliff House he sort of brushed all that off; he had to go back to Treasure Island. And he walked off, with his head down, as if he were facing a gale. I was sick for him!

"That night," Mitzi went on, speaking

PONTIAC

BUILDING FAST AND BUILDING WELL . . . *FOR LIBERTY*

MESSENGER OF DEATH—Navy officials describe it as a "slippery messenger of death"—call it "the deadliest weapon of the sea and *the most difficult to manufacture.*" Released from low-flying Torpedo Bombers and started on its self-maintained, under-water course, it packs enough power within its gleaming 20-foot shell to shatter the protective armor of the mightiest enemy ship afloat.

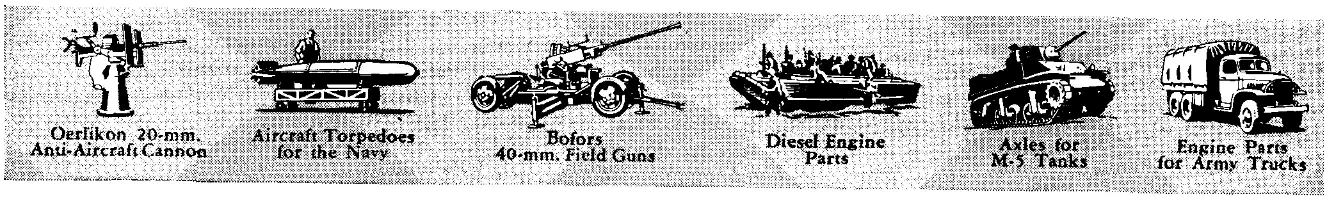
Its official name is the AIRCRAFT TORPEDO!

Volume production of Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy—one of the six war assignments on which we are currently at work—presented problems which were a challenge to the skill and ingenuity of our staff . . . a challenge which we here at Pontiac eagerly accepted. Today, those problems have been met and mastered. Aircraft Torpedoes, with their 5222 intricate parts and 1225 complex assemblies are being produced for the Navy in volume and ON TIME.

And, we have no doubt, our Navy will find ways and means of delivering these "messengers of death" to the enemy in volume and ON TIME!

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Now at work on six different war assignments



Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon
Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy
Bofors 40-mm. Field Guns
Diesel Engine Parts
Axles for M-5 Tanks
Engine Parts for Army Trucks

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—
KEEP AMERICA FREE!

as if half to herself, "he telephoned. I had known he would, of course. But I couldn't make head or tail of what he was saying, so I told him to come see me. So he came yesterday morning and we had our talk. And we're not going to see each other again."

A long silence. Griselle did not move or speak.

"But I think it will kill me!" Mitzi broke out suddenly, and Griselle heard her beginning to cry.

"No; it won't kill you, Mitzi," Griselle said after a while. She suddenly felt older and wiser than the other woman. "But it's just—just too bad," she added slowly.

"Oh, too bad!" Mitzi echoed the phrase vehemently. "I haven't had a happy moment," she said. "I've—*agonized* over it! The look in his eyes while we were talking yesterday. The shame of it, to him. There aren't many men like that!"

"Well, I have to get started!" Griselle said suddenly, out of the dark.

"Wait until I get another handkerchief and my coat and I'll drive you," Mitzi said, faint hurt discernible in her tone. She had not by any means exhausted the relief of confidences.

"No; I'd rather walk. I truly would!" Griselle said abruptly.

MITZI fluttered down the steps to the garden walk beside her; laid both hands on Griselle's coat lapels. "And will you consider coming up here to stay with Uncle Andrew and me?"

"When school closes." Griselle could not make it sound gracious. She was conscious of talking to herself half aloud on the long mile home. A fog was coming in from the ocean, the stars were gone; there was no view tonight; the streets were softly filling with mist. Motorcars were honking bewilderedly; their lights appeared ringed with white halos. From the bay, ten miles away, came the faint, far cry of horns on the bay. Griselle walked fast; it was all downhill and there seemed to be a sort of satisfaction in quick, hard movement.

"He loves her!" she said over and over. And then, "Well, she's married and he's going away. It won't do them much good!"

But the hard, deep ache persisted. That night when she was trying to get to sleep she twisted her head to and fro on the pillow and the words came back and back to her wearied thoughts: "He loves her."

She told Mitzi the next day that she could not move up to Uncle Andrew's house. Mitzi appeared at once amused, shocked and amazed.

"Aunt Mollie really needs me," Griselle pleaded; "she was staggered when I suggested it. She said she couldn't get along without me."

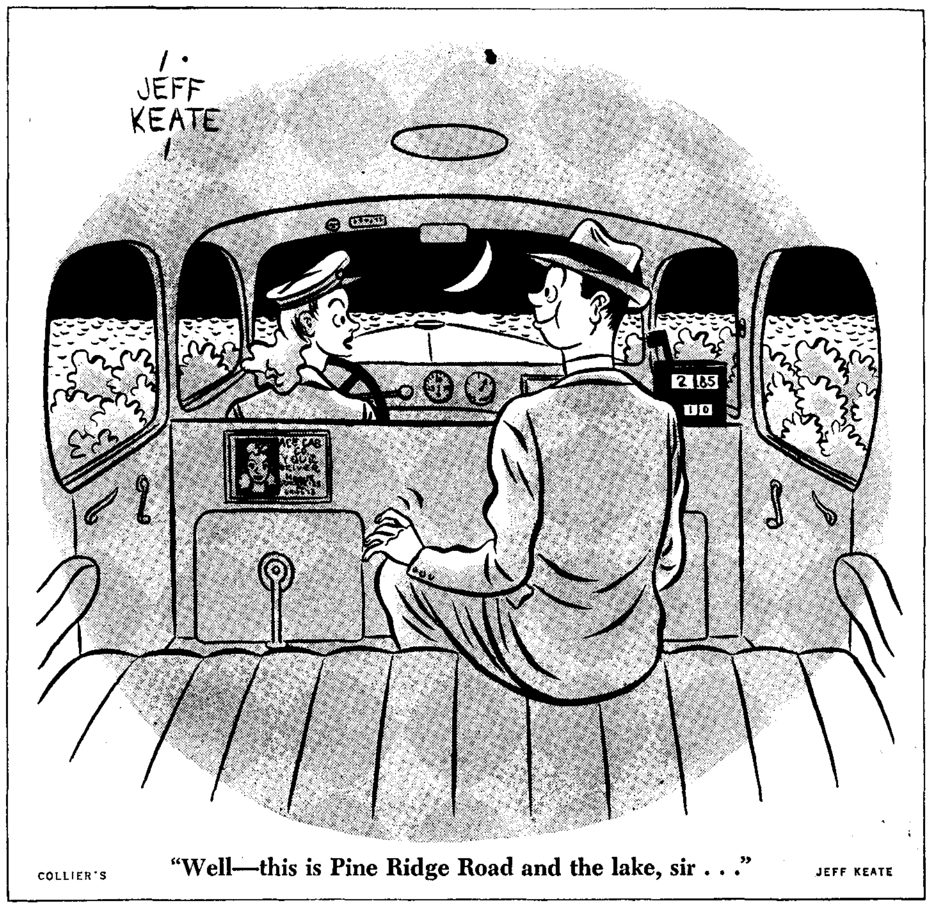
"But listen, idiot!" said Mitzi. "You'd have your own room and bath at our house. Emma does everything—waits on table, makes up our rooms and dusts and carries off the laundry; there isn't any comparison between things up there and things at Aunt Mollie's. Down there you've nothing but one continual bedlam, girls milling and pitching all over the place; I don't suppose you can call a handkerchief your own!"

"I like it," Griselle said with her slow smile. At the moment she almost felt it to be the truth. At all events she preferred it to the miserable self-consciousness, the jealousy and unwilling admiration she was obliged to feel for Mitzi when she was in Mitzi's company. She wanted never to see Mitzi again, to keep away from her. And at the same time she felt everything else in her life unimportant beside the poignancy of what Mitzi had to tell her. If some girl at the table casually observed that Mitzi was looking bad, Griselle felt a savage satisfaction. If on the other hand someone spoke of the hopelessness of ever rivaling Mitzi, of Mitzi's beauty and assurance and charm, Griselle felt the sick little trickle of jealousy beginning to stir deep within her again.

She despised herself for it, worked harder than ever. Doors were opening to her mind and heart and soul. Those about her were beginning to feel in her the presence of unsuspected power; Griselle was not conscious of anything except the one burning emotion that possessed her.

Her English instructor, Professor Forbes, a bearded, gentle man whose whole life was wrapped up in the care of an old mother and a small motherless niece, talked seriously to her of a writer's career.

"You have a charming and unaffected style," he said. "I say 'unaffected,' because most of my students' papers have the terrible fault of not being honest."



COLLIER'S "Well—this is Pine Ridge Road and the lake, sir . . ." JEFF KEATE

Griselle hardly heard him. She was looking out the window at the campus, across which walked a tall, lanky boy, who somehow suggested Alan.

"One would think," Professor Forbes went on, ruffling papers, glancing at them, stacking them again, "one would think that young men and women who come into my classes to learn the first rudiments of story writing would be simple. But they are not. Not one of them writes of anything he knows. Your first paper told me that I had a born writer in my class."

GRISELLE, completely unconscious of what he was saying, smiled an automatic smile. She was thinking that it would be wonderful if she should meet Alan in the old-book store this afternoon. She determined to go there after her conference with Professor Forbes. Alan had said that he wanted to pick up some good detective yarns for the canteen library.

"When I was at Harvard," the professor was saying, "I had great hopes of developing a natural gift for writing, myself. That's why I feel such a special interest—almost a reverence—for the very few students in whom I find it. It will be a great pity, Miss Mountjoy, if you do not follow it up."

"Oh, thank you," Griselle said vaguely, rising. She wandered out into the afternoon sunshine, went down to the old-book store with a quickening sense of happiness. Alan *might* be there!

The world seemed hot and dry and uninteresting as she walked home; no use trying to feed her hungry heart on dreams now; she was sick of dreams.

MITZI showed some little pity for anyone who could decline the prospect of coming to live in all the comforts of General Cruickshank's house, but she seemed to feel no resentment at Griselle's choice. She asked Griselle to come to lunches, dinners, and for drives and shopping expeditions. Mitzi wanted an audience; she wanted a confidante. Griselle learned a great deal about Mitzi's two marriages and about various other affairs.

But she also learned, to her surprise, that Mitzi was a clever and capable woman in certain ways. She was not lazy, though she loved leisure to do things that to other women, and to Griselle especially, might seem a waste of time. It took Mitzi a long time to get dressed; she considered her appearance of first importance. Every morning she worked for an hour to get her hair into exactly the position she liked, but after that hour it was beautifully and becomingly set for the entire day.

If Mitzi had an evening engagement, she gave her hair another hour's going over. Care of her skin, her eyelashes, her lips, her brows, her hands, her fingernails all claimed her time, and her wardrobe was the great extravagance of her life. If Mitzi saw a dress she wanted, it haunted her until she got it. She had forty pairs of shoes and slippers; each one with a fitted wooden tree within it. She had forty purses; tiny evening bags, bags of blue, green, brown, red, black leather, and of suède and fur.

In the house, she wore beautiful house gowns with brilliant bracelets and chains; or she would start for town smothered from throat to hem in mink, with a small mink cap tipped on her gold curls and a mink purse, monogrammed in gold, under her arm. Everything about her was exquisite; her dressing-table appointments, her bath soaps and salts, her writing paper, the flowers on her desk, all expressed Mitzi, and nobody else but Mitzi.

She managed her uncle's house smoothly; rooms were always in order, and meals were delicious. Mitzi could not cook, but she knew how she wanted things to taste, and she would cut recipes or hints from the papers and give them to Lee Hing in the kitchen to try. She knew what Emma's duties were, and never overlooked carelessness or neglect.

Also, she was generous. She wanted to give Griselle presents. She would casually give away anything she had to anyone who wanted it, although she might slightly lessen the value of the act by going forth to buy the same thing, only much more expensive, the next day. She attended lectures, read recommended current books, never missed a symphony concert, took a French lesson every week, wrote regularly to David, and went every Thursday to the Red Cross rooms to make bandages.

"Griselle," she said one day wonderingly, "don't you ever think what you look like?"

"Of course I do," said Griselle.

"You've been here months, and you haven't bought yourself anything," Mitzi observed.

"Well, I haven't really needed anything."

"Good heavens!" Mitzi said faintly. She was lying on the chaise longue in her room, working at her fingertips with little spears of orange wood, cotton, tiny bottles of color. "Some day you'll fall in love, Griselle, and then you'll begin to care about appearances."

A SLIGHT pause. Then Griselle said, "I suppose so."

"You suppose so! Don't you know that it's part of the deliciousness of being in love to go in for lovely clothes, silky things and perfumes? You put a little blue under your eyes and fluff your hair, and look right at him with your eyes round, and when he says, 'Do you know you're beautiful tonight, darling?' you're tremendously surprised. You say, 'In this old thing!' and he thinks your new two-hundred-dollar gown is something you've had around for years."

"And that's what you want him to think?"

"Well, certainly. All men want their wives to look as if just turned out by Schiaparelli," Mitzi said, surprised at Griselle's ignorance. And then suddenly: "Griselle, were you ever in love?"

Griselle had thought that this question must come some day. She had tried to steel herself for it. But now when it came, she felt as if her secret was written in her face. Mitzi had a snapshot of Alan in a little silver frame on her dressing table; Griselle did not let her eyes move toward it.

"I suppose so," she said in a low tone, turning scarlet.

"Why, Griselle!" Mitzi said, surprised and delighted. "Good for you! Who is he? Anyone in school here?"

"Oh, no. It was a—it was a long time ago," Griselle stammered. "I—he—it was before I came here."

"And you got over it?" Mitzi's fingers had stopped working; she was watching the younger woman with narrowed eyes.

"I suppose you have to," Griselle said thickly. She got up and went over to the window and stood looking out.

Mitzi jumped to her feet, scattering her small implements in every direction, and came over to put an arm about her.

"Why, Griselle," she said, "Griselle! Why didn't you tell me? But I might have known!"

"Nothing to tell," Griselle said, turning to face her with a smile.

"But, darling, isn't there any chance of his coming to California?"

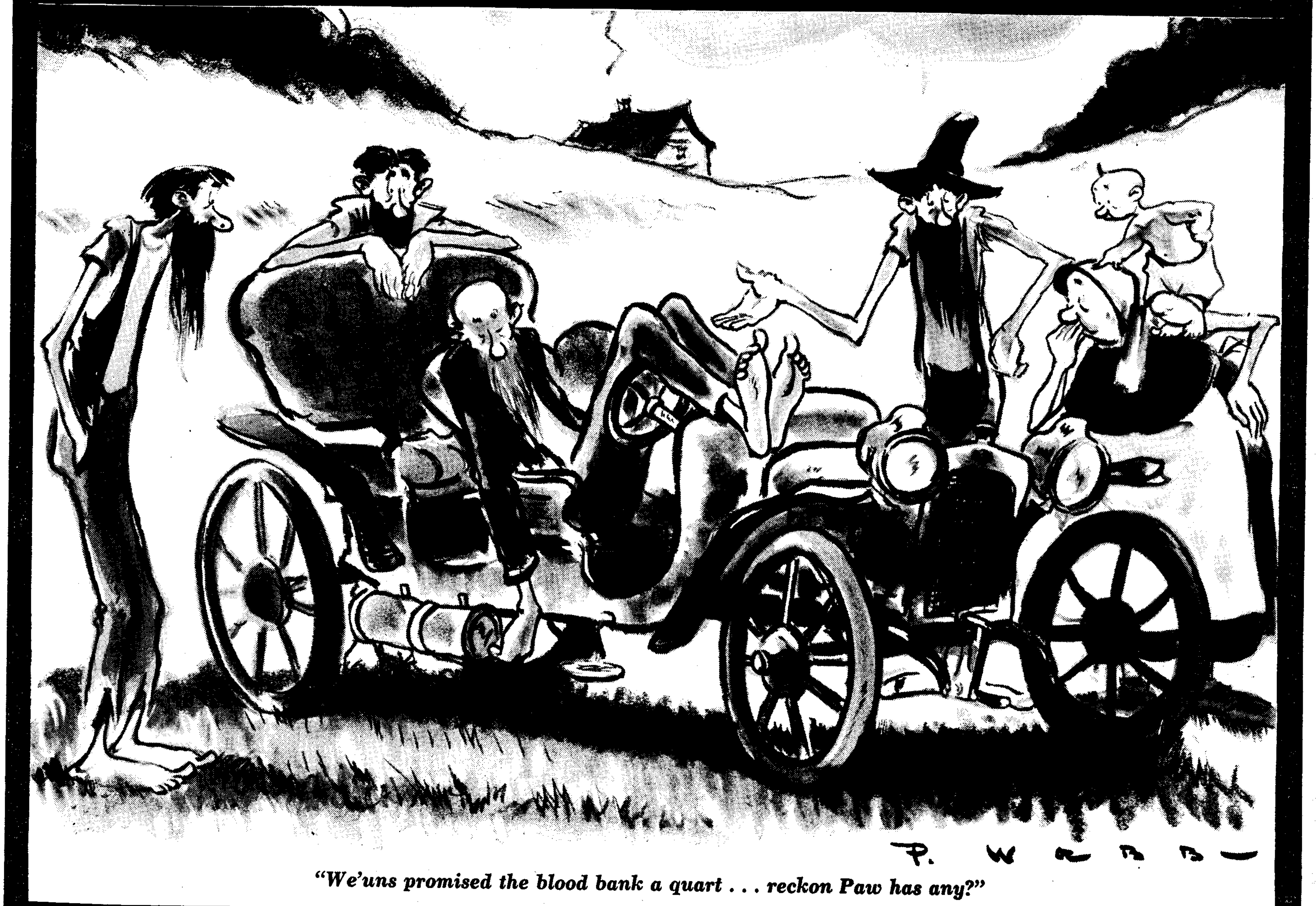
"None," Griselle said simply. "None now."

"Why not? Is he married?"

"No; not married."

"But not interested," Mitzi said. She went back to her chair, considering, knit-

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



"We'uns promised the blood bank a quart . . . reckon Paw has any?"

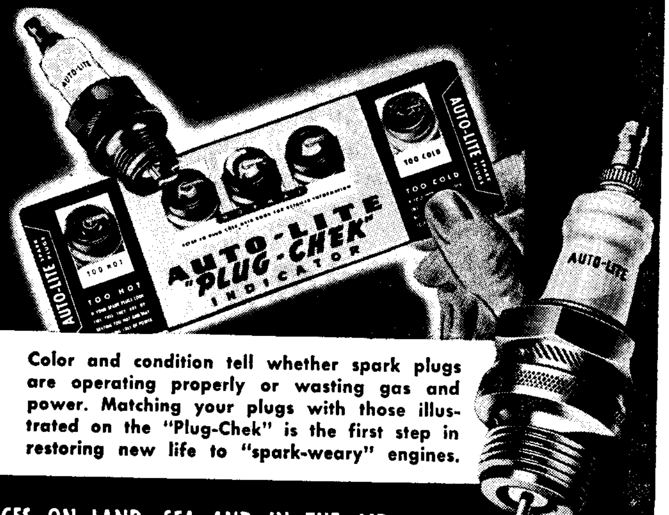
GASOLINE DONORS CAN HELP, TOO!

Become a gasoline donor by giving your spark plugs a "Plug-Chek." Tests conducted by The American Automobile Association show Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service can increase gas mileage as much as 12%!

As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present plugs may do the trick.

A proved spark plug inspection service, "Plug-Chek" is offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today—and if inspection by your service man shows new plugs should be installed, be sure to insist on Auto-Lites — the spark plug that is Ignition Engineered!



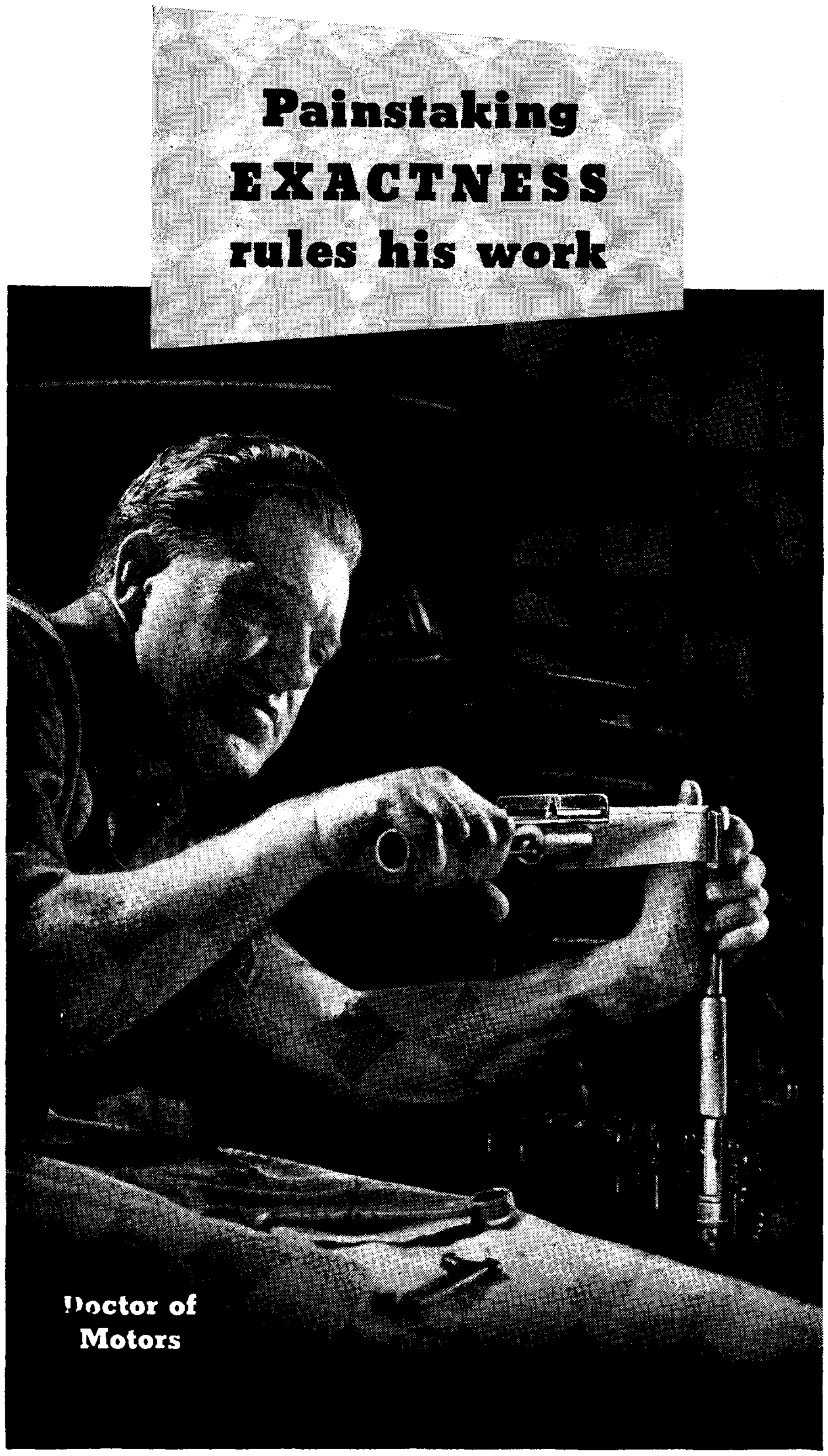
Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating properly or wasting gas and power. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to "spark-weary" engines.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO · *Merchandising Division* · SARNIA, ONTARIO

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

Painstaking EXACTNESS rules his work



TIGHTENING CYLINDER HEAD

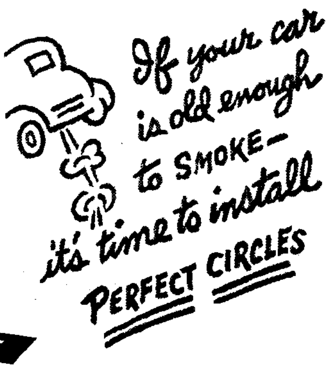
Hard work? You bet your life it is! And *good* work, too. For every job he does *must* be right before it leaves his shop. The Doctor of Motors would not have *it* otherwise.

Experience has convinced him that the shortest cut to satisfaction is to do his work with painstaking exactness! It has taught him that it pays to do each job right the first time. And he does just that!

The Doctor of Motors has a right to demand painstaking exactness in the parts he installs, too! He has a right to insist upon piston rings which save oil and gas and increase power. He's been doing so for years . . . and because we have *met* his demands, he's installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Ont., Can.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PC
PISTON RINGS
THE NATION'S CHOICE


If your car is old enough to smoke—it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TO BEAT THE BAND-ITS

ting the beautiful forehead under the waves of gold hair, biting her lip. "We'll get him here," she said. "Is he in the service?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"But stationed in Washington," Mitzi mused rather than asked. "What's his name?" she demanded, after a pause.

"Arnold," Griselle answered readily. "John Arnold." (I must remember him by Benedict Arnold, she thought. John—everyone's named John. John Arnold. . . . Benedict Arnold.)

"Any relation to Senator Arnold? I met him."

"No. No; he's from Vermont." (How'll I remember Vermont? ran Griselle's thoughts. John Arnold of Vermont. Of Manchester, if she asks me. . . . She's not going to. Vermont. . . . Canadian border. . . . Snow. . . . Vermont.)

"And you've been keeping this from me all this time?" Mitzi reproached her.

"Nothing to keep from you."

"AND I tell you everything!" Mitzi sighed. "I saw Alan Thursday. I wasn't going to tell you, but I have to!" she went on. "And he is more wonderful than ever! Don't you think Alan McIntyre terribly attractive?"

"I thought you weren't going to see each other any more?"

"Oh, I know," Mitzi said, sighing, her soft, fair, childlike little face suddenly wistful and her blue eyes misty. "But I went to the Saint Francis to lunch with two women on Thursday—Alan and I have lunched there—and there he was, standing quite quietly under the clock, watching people coming and going. It was—it was the most terrific moment of my life, I think! I'd been simply frantic to see him. I hadn't eaten any lunch, really, just hoping and hoping he'd come in, and thinking that he might guess—that he might take a chance on my being there. But seeing him—going up to him and putting both my hands in his, and saying, 'Just ten minutes? Mayn't we have just ten minutes?' Well, it's been in my mind ever since," Mitzi finished.

Glancing at her, Griselle saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"You see, I like David, too," Mitzi said whimsically. "I said that to him. I said to him that I had done all sorts of foolish and selfish things in my life, but that this time I was going to play fair. David's off somewhere doing all he can to keep me safe, and I'm going to keep his home safe while he's gone. But, Griselle," Mitzi finished, "I don't know how I'm ever going to be happy in any place that Alan McIntyre isn't. Just that crooked smile of his, and the way he sort of drops his head on one side—"

"Yes, I know. And I have to go; it's five o'clock and I'm making a strawberry shortcake!" Griselle said, getting to her feet.

"Come back to dinner and play backgammon with Uncle Andrew?" Mitzi begged.

"I can't tonight. But if you want me—how's tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night's fine," Mitzi said without heartiness. Griselle caught the reservations in her voice. Perhaps Mitzi, for all her resolution, had asked Alan to dinner.

"I'll let you know. I may have to work," Griselle said. The confusion of her spirit, the fear, jealousy, heartache, despair were like a physical illness as she walked slowly home. "There must be some cure for feeling like this; there must be some way of forgetting!" she said frantically to herself. "Things can't go on this way!". . .

"My mother had your note," Alan McIntyre said to her smilingly.

"Oh, did she? And did you and she look at the house?" They were on the campus; Griselle had just come out from an eleven-o'clock class to see her wearisome, hungry dream come true, to see the tall, lanky form of Alan McIntyre actually standing in the shadow of one of the arcades, watching for her.

No mistake about his watching for her. He was scanning all the men and women who came out; he walked forward briskly as he saw her. It was no dream; Griselle was walking under the oaks with him at her side. Heaven opened before her!

"No, I didn't show Mother the house because she's busy at the canteen," he said. "I thought that I'd like to see it first."

"Then you haven't seen it?"

"I wondered if you'd be able to go there now with me?"

She had promised to get home early in case Mrs. Blodgett from next door had landed two-year-old Brucie-Bruce on Aunt Mollie. But that was nothing.

"Oh, yes; let's!" she said eagerly. "I didn't go in the other day. I just saw that it was to let, and a cottage, and that it had a nice space for a garden. It looks terribly neglected, and, of course, I don't know the rent."

"We'll go to the agent's first and find out."

"The key's next door."

"Oh, well, then, that's better. You were awfully nice to remember to look for a house for Mother," Alan said as they went along together.

"I said I would. Don't you remember?" She turned her shining eyes on him.

"I know. I remember, but I didn't know that you would. Are we walking? Is it far?"

"You have a car? Oh, but let's walk. It's such a glorious day. It's only half a dozen blocks."

"It was bitter cold and foggy on the island. But it's heavenly here. Yes; I have a car. People are spoiling us," Alan said. "When I got here an old friend of my mother put a car at my disposal. It isn't one of hers. She gets her friends to lend their cars if they're going away or not using them. I never saw such hospitality as the people have here. I hate to go."

"And you are going?"

"We think very soon. All leave is canceled after tomorrow, and various indications are that we're on the move."

"And you don't know where, Alan?"

"They don't tell us."

"THIS is the block," Griselle said, "and that's the house."

"I'll get the key," Alan said. And then in a pleased tone: "Mountjoy Street! Yours! Why, that ought to be a good omen!"

"So it is," Griselle said, her color mounting. "I didn't notice it. I just remembered that you turned the corner where the pink cement flats are."

Its exterior looked very shabby in the noontime sun. It was a completely commonplace cottage, with a bay-windowed bedroom on the right of a small square porch, a sitting room on the left with dining room and kitchen behind it, another bedroom and bath completing the picture.

But it did have a picket fence to protect an overgrown tangle of old garden flowers and grass already dried and brown; it did have a good back yard with two willow trees, an apple tree, sheds and a windmill, and it did have a view of the distant bay and the fog-shrouded city.

Inside was a smell of paint and of rotting wood and pipes. But the bath fixtures were new; there was new linoleum on the kitchen floor; the bedrooms both faced the southeast and so were sure of morning sun, and there was a fireplace with paperers' and plasterers' rubbish swept into it, and a long table under a

He comes downstairs with cushions on his feet

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

IN THIS toughest of all wars, don't forget the tough assignment that is handed to the U. S. Army paratrooper—the boy who "hits the silk" and drops from the skies, ready for instant action in hostile territory.

To help soak up the shock of his landing (he can't pick any soft spots!), every paratrooper today wears thick, soft, especially designed rubber heels on his boots.

An exclusive development of Goodyear, this new heel is wedge-shaped at the instep . . . provides maximum cushioning effect . . . stands up under roughest wear and tear of war. And, because of its unique shape, this heel helps prevent the paratrooper from catching his boot on any small obstacle he might encounter if dragged along the ground after landing.

As the leading producer of rubber heels in peacetime, Goodyear now is concentrating much of its research and production on war . . . to help give the fighting men of America the finest fighting equipment ever known. The progress born of wartime emergency will bring you new and better products in the future.

A pioneer in the manufacture of tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also uses long experience and specialized skills gained in working with metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . to serve America in war and peace.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Do you know this about Jessel... Daché... Haley?

GEORGE, WHO BOASTS a rare collection of religious books, has recently authored a book of his own, "So Help Me," which—like Regent—is taking curtain calls from Broadway to Hollywood. "Regent's King Size," says George, "makes real sense! It means top value—a cigarette that's over 20% longer."

LILLY LIKES 13 for luck. She arrived in America, got married and has opened all her style shows on the 13th. When it comes to cigarettes, Lilly likes Regent, exclaims, "Regent is better tasting!" And to celebrate her discovery she has designed this chic new hat in Regent Red.

THE JACK YOU don't know *is an amateur athlete*, keeps in tip-top shape with five-mile jog trots every morning. The hale and hearty Mr. Haley is keen about handball, tennis and the Regent crushproof box, which he says is "just like a custom-made cigarette case."

REGENT CIGARETTES KING SIZE

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder! Multiple Blending, an *exclusive* Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents *really* mild, always so gentle to your throat. Try better tasting, milder Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

grape arbor where on a hot day a medical student might work with his books while his mother busied herself with peeling apples or shelling beans.

Best of all, the level of the floor was but three steps up from the ground.

"Your mother could bump Steve's chair down that?" Griselle said, pointing at the shallow back steps.

"Oh, he'd manage that himself. He's always hurling himself out of his chair to do things," Alan answered. "He can *get about.* But in the sense of walking, he's helpless. He takes showers and in the old place he had a carpenter's table and used to do a lot of work."

"He could have a carpenter's table here. But there's no shower."

"Yes, there is. Not glassed in," Alan said, "but there's a shower over the bathtub. That's all he wants. He can't get down in a tub very well because he can't get out again, and Mother can't lift him. Steve's solid. He'll sit on this upper step and get his chair down into the yard in great style."

"Then you really do think they might take it, Alan?"

"I really do. I'm going to try to bring Mother over here this afternoon. Didn't our friend here with the key say that the rent was twenty-five dollars?"

"And she said he might shave that a little for a year's lease."

"WELL, they could be really comfortable, only paying that!" Alan said in great satisfaction. "Steve could get to school five times a week; he could have his big table in here by the fireplace with all his books and papers on it. Twenty-five dollars, why, we couldn't ever do better than that! I was counting on something between forty and fifty."

"You could really do something with this garden," Griselle said. "You see, they've had corn here."

"Is that corn?"

"That's cornstalks."

"Gosh!" Alan said youthfully. "I'd be glad to have them in here. I've been awfully worried, having them in that flat, where Steve can't get out at all. And you," he said, as they went next door to return the key, "you were awfully kind to take all this trouble."

"Trouble!" she echoed. "I simply loved to do it."

"What do you think of it?" said the woman in the house next door. "It would look better if folks were in it, and had a man to get that garden into order. I think," said Hazel Brice, pinning clothes to a wire line with little sprung wooden clothespins, "you could offer her twenty-two fifty; that's what we pay and we're on the corner and have a garage. If you and your husband are gardeners—but maybe he won't be here?" she surmised, smiling at them with a young face framed in ridges of curling pins, and obviously impressed by Alan's uniform. "Folks won't take that house because there's no room for a car; there isn't a side gate. But it's a lovely house."

"I'm going to bring my mother to see it," Alan told her seriously. Griselle's color had come up brightly; but she made no comment upon the woman's remarks as they walked away.

"You asked me if I knew where I was being sent," Alan said presently. "I think I know. I think I am to be in New Mexico somewhere."

"That's south, isn't it? That means hot weather."

"It's a hundred miles down from Santa Fe; there's a big camp there."

"Then you won't be sent to the Solomons?"

"I may be, of course. But something that was said made two or three of us think that we may be kept in America."

"And which would you rather, Alan?"

"I don't know," he said hesitatingly after a moment. They were back at the college grounds now, and suddenly he indicated a green bench that encircled the trunk of an enormous oak. "Would you sit down for a minute?" he asked. "There was something I wanted to talk to you about."

Griselle sat down and he seated himself beside her and squared himself about on the bench to face her.

"They may send me to New Mexico," he said, "and they may send me to the Solomons. I don't know and nobody knows. I may be at sea this time next week. I might be in Alaska or Australia then for the duration. That's war."

"That's war," Griselle said, watching him. She tried to store on the photographic plate of her mind the picture of the fine, lean, earnest face, all the more attractive because of the very homeliness that somehow expressed so much simple goodness and strength.

"It breaks me all up to have to leave my mother and my brother—and to leave you," Alan said.

"Me!" Griselle exclaimed. Color rushed into her face. "I'd be very glad to think that you might miss me—might think of me," she went on confusedly.

"I will," he said, with a troubled look. "I don't suppose you know that of all the girls I've ever known I admire you the most. I feel more respect for you; I want more for you to like me—" Alan floundered on. Griselle was looking at him steadily, her lips slightly parted. She made no attempt to speak.

"I know how this must sound to you," he said quickly; "but I want you to understand that, too. I want you to understand that no matter how completely I was carried away—how completely I was fascinated—"

He stopped short; Griselle did not speak.

"A man," he began again in so puzzled, so apologetic a tone that her heart ached for him, "a man might become infatuated with a woman—not realizing it, not being conscious of it until it was too late—too late to stop. And yet all the time he might know that he didn't love her, mightn't he? *He might* be like *a man in a fever*, saying things that he didn't mean—feeling things that were just a part of the fever, mightn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he might," Griselle said, clearing her throat.

"He might know that she was married, have it always in his mind, and yet—yet be unable to help trying to see her, telephoning her, waiting for some word from her."

THERE was a silence. Girls and men went by them in pairs, in groups, strolling on the wide college avenues under the oaks, going up to the school buildings on the hill, going down toward the town.

"Do the girls at Mrs. Cruickshank's," he presently asked, "do they think she is —does everybody see a sort of fascination in her?"

"In Mitzi?" Griselle asked. "Oh, yes," she said. "Everyone. Everyone! We all know that there is no one quite like her. With that gold, gold hair, and the slow, smiling way she talks—"

"I know!" he said quickly as she paused.

"She is irresistible," she said, simply.

"You see it?"

"Everyone sees it, Alan."

"I wish I had never met her."

"She told me—she talks to me sometimes," Griselle began somewhat timidly, "and she told me that you and she—that you felt very bad— But perhaps," she broke off to say sympathetically, "perhaps you have never felt that way toward anyone before, Alan. Perhaps this is the first time?"

"This is the first time," he repeated abstractedly, staring at the ground at their feet with narrowed eyes. "The thing is," he began suddenly, "that I am asking you if you would consider marrying me."

It came so unexpectedly that Griselle, catching at her breath, could only look at him in complete bewilderment.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute!" he said hastily, with an air of silencing her, although she had made no attempt to speak. "Do you remember the last time we talked together—at the Tavern, I mean, in Maryland? Do you remember, just before I came away?"

"Yes, I do," Griselle answered, her cheeks scarlet. "If you had asked me then," she added after a moment, "I would have been the happiest woman alive. But now there's Mitzi. You couldn't marry one woman while you are in love with another."

"But that's what I want to end. That's what I must end," he said. "If you and I were married, if we went to New Mexico together, if we tried a new life, that would end everything for what it is—just a bad dream."

GRISELLE laughed ruefully. "Not a bad dream, surely," she said; "a dream, maybe."

"She is married, and her husband is a splendid chap," Alan went on, his manner unhappy and feverish, his words coming rapidly. "When I realized—when I realized—" he began, and broke off again, grinding his two lean, big hands together. "I hadn't realized," he said simply, and was silent.

"She told me that," Griselle said. "She knows that you didn't know. But if you love her, Alan," she went on, finding a perilous, strange pleasure in thus becoming his adviser, "couldn't Mitzi—she did once—couldn't she get another divorce, and couldn't you wait for her?"

"A divorce from Armitage!" he exclaimed, shocked. "Oh, no, I don't think she ever thought of that. He adores her, and she loves him; they were happy together—they've not been married long! And besides that," he added after a moment, "I would have nothing to offer her. A captain's pay! It has never been in my mind—any thought of that. It's only been—"

And suddenly he leaned forward and dropping his face in his hands pressed his palms tightly against his throbbing temples.

"It's only been madness," he said in a whisper. "Griselle, it can't go on like this! There's some way out."

"But suppose you were married to me, Alan, and found that Mitzi's attraction was as strong as ever?"

"It would not be," he said quickly. "My wife would come first. My whole life would change. Griselle, I know how strange this must sound to you," he went on. "But this is what made me dare to ask you. Mitzi came to the city yesterday and telephoned to me. She felt that she must see me, and we had a talk. She told me how fond she has grown of you and how much she sees of you, and I told her that of all the young girls I had ever known I thought you were the finest. Then she said that you were in love with some man in Maryland, some man you had known before you came to California, and I wondered. I wondered because I remembered the talk that you and I had had, and I wondered whether you had changed.

"I felt," Alan went on, looking at her now with anxiety in his serious eyes, "I felt that, while I hadn't anything to offer *her,* a woman with a rich husband, a woman who has had all that Mitzi has had, I might have something to offer *you.* You said that you would feel more secure. You said that you would like the life of a doctor's wife. I'll have a fair chance when I come back. The doctors of a city clinic have asked me to join them; it means a promising future. It means a home for you and it means a husband who will be eternally grateful to you—who will do his best to make it up to you."

"You mean make up for not loving me?" she said slowly.

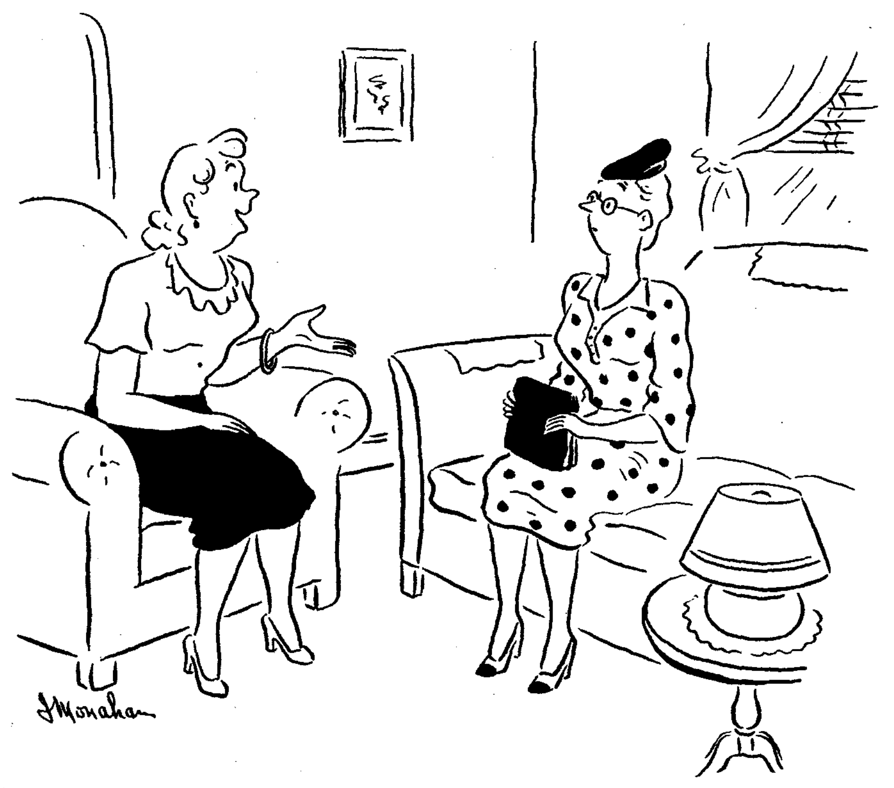
"No, I don't mean that. Do you suppose I could say this if I didn't know that marriage for you and me would be right, that we would go on into deeper and deeper happiness, year after year? You trade," he said eagerly, "whatever it costs you to go into this now, under these circumstances, for a future that would be happy—it *would* be happy."

They walked on silently until they reached the gate of the Cruickshank boardinghouse.

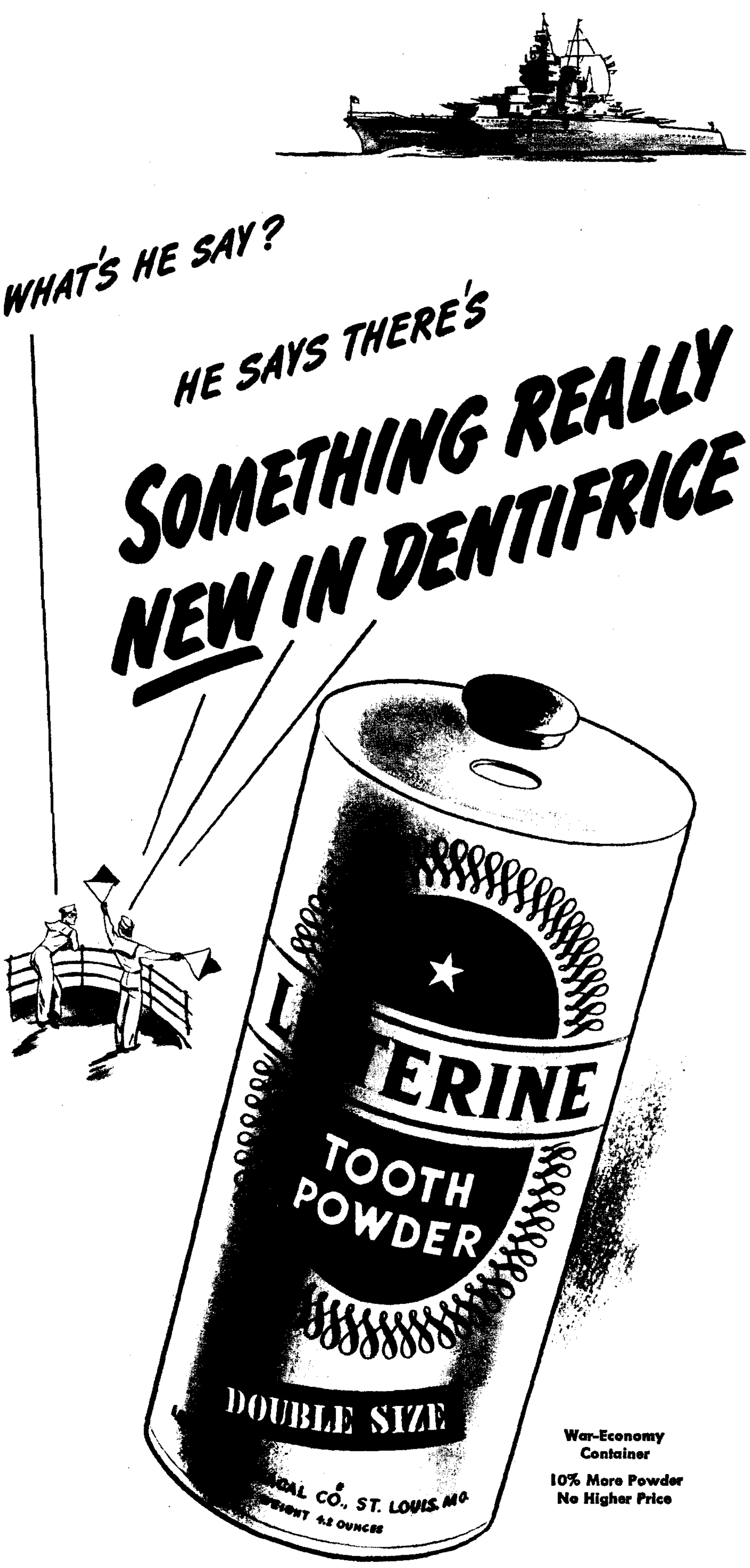
Then Alan said, "Will you think about it, Griselle? Will you marry me before I have to go away?"

"My answer is ready now," she said. "It is 'yes.' "

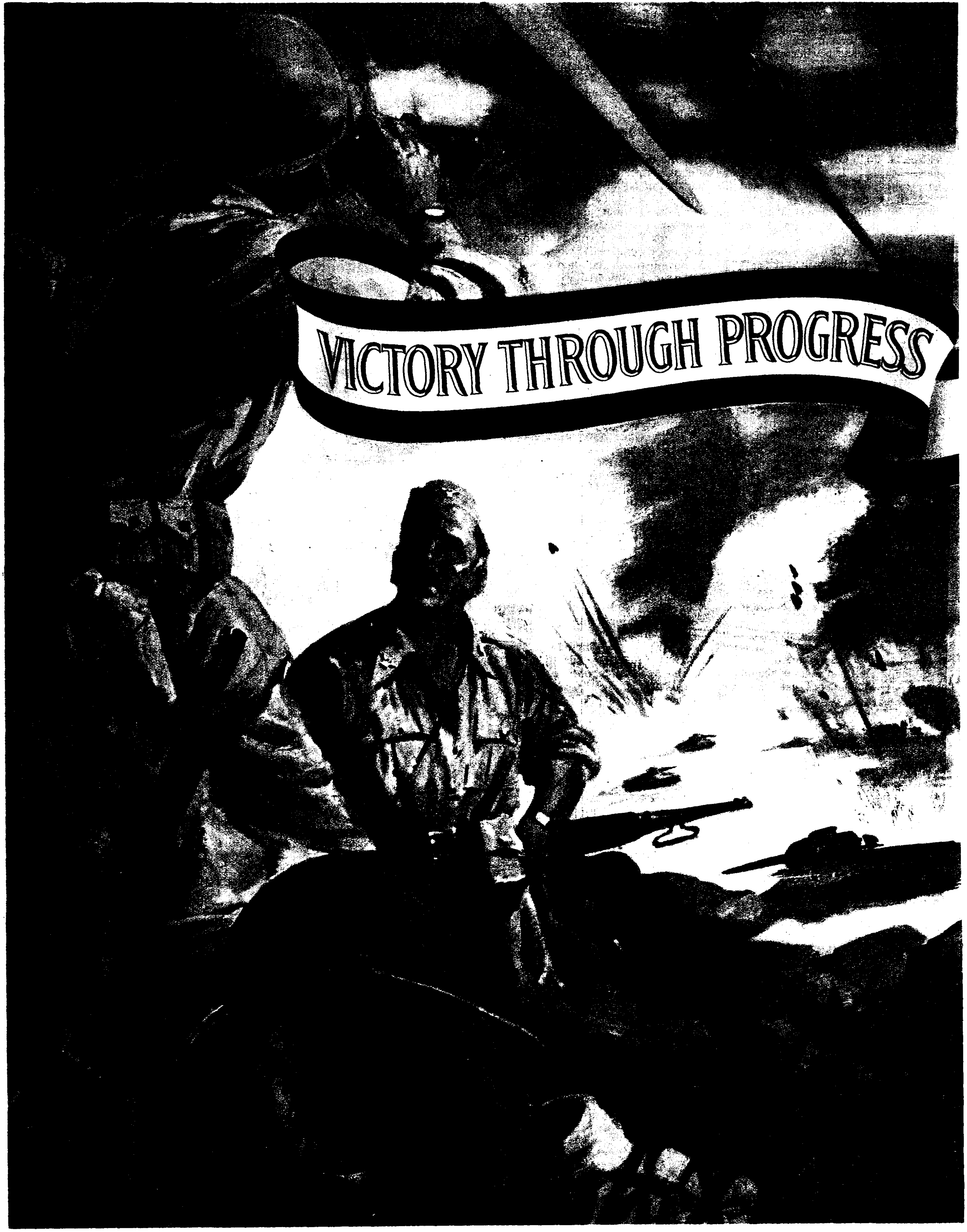
(To be continued next week)

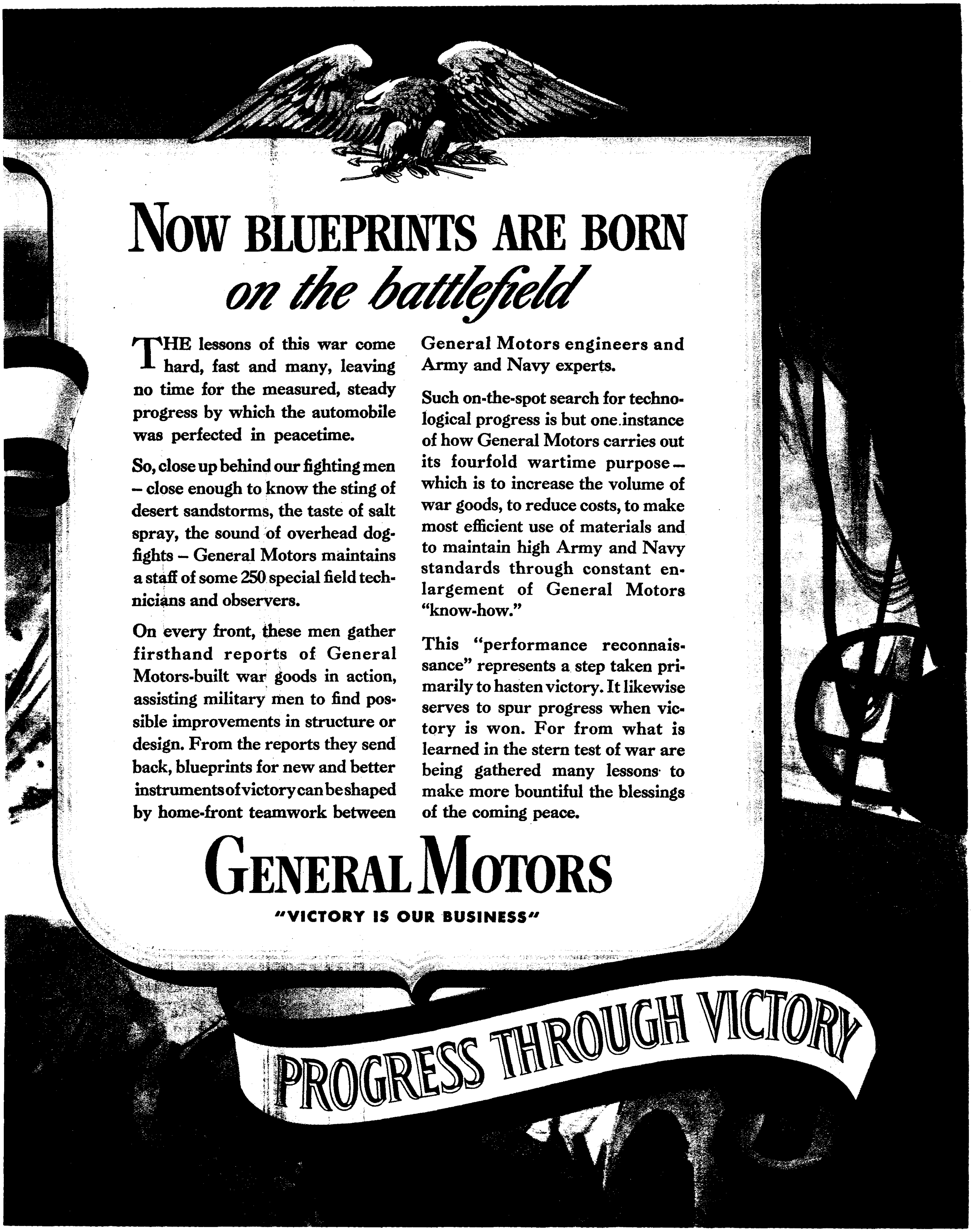


COLLIER'S "When the war is ended, Henry wants to take a trip around the world, but I'd rather go somewhere else" JEFFREY MONAHAN



Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**


VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS



NOW BLUEPRINTS ARE BORN *on the battlefield*

THE lessons of this war come hard, fast and many, leaving no time for the measured, steady progress by which the automobile was perfected in peacetime.

So, close up behind our fighting men – close enough to know the sting of desert sandstorms, the taste of salt spray, the sound of overhead dogfights – General Motors maintains a staff of some 250 special field technicians and observers.

On every front, these men gather firsthand reports of General Motors-built war goods in action, assisting military men to find possible improvements in structure or design. From the reports they send back, blueprints for new and better instruments of victory can be shaped by home-front teamwork between General Motors engineers and Army and Navy experts.

Such on-the-spot search for technological progress is but one instance of how General Motors carries out its fourfold wartime purpose – which is to increase the volume of war goods, to reduce costs, to make most efficient use of materials and to maintain high Army and Navy standards through constant enlargement of General Motors "know-how."

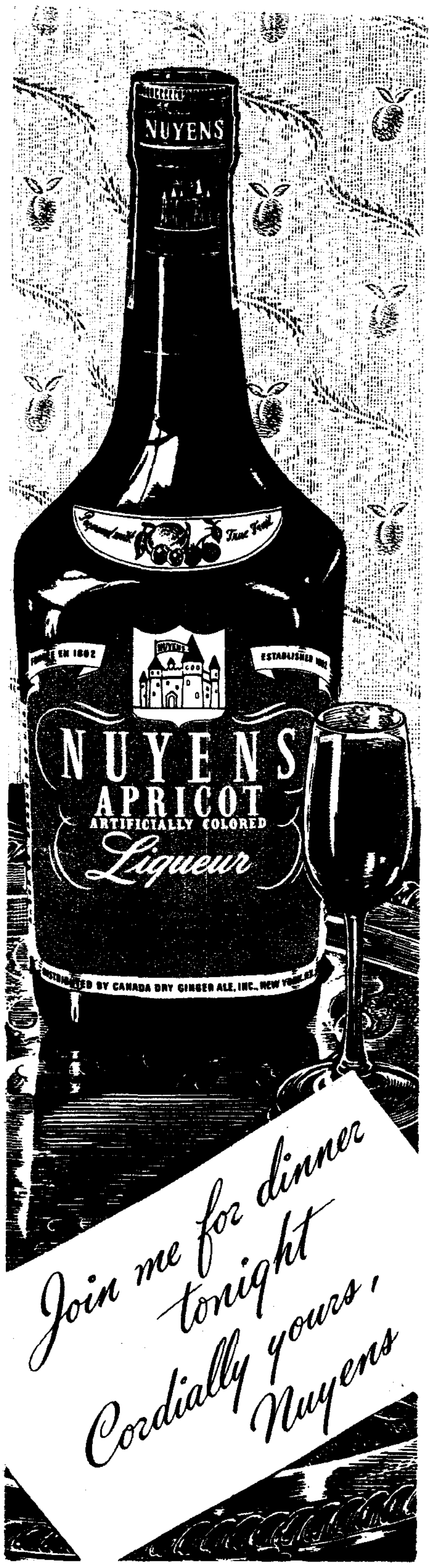
This "performance reconnaissance" represents a step taken primarily to hasten victory. It likewise serves to spur progress when victory is won. For from what is learned in the stern test of war are being gathered many lessons to make more bountiful the blessings of the coming peace.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

Airpower is Winning

Continued from page 13



Prepared in America from formulae developed through 140 years by the family

NUYENS

LIQUEURS

Creme de Menthe 60 proof
Creme de Cacao 60 proof
Triple Sec 80 proof
Apricot 60 proof

Distributed exclusively by
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N. Y.

regard General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery as the hero of El Alamein almost to the exclusion of credit to General Sir Harold Alexander as the draftsman of Montgomery's strategy. Montgomery carried the ball but Alexander coached the team, trained the players, designed the plays and usually called the signals. Montgomery would be the first to admit this, though you might have trouble obtaining any such admission from Alexander, who is a modest fellow.

However, nothing Alexander and Montgomery accomplished would have been possible without the Ninth Air Force. And this isn't an attempt to detract from the magnitude of Montgomery's victory and Alexander's strategic aptitudes; rather, this is an effort to put into proper focus what happened in the deserts and skies of Egypt, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, and perhaps to show you that planes made in California and flown by boys from the farms, factories, colleges and soda fountains of the United States had a greater share than is generally recognized in liberating Africa. Tomorrow they'll free Europe.

El Alamein and Mareth are popular milestones of victory's progress across some 2,000 miles of the hot North African earth that is now a springboard for invasion of Europe and the Balkans. And yet, long before the troops captured El Alamein and points west, victories were being insured in the air. Air forces were 500 miles and more ahead of the triumphant armies. They were pounding Benghazi, Mersa Matruh, Fuka and El Daba while the ground troops were still locked in battle back in El Alamein. The bombers were reaching out for warships and freighters, enemy bases, landing fields, troop concentrations and truck and tank farms before the actual battles had even begun. Air forces anticipated the enemy plays and broke them up before they could get started.

All of which adds up to this: Rommel was beaten logistically before he was beaten tactically. Logistics is the technique of supplying and maintaining an army in the field. When the Ninth Air Force was done with Rommel he couldn't do either. The Americans cut the volume of supplies Rommel received from Italy and via Greece, at first by twenty per cent and in the final phases of the Battle of Africa by as much as fifty per cent.

Caught with Their Tanks Empty

More than 700 Axis aircraft were found on hastily abandoned enemy landing fields by the ground forces which pursued Rommel after the bombers had done their work. A large percentage of these machines were serviceable. The Luftwaffe commanders didn't have the gasoline to fly their ships away. Some of the planes had dry tanks without even the few drops of fuel needed to fire them.

From this a lesson leaps out of the Ninth Air Force's operational reports and hits strategists right in their faces. It doesn't matter how many planes the enemy builds. If his capacity to obtain petroleum and produce high-octane gasoline and lubricants is destroyed he can't use his planes anyway.

In the first phase of the battle for Africa—from the arrival of the first American air units in Egypt late in June, 1942, through October, up to the battle of El Alamein—United States Air Forces made the following contribution to the extermination of the Axis in Africa: Their bombers made 1,002 sorties, dropped 3,374,000 pounds of bombs, Tobruk alone receiving nearly one third of the total weight. Fighters made 550 raids as escorts in offensive sweeps over enemy lines and on fighter-bomber missions. They destroyed dozens of enemy fighters, dropped tons of bombs on landing grounds, truck and tank concentrations.

Up to zero hour—7:40 P. M. on the night of October 23d—German and Italian forces were ranged in one solid wall along a line reaching from the Qattara Depression to the sea. Before the British forces could move forward, that wall had to be breached. Said Alexander, "To break down a wall, one inserts a crowbar beneath it and pries." The Ninth Air Force, then not yet formally constituted as such, may not at the time have been the "crowbar" Alexander described. Perhaps the crowbar was the British twenty-five-pounder gun. Nearly 1,000 of these pounded the enemy's prepared positions in a barrage that exceeded in power anything remembered by veterans of the first World War. Those guns constituted the lever that pried the hole in the enemy line that Alexander wanted, but planes from American factories, manned by Americans, constituted the fulcrum. Without a fulcrum, a crowbar is useless.

How American bombers came to be in Egypt in the Middle East's hour of greatest peril a year ago is one of the untold stories of this war. It was no secret that the Liberators that arrived with Colonel Harry Halverson were en route to a mission in the Orient. With Rommel reaching for the Nile, Halverson and his planes were ordered to remain here. They helped to save Egypt.

Almost immediately, heavy bombardment tasks in the Middle East became the exclusive province of the American command. No other theater provided a better testing ground for the effectiveness of long-range heavy bombardment. Americans were equal to the job, which was to close the supply corridor between Greece and Crete and the African ports of Benghazi and Tobruk, and to sever the pipe line which fed the Afrika Korps from Naples and Sicilian ports via Tripoli. This was done. A few aircraft of the Royal Air Force were included in the American bomber command, but it was, as the British themselves described it, "an American show."

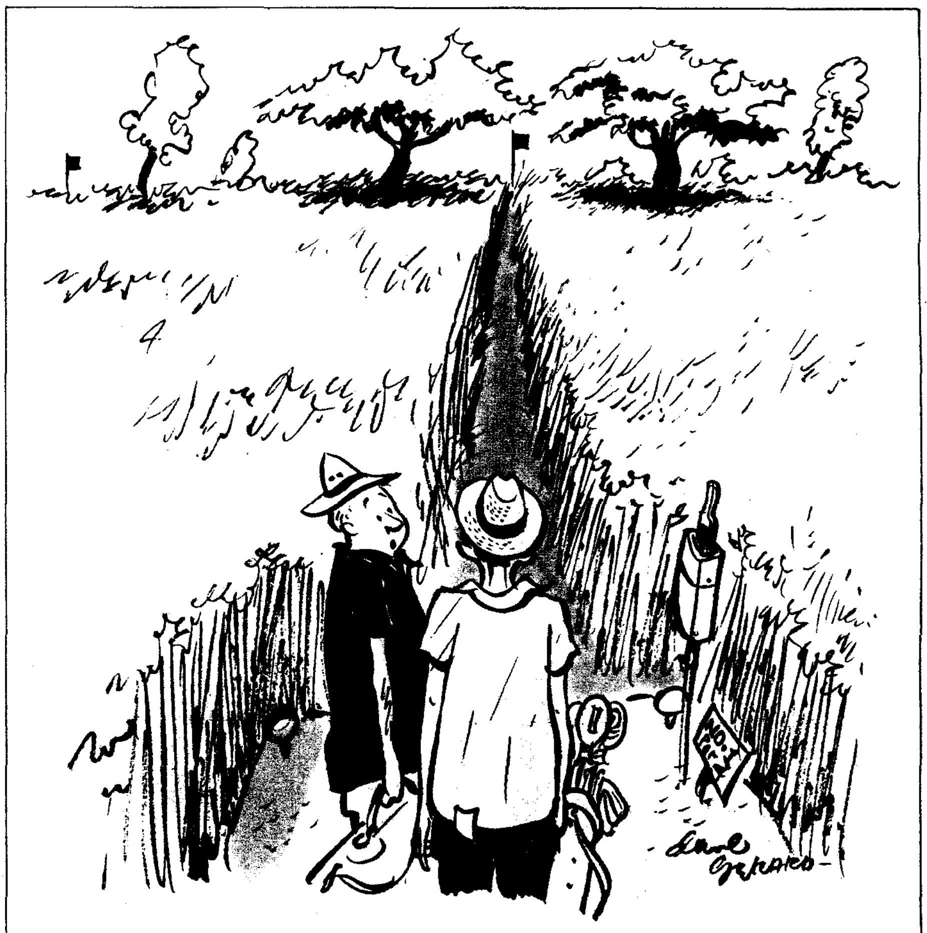
A few weeks before the El Alamein offensive began, no ships were reaching Rommel's ports intact, and those that got through couldn't unload. Long before Tripoli fell, that port had been closed to Axis shipping. Long-range raids were made without fighter escorts, and our losses, thanks to the firepower of our big Liberators, were absurdly small. Advocates of daylight precision bombing proved their point, although, as Brereton says, night pattern bombing by the Royal Air Force helped in breaking down both the physical and moral resistance of the enemy. Brereton happens to be one of those who believe that wars can be fought and won in the air alone, although he confesses that we probably won't have a chance to prove it in this war.

Stepped-up Offensive

At first our share of medium-bomber and fighter participation was small. Mediums, mostly Mitchells carried only one fifth of the offensive load, later assuming well over one third of the burden. While at the outset the proportion of American medium-bomber raids was low, their effectiveness was proportionately high. The same was true of our fighters. They flew only one sixth to one tenth of the sorties, but they scored approximately forty per cent of the total Allied victories.

In the second phase of the Battle of Africa, from El Alamein to El Agheila, which was reached December 14th, the weight of American bombs dropped on enemy targets increased to 5,624,000 pounds in a total of 1,621 missions.

Warhawks of our fighter group made 1,646 sorties, destroyed nine others and damaged 28. Tobruk received 1,200,000 pounds of bombs in this period and Ben-



COLLIER'S "The help problem is getting serious. They can't keep much of the fairway mowed" DAVE GERARD ghazi 1,018,000 pounds. Landing grounds and convoys took more than 1,000,000 additional pounds and our bombers dumped explosives on Navarino Bay, Suda Bay, Maleme, El Daba, Candia, Tripoli and Naples. No target was too far or too difficult.

In the midst of the battle on November 12th, the Ninth United States Air Force was formally constituted, comprising all United States Army Air Force units in the Middle East and succeeding the United States Middle East Air Force. It was an exciting day at Air Force headquarters in an unpretentious brownstone building at 8 Rustum Pasha, Cairo. The Ninth Air Force had come of age. General Brereton was put in command and subsequently was given command of all the United States ground as well as air forces in this theater. From a total of 5,800 officers and men the Ninth's roster rose to 10,495. A few Liberators arrived to increase the power of our bombardment, but the B-17s which Brereton had brought with him from India were sent back.

The Ninth Air Force grew, but it was still a question of making an ounce of airplane do pounds of damage. "On to Tripoli," was the battle cry as the campaign entered its third phase after the fall of El Agheila in mid-December, and Montgomery's Eighth Army gathered itself for the lunge which was to carry it to Tripoli by the end of January.

Rommel was withdrawing quickly along the coast road in a desperate attempt to reach the protection of the Mareth line before Montgomery caught him. Montgomery strove to bite into Rommel's exposed landward flank. It was imperative that Rommel be flanked, his Afrika Korps trapped and destroyed. At one point, Montgomery signaled Alexander: "What proportion of casualties am I permitted in attempting to outflank Rommel?" Alexander messaged back: "One hundred per cent." But even though Montgomery had full authority to expend as many men as he needed to trap Rommel, the wily German eluded him.

Starting the New Year Right

And while the Eighth Army marched on Tripoli at Rommel's heels, the Ninth Air Force was already bombing Tunis! On New Year's Day, 15 Liberators dumped high explosives on Axis shipping in Tunis harbor and shot down a Me-109 just for luck on the way home. The next day medium bombers joined the heavies in one of the most important, best-timed, most accurate raids of the war up to that point. Their target was the enemy landing field at Herakleion, Crete, where Axis fighters and mediums were based and from where they gave our boys considerable trouble from time to time.

The Liberators took off from a secret assembly point. They were first over the target and dumped their bombs with their usual precision from high altitude. Almost before the B-24s were off the target, the mediums arrived, coming in low to polish off whatever was left. Not a single stretch of the landing areas was left in usable condition, and all installations were destroyed.

Fighters that tried to rise to meet the waves of American machines were stabbed with machine-gun fire and bombs as they left the ground. Americans attacked from the east. The Germans expected that all bomber attacks would come from the west, for they'd been so conditioned by our boys. All our heavies returned safely, but we lost two middleweights from engine trouble.

Sfax as well as Tunis was repeatedly pounded. It was the old battle to deprive the enemy of supplies. Brigadier General Vic Strahm, Brereton's chief of staff, urged the boys on. "At present we are seeking out the enemy's supplies and supply installations," he told them. "We are making it tough for him to get anything and we will make it tougher."

We did. By January 23d, our heavies had made 2,560 missions, dropped so many millions of pounds of bombs that the statisticians began reckoning in thousands of tons instead of pounds. The score was a total of 3,495 tons. Fighters had by now made 3,244 sorties, destroyed 84 enemy aircraft in combat, probably destroyed 17 others and damaged 31. American wings became frightful patterns to Axis troops, who took the kind of pounding their Luftwaffe and Reggia Aereonautica used to give our British allies up to last year in the western desert, except that now the effectiveness of Allied bombing was not merely double that of the Germans and Italians but was a thousand times more effective.

Mechanical Wonder-workers

Between January 23d and March 26th, the fourth phase of the Battle of Africa, which took the Eighth Army from Tripoli to Mareth, was completed. For the Liberators, only the targets changed. Otherwise they maintained their relentless, vicious pounding with Naples, Crete, Messina, Palermo and Crotone now the objectives of their destructiveness. On the ground and in the air, the crews accomplished small miracles of mechanics in keeping planes repaired during the intense winter sandstorms.

By April 3d, the total amount of bombs dropped by our heavies and mediums reached 4,175 tons. Our fighters had destroyed, probably destroyed and confirmedly damaged a total of 155 Axis aircraft, about one sixth of the enemy's known strength.

African victory was now insured. It was obvious that Rommel would make a battle of it if he could receive reinforcements and supplies. It was the Ninth's task now to do everything in the power of what was a relatively small fleet of planes to prevent anything from reaching Rommel—troops, food, gasoline and the hundred thousand items required by a large army. From March 26th to May 15th, the weight of American bombs hurled on the enemy to accomplish complete isolation of Rommel's and General Jurgen von Arnim's forces rose to 6,217 tons or 12,424,000 pounds. Our fighters had destroyed 178 enemy aircraft, probably destroyed 32 others and wrecked 76. Rommel never got his reinforcements.

Mareth was broached and flanked by the Eighth Army. Montgomery hammered the Afrika Korps against the anvil forged farther west by Generals Ike Eisenhower and Anderson. Africa was free of Axis troops and their impedimenta.

From most operations "our aircraft returned safely." Our losses in the air were remarkably small. On the ground our planes were well protected by revetments and well dispersed—Brereton had learned his lessons well in the Philippines, Java and Burma. Once he had an entire encampment of newly arrived men and officers uprooted and redistributed because they'd failed to disperse tents and administration canvas properly. Tents and knockdown buildings are easy to move. But slit trenches had to be dug all over again. You can't move trenches. But the extra work saved lives as the laboriously built revetments saved planes. It wasn't an easy victory, however, nor was it won bloodlessly. There are a few graves in the desert where American airmen lie. Our fliers know where they are. They dip their wings as they pass over them en route to fresh missions in new skies. Their bombs thunder now in a new crescendo of victory. Soon, perhaps sooner than you dreamed it could happen, you'll hear it too, 'way back there at home.

THE END

7 A. M. . . . sad sight, our Nell!

OH, WHAT A DAY! Nell wakes up feeling sluggish and headachy due to constipation symptoms. She needs a laxative. But Nell's mother knows what to do! She gives Nell a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, the minute she gets up.

9 A. M. . . . and Nell feels swell!

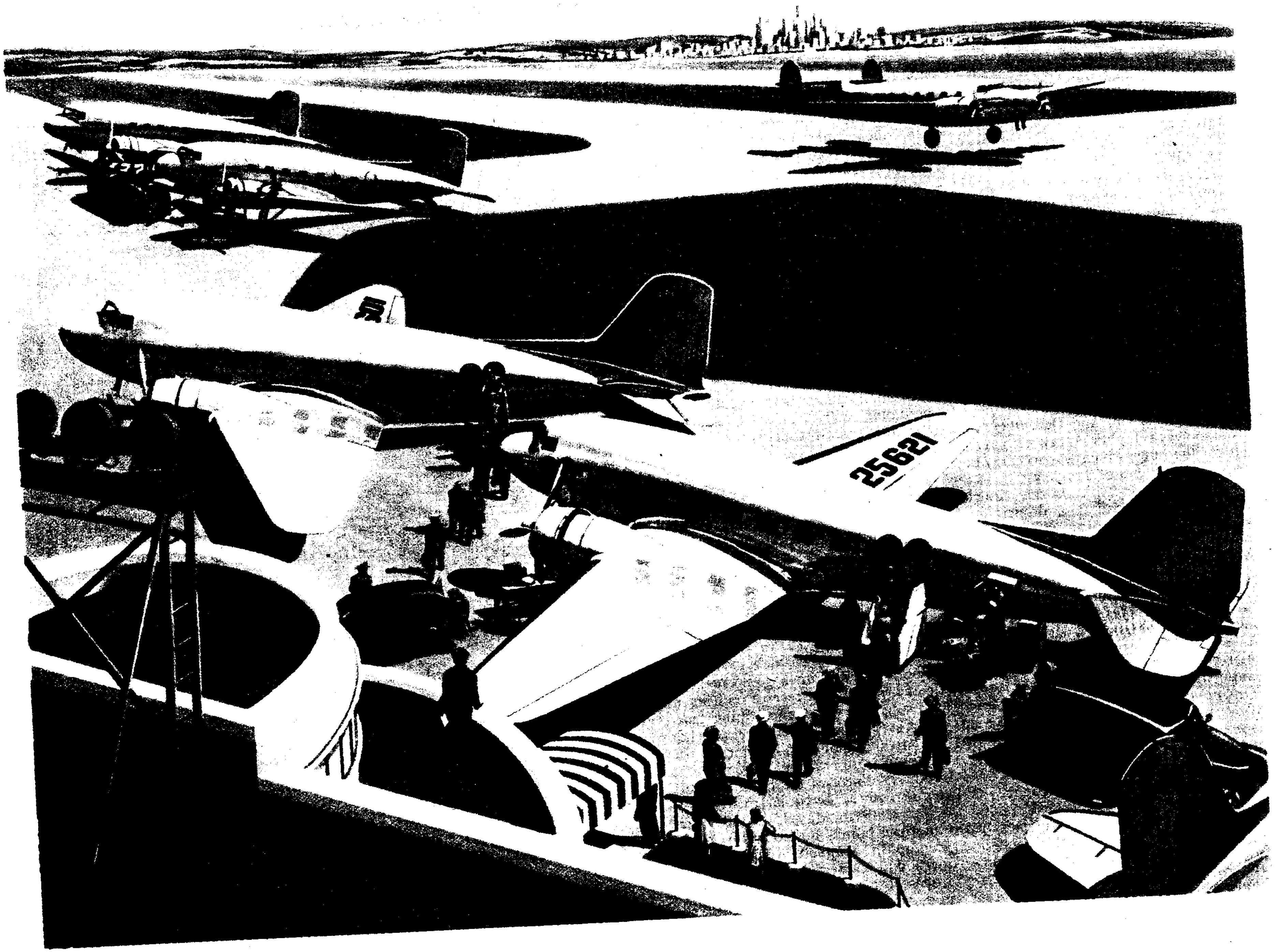
VICTO
GARDE
PLEAS
DO NOT TR

HIP HIP HOORAY! Taken as soon as you get out of bed, Sal Hepatica *usually acts within an hour* to bring fast, yet gentle relief. AND . . . Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity. Three out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling, saline laxative. Sal Hepatica is a stand-by in millions of homes. Try it.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. It is important to use only as directed.

TUNE IN { "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., EWT



THIS, TOO, IS AIR POWER!

TRANSPORT PLANES that serve the home front are a measure of U. S. air power, as surely as the bombers that blast the Axis.

Today, as for many years, the United States is the leading power in air transport.

Its Airlines knit hundreds of cities and foreign countries into a single airways system, with faster, more efficient service than ever attained by any other nation.

Consequently, when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, they asked for the greatest show of air transport the world has ever witnessed. Built during years of peace, the Airlines required no conversion for war. *They were ready to go!*

They promptly handled a sharp increase in tonnage — passengers, mail, express — despite the fact that half their planes were assigned to military duty.

The Airlines also helped the Army and Navy establish air supply routes to every fighting zone—and are now operating a giant fleet of transport planes over this global system.

So wherever you see a transport plane, remember this: IT, TOO, IS AIR POWER— an integral part of our war machine.

And when the war is only a memory these same Airlines, with over a billion miles of experience behind them, will continue in friendly commerce. As PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT recently said: "With the dawn of peace, commercial aviation will have new and greater opportunities for which it will be all the better prepared by reason of the training and experience it is now getting."

* * *

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT, NOW DO YOUR BEST—BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST... PASSENGERS... MAIL... AIR EXPRESS

Laney Draws a Limey

Continued from page 18

began running down and Mom got nervous.

"Helene Hamilton Taylor! If you're up to something!" she wailed.

"Who? Me?" I said.

I played with the idea all morning while I was hoeing, and after lunch when Mom took the boy friend for a walk, I only waited till they were out of sight before I whipped upstairs and took a bath, and then lay down on my bed to figure out the best way to knock the shock out of Vivian.

I'd take him to the Country Club dance tonight, I decided. With that beard, he'd be a riot; he'd find out who was the circus, him or me. Stimulate, h'mm? That ought to be easy. Hadn't I watched Dorothy Lamour often enough at the movies? Just unlax and kind of droop your eyelids and say, "Dah-ling!" with a sort of sigh in it . . .

I got up and stood in front of the mirror and practiced looking Dorothy Lamourish. I waved my hand and asked, "Won't you . . . sit down?" They always say that in plays.

I WAS so busy I couldn't believe it was four already when I heard the front door bang and Mom's voice say, "Wouldn't you like to make the tea, Mr. Sin Gin?"

The English think no one can stew tea but them, so Mom lets them. They warm the earthenware pot just so, and put in one teaspoon for each cup and one for the teapot.

"Just a suspicion of sugar in the pot makes it draw better," Sin Gin was saying downstairs. A suspicion of sugar! I snorted and went to get dressed.

When I came and stood in the living-room door, Mom gasped and the tall drip's teaspoon clattered on his saucer as he stood up, practically hitting the ceiling, his eyes glued on my white organdy, with the bunch of pink roses on the shoulder and my hair that I'd brushed and brushed till it was nearly as shiny as my smile.

I murmured, "Sorry to be late, Mom. May I . . . sit down?"

"Why not?" Mom said, bewildered.

All through tea, the Sin Gin kept stealing glances at me, and I must admit if you haven't seen anyone except in dirty pants and a scowl, there was quite a difference, but there was an odd light in his very blue eyes, so I was glad I'd dabbed perfume behind my ears to give me courage.

Once when I handed him a fresh cup of tea and let my fingers brush his, he jumped as if I were a hot poker. Well, I decided, I had the victim flat all right; now for the warm-up treatment.

"Do you dance?" I asked, sweet as the cover on a candy box. "Would you like to go to the club with me tonight, Mr.—er—Saint John?" When he was in America, he could just talk American.

"I'd love to go," he said. "Will they dance any of those old Indian dances I've heard so much about?" His face was dead-pan, but way back in his blue eyes was a spark that might or might not be the candles on Mom's tea tables. "Oh sure," I told him. "But I don't think Aunt Minnehaha will be there."

"Laney!" Mom gasped. And then we all three whooped with laughter and by the time we'd wiped our eyes, we felt quite well acquainted, and Sin Gin said his friends called him Lofty. "Okay, Lofty," I said. I certainly was relieved not to have to yodel, "Vivian" at him in front of the gang.

We walked to the dance because otherwise the rationing board wouldn't let us have one, and we had to go right by the ammunition dump, with its arc lights blazing down on the road, and the mounted patrol was checking in on that little telephone on the pole just inside the barbed wire fence, when we went by. It was hard to believe that behind those trees where I'd played tag when I was a kid were tons and tons of TNT, I told Lofty.

"Let's forget TNT for one night," Lofty begged, sliding his not-so-cool eyes over me. "It's hard to believe I'm here with you, but not hard to take, really." He was warming up, all right, and not with blankets.

Lofty was a riot at the dance, but not the way I planned. A murmur went around the room when the gang first saw me standing there beside the beard, but when we began to dance—Boy, could that Limey give! He was smooth as last year's tire—what I mean is, he was *good.* After the first dance, there was a bargain-counter rush to where we stood, and that snip, Jenny Saunders, made him first, with a lot of hooey about how she thought a beard was *so* virile.

"Go on. Put her out of her misery," I told Lofty.

He and Jenny danced three dances without stopping, and naturally I knew it was her fault, but when Lofty came back all pepped up about how hospitable American girls were, I told him coldly, "We always serve mush Saturday nights. It's an old Indian custom."

"Mush?" Lofty said. "We call it porridge . . . Oh." There was nothing slow about this limey; he learned fast. The twinkle came back into his eyes and he grinned, "Dance, Laney?" It was the first time he'd called me Laney.

A sax moaned, he held out his arms, and I went into them, and it was like coming home. You know how it is. You go places and see things and it's simply super, but when you get home, there's your own white bed and the things you had when you were a kid, still around the room. . . . You belong in this place. And Lofty and I belonged, dancing together.

And then it happened. The orchestra swung into a hot number called, Bless 'Em All. I'd heard plenty of English ratings singing parodies of it, some you couldn't print and some just funny, and I sang under my breath:

"Bless all the sergeants and WOIs,
Bless all the corporals and their blinking sons.
For we're saying farewell to them all,
As back to our billets we crawl.
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!"

"Why, Lofty, what's the matter?" I asked, for he'd lost step, and when I looked up his face was white under the tan. "Let's go outside," I said. It was dark and cooler out on the dimmed-out golf links. We sat down on a bunker and I urged, "Now, tell me."

"There was a chap, Goldy," Lofty began. His voice was all frozen up again, the way it had been this morning. "He was my 'oppo'. He—he used to play that, nights, in the mess, on his mouth organ."

"What's an 'oppo'?" I helped him along when he stopped.

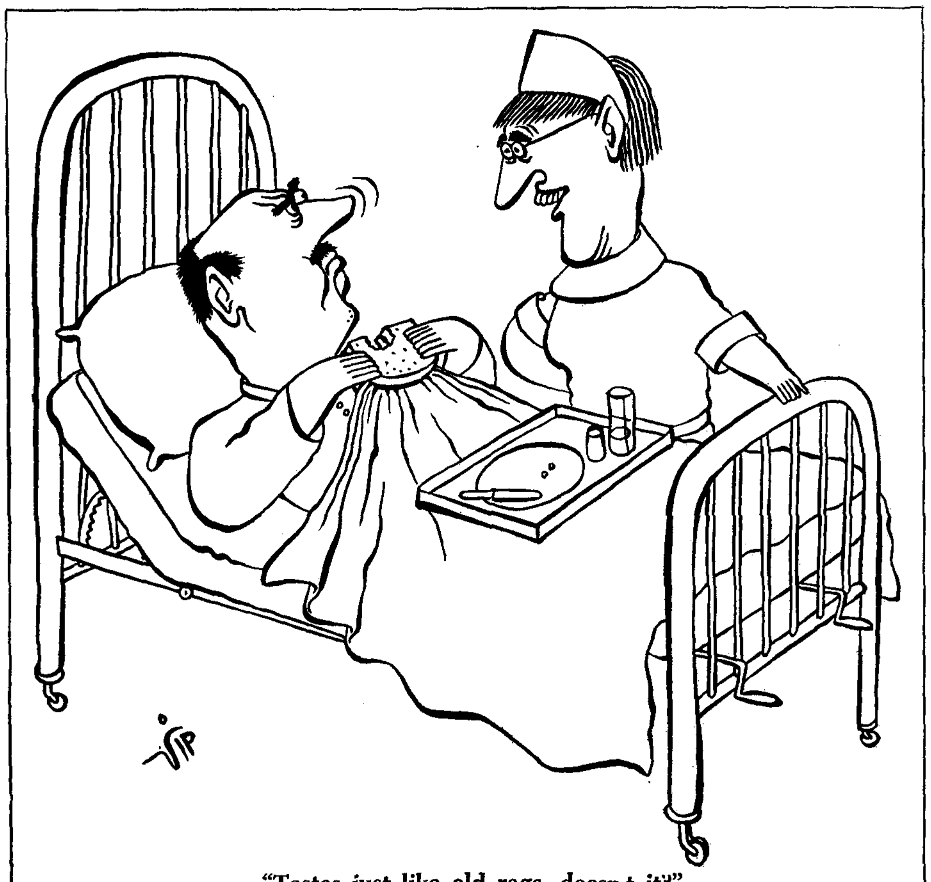
"Navy for 'opposite'—chum, I guess you'd call it."

HE'D never had a close friend, Lofty explained, till he met Goldy on the Torrid, because Lofty's mother had died when he was born and he'd been brought up by a rather grim maiden aunt who couldn't stand noise. He'd been so alone that later at school, he didn't quite know how to fit in. When the war broke out and he'd got in the navy, he hadn't fitted there, at first, either.

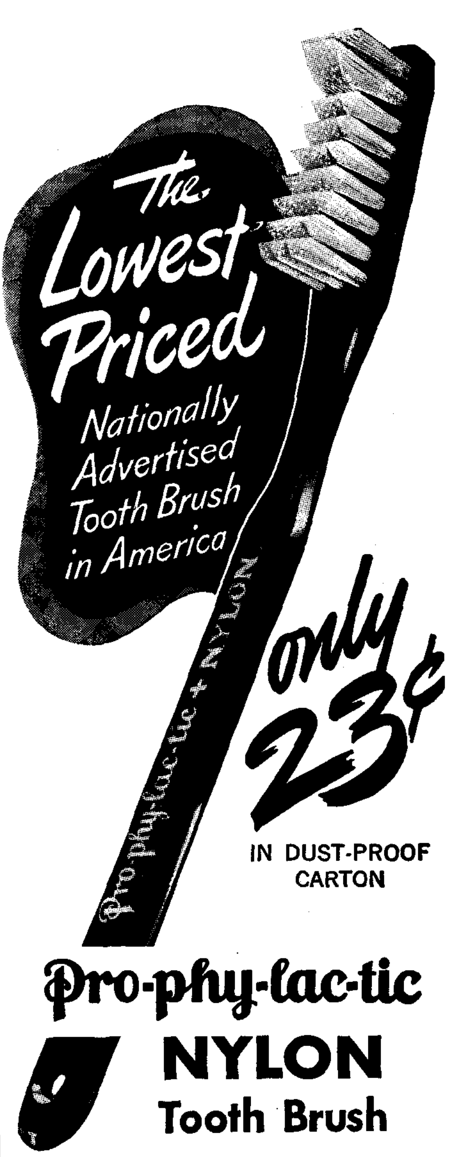
"I was a schoolmaster," Lofty explained. "But I didn't go in for a commission."

Goldy was a tough little Cockney paper boy who had the hammock next to Lofty's and he took the tall schoolteacher under his wing. Once when a bully began knocking Lofty about, Goldy had yelled, "Lay off 'im, see?" and hit the bully on the back of the head with a beer bottle. After that he and Lofty were seldom apart; they drank lousy whisky together at Gibraltar and were both in the St. Nazaire scramble; they even made a bet who could raise the best beard before they got back to blighty.

"We weren't going to shave them off



COLLIER'S "Tastes just like old rags, doesn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH



The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
only 23¢
IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

I'M S.O.S'N FOR
Squirt*
Squirt
DON'T FORGET THE Squirt
PUT PUT
5¢
Squirt
Be prepared! Keep Squirt on hand . . . it quenches thirst and how! Made from orchard-ripe grapefruit, Squirt's a sensation. Try it!

BIGGEST SELLING
GRAPEFRUIT DRINK
IN THE WORLD

*A Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company. Copyright 1943, The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, Calif.

MEN WHO USED TO CRUISE ON
MAGNIFICENT BIG YACHTS
MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT NOW IN
MATTINGLY & MOORE THEY'VE FOUND A
MELLOWER & MILDER WHISKEY THAN
MANY BRANDS COSTING MUCH
MORE MONEY. SO WHY NOT
MAKE THIS DISCOVERY YOURSELF?
MERELY ASK FOR
M & M TONIGHT!

Mattingly & Moore

The best of 'em is

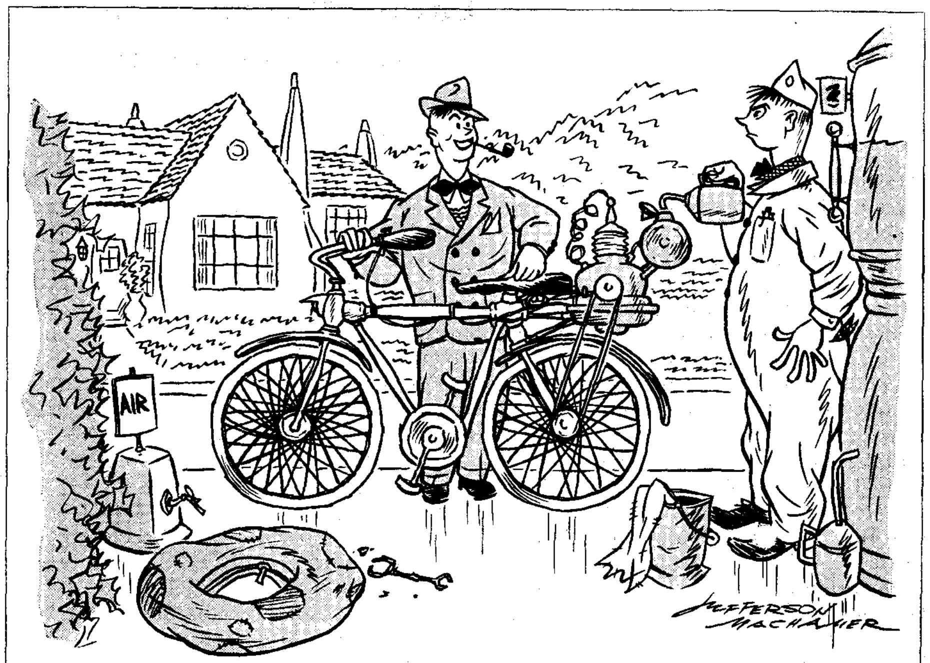
M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M&M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)



"It's wonderful to be able to say, 'Fill 'er up!'"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

till we got a couple of Jerries," Lofty explained to me. "But one night last week . . . there was a bit of a blow on, and the Old Lady was pitching and rolling; we were off duty and Goldy was lying there playing that tune on his mouth organ and all at once . . ." He couldn't go on but I knew; the torpedo had struck without warning, and Goldy, Lofty's oppo, would never play that on his mouth organ any more.

Lofty was sitting there beside me, still as a stone. It was funny but it wasn't he and Goldy struggling there in the dark water, fighting for their lives that got me; it was the little boy, Lofty, who'd never fitted in and who was alone again. I could just see how he'd looked, with his thin legs, and his soft brown hair, and his big scared blue eyes . . . the poor lonesome little kid!

"Why, you're crying!" Lofty said, bewildered, as if he couldn't believe anyone would care that much what happened to him.

And then I lifted my chin and he kissed me, hard, and fireworks went off all over the sky. We sat there for quite a while with his arm around me, and you could feel the little wind like lips on your cheek, and Lofty murmured, "Sweet?"

So he felt the same way I did, and I'd been right about our belonging together, even when we were dancing. Anyone needed someone to come home to, to let things out to, and I'd be that one for him. Things happened fast these days. I'd never stand up in a church and call him Vivian, but you could say, "I, Laney, take thee, Lofty . . ."

"There's something I wish you'd help me with, Laney," Lofty said after a while, taking away his arm to light a cigarette. "There's a girl in London named Alice. I wrote her directly we docked yesterday, but I'd like to send her something from here—more, well, personal. Silk stockings, maybe. Will you help me pick them out?"

I came back to earth with a crash that made me sick all over. So he already had a girl in London named Alice! He wasn't the kind that sent a girl silk stockings unless— Oh, my goodness! Had I said anything to give myself away? What did he think I was, after that kiss? Just a common little floozie who snuggled up to any sailor handy? I wanted to die, but all I could do was to get up and run. If I could only get home before I let go!

"What's the matter?" Lofty asked, coming after me.

I yanked my arm away from his hand. "Leave me alone!" And then I did what I'd been aching to that morning, I reached up and gave his beard a good hard pull, and he let go, all right.

"I'm sorry I kissed you, if that's it," Lofty said. "But I thought . . ." He thought I'd kissed him back, and I had.

When we got home, I rushed up to my room and shut the door, but I couldn't shut out how I felt. I threw myself on my bed by the window, remembering how strong his arms had been, and his lips . . . Oh, I hated him, I hated him . . .

WE ALWAYS have pancakes for breakfast Sunday, but when I came downstairs that morning, Mom wasn't in the kitchen frying them; she was just coming in the front door. She had on a sweater and skirt and she said, not looking at me, "Lofty had to go back to his ship. I walked down to the early bus with him." She knew there was something wrong between us, but she wouldn't ask what it was. Mom is swell.

I stared at her, swallowing. So Lofty was gone. I should have realized how sensitive he was; but I'd been thinking of myself and not him. After sleeping on them, things always look different and I saw now that he'd had to tell me about Alice. It was the only fair thing to do. If I hadn't acted like a peevish kid—jeepers, a swell mess I'd made of things!

"Don't you want any pancakes?" Mom asked, alarmed.

"I'm not hungry," I told her. "I—I think I'll take Ledgie for a run."

I wasn't hungry the next day either. Mom had one of those liver messes for dinner that are good for your iron or something, and Pop said, Why hadn't he stayed in Chicago? Give him a boiled egg, Pop said. And Mom said, Boil it himself. Oh, we were just one big happy family, about as miserable as I felt. If I could just see Lofty and tell him I was sorry.

"Pop," I said, talking very fast, "what about taking me to the Union Jack Club dance tomorrow night?" They had dances there for the boys Tuesdays and maybe Lofty would be there, if his ship hadn't sailed already.

Pop and Mom looked at each other and I knew they were talking with their eyes about Lofty and me and how there hadn't been time for this to be serious.

"How old were you, Pop, when you fell for Mom?" I asked him.

"Seven," Pop said, twinkling at Mom and forgetting the liver. "She was a towheaded kid with freckles and she whanged me one with a toy spade. . . . Oh, oh!" He grinned at me when he saw the pit he'd fallen into, and I knew I'd won. . . .

I wore my new blue linen with the cerise jacket when Pop and I went into Boston on the bus because naturally we don't use the jalopy for pleasure, and Pop said, "I see you've got your war paint on. You really like this limey, Sis?"

I looked at him, and I got all choky. Jeepers, was I going to make a fool of myself and cry?

"I see," Pop said.

The Union Jack was full of more ratings than I'd known there were in the world, drinking beer and laughing in one room and dancing in another, and, of course, I'd rather die than ask for Lofty. I was wondering desperately how I'd find out if the Torrid had sailed when Lofty's voice said behind me, "Good evening, Miss Laney. Your pater said you wanted to see me."

I'd come all this way to talk to him, but when I looked up at him, I couldn't say a word. I didn't have to. The orchestra was playing, and Lofty opened his arms and I went into them and it was just the same as before, like coming home. Was it possible he could make me feel this way and not care a little?

We danced every dance that evening and when it was time to leave, Pop held out his hand and said, "Sorry to miss you last week end, old man. Why don't you come out this Saturday and get acquainted?"

"That's kind of you, sir," Lofty said.

Oh, gosh, families were swell! I snuggled up to Pop on the way back on the bus, and the world kept on going round and round in a waltz with Lofty's arms around me. He was coming out Saturday. I slept the rest of the way home with my head on Pop's shoulder.

LOFTY spent four week ends with us after that, for his ship had to be almost completely refitted after the torpedoing, and he didn't mention Alice again, and you can bet I didn't, either, so that after a while, she came to seem like someone I'd dreamed, not real at all. He didn't kiss me again, either, but those days were like Christmas and Easter and your birthday all rolled into one, even though we did only the same old things.

Lofty and I hiked, picnicked, drove Ledgie and laughed. I even deviled him into carrying buckets of water for my Victory garden, because it had been terribly dry for weeks now, and Mom was worried, with the ammunition dump so near, and the woods coming down on us on three sides and people so careless about cigarettes.

Mom and Pop both liked Lofty.

Almost every evening we'd go for a stroll in our lane. We called it that, because it reminded Lofty of the sunken lanes in England, but it was really only an old logging road nobody used that ran through the woods back of our place and came out on the main road at the dump. The underbrush and fallen trees were thick from what we still call in New England "The Hurricane," and we'd sit down on a log and talk about how we both hated spaghetti and loved Rhapsody in Blue, and around us the night would smell of wild honeysuckle.

But our last week end started off badly. The weather was terrible, for one thing, hot, with a strong, dry wind blowing dirt into my face when the bus stopped, and I knew the minute I saw Lofty that something was cooking.

I burst out, scared, "The Torrid's sailing!" But Lofty only grinned down at me. I said irritably, glaring at his beard, "Why don't you shave that thing off? It doesn't match your hair."

"Not till I get a couple of Jerries," Lofty said stubbornly. "One for me and one for Goldy. Lord, it's hot!"

"It's going to storm," I told him. "Well, we need rain."

But there was the same uneasy electric feeling between Lofty and me, too, and when I tried to find out what was the matter, he acted as if he wanted to tell me but didn't know how to begin. It was maddening, for I imagined so many things. Then later, when he bent over to water my poor, cindery beans, a picture fell out of his pocket, and I looked at it lying there, with a sinking feeling. It was a girl and she was pretty, all right, with lovely fair hair waving back from her forehead and big honest eyes.

"Is that—Alice?" I asked him, running my tongue over my dry lips and bending to pick up a cutworm that wasn't there. "What's her last name, Lofty?"

"Yes. Perkins," Lofty said, picking up the picture and putting it back in his pocket. "I'll be seeing her quite soon now," Lofty admitted, "but, Lord, I'll hate telling her—" He stopped, miserable, and I finished for him in my mind, *"about us."*

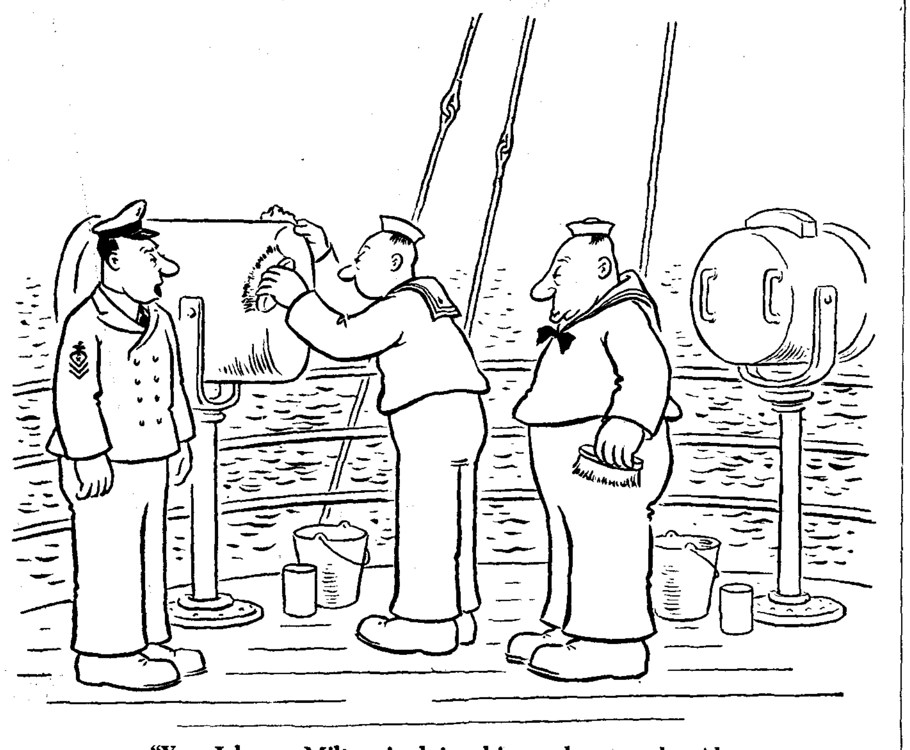
So that was it; he hadn't known how to tell me he was going back to Alice. Well, I had *some* pride, I hoped; I started for the house.

"Where are you going?" Lofty asked.

"To help Mom. She—she's got a sick headache," I called back.

I rushed into the kitchen where Mom

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Yes, I know Milton is doing his work properly, Alfred. Now just see that your searchlight is polished"

GINGIVITIS

may be attacking your gums this very moment!

Watch out for
√ BLEEDING GUMS
√ TENDER GUMS
√ IRRITATED GUMS
√ INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May get it—Neglect often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA

If you want your teeth to continue to look healthy and handsome—don't neglect your gums! *Healthy teeth need firm gums.* And one of the most common enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is GINGIVITIS, which may attack 4 out of 5 people.

While Gingivitis is a mild gum inflammation—*never* neglect it, because it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth which only your Dentist can help. So see him every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is the *first* and original toothpaste made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural brilliant lustre. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film which so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for so many years! At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

How 95% GINGIVITIS CASES Improved in 30 Days!

Clinical investigation shows that a 30-day test was made with hundreds upon hundreds of people who had Gingivitis. Approximately half were first given dental prophylaxis. ALL were instructed to massage their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. In 30 days—95% of the Gingivitis patients *improved!* Get *your* tube of Forhan's *today*—start massaging *your* gums with Forhan's *tonight!*

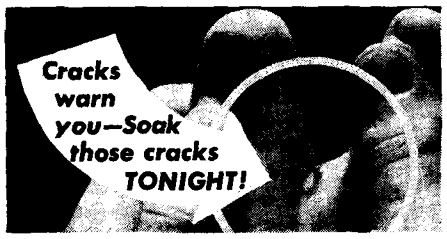
Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

WAR WORKERS ARE WAR WALKERS...
Athlete's Foot fungi feed on hot steaming feet!

It's the extra perspiration that comes with extra wartime walking that feeds the Athlete's Foot fungi—makes them grow that much faster. Then, when cracks appear between your toes, the ever-present fungi get in through the cracks and attack raw flesh. *Toes redden and itch, skin flakes off, every step hurts because you've got Athlete's Foot.*



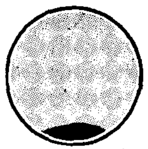
Spread your toes apart carefully. At the first sign of a crack, drench toes with Absorbine Jr. Use full strength and repeat night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Athlete's Foot is serious—don't let it lay you off your job. Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. It's the nationwide favorite for relieving this painful skin infection. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201P Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast. Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!



Fungi dead. Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you pain and misery.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

was stirring applesauce on the stove and grabbed the spoon out of her hand, begging, "Listen, Mom. You're sick, see? Go to bed. Please!"

Mom's mouth opened and shut. She gasped, "But, Laney . . ."

"Didn't you ever want to pretend before you and Pop were married that you were keeping house?" I asked her. "Lofty's sailing and we got only a little time . . . Oh, please." Mom's eyes got sorry and she said, "Oh," and kissed me and went to her room, and I felt like a worm. But how could I tell her I had to keep busy because I couldn't bear to be alone with Lofty, with Alice's picture in that little pocket, closer to him than breathing?

I got lunch, washed up the dishes, swept the living room, and then I polished the silver tea set. Lofty didn't have a chance to get a word in edgeways all afternoon. He looked like a puppy that's been kicked when it expected to be fed; and I wasn't feeling any too hot myself. My head ached and the kitchen was a furnace, but when you opened the window, the wind blew out the oil stove.

I was just washing up the supper dishes and thinking I felt the way the dishrag looked, limp and greasy, when Lofty strode out into the kitchen and shut the door that I'd left open on purpose because Pop was there reading.

"Come on, young lady. We're going for a walk—alone," Lofty said grimly.

"But the dishes. And . . . and it's going to rain. . . ."

"Never mind the dishes. I hope it's a cloudburst. Come on!" Lofty ordered savagely, and it was swell having him boss me and feeling his hard hand on my arm.

We went down our lane, and it was so dark we had to feel our way, almost, and the wind blew dry leaves and pine needles in our faces. When we finally sat down on a log, we could see the lights of the ammunition dump against the sky, but where we were was black shadow. Lofty put his arm around me. Oh, gosh, he was going to kiss me at last, and I couldn't bear it, because the kiss wouldn't be mine, it'd be Alice's. . . .

"Laney!" Lofty said when I turned my lips away, but there was a funny proud note in his voice as if he wouldn't beg me, and it was only then I gave up hope. I'd been hoping all along for a miracle, but I saw now he had to go back. If he let down Alice who trusted him, he wouldn't be my Lofty.

"THERE'S a car coming down the lane," Lofty said suddenly.

That was funny. Nobody used this awful road. I pulled myself together and looked, and it was a car, with only parking lights on, coming very slowly.

"Are they crazy!" I gasped, for someone had tossed a lighted cigarette out of the car window, into the woods! And then another arc of sparks spiraled into the tindery woods on the other side of the car, and when the wind caught it, little flames leaped up. . . .

"Firebugs!" I whispered, but the word yelled in my brain. If a fire got a head start in the shaving-dry woods with this wind. . . . Jeepers, the wind was blowing straight toward the ammunition dump!

Lofty must have realized this at the same moment I did, for he gave me a little shove and ordered, "Run! Give the alarm! I'll do what I can, but we'll need help!"

But before I could start, the car which had been coming on slowly stopped in front of us, and when another cigarette fell almost at our feet, we could see a rag tied to it and smell gasoline.

Lofty gave a little snarl in his throat and leaped. He was up on the running board, yanking out the driver, before I could speak. I couldn't move either, watching, like a bad dream, Lofty and the firebug rolling over and over on the ground, reaching for each other's throat.

I picked up a stone but Lofty yelled, "Quick, Laney. Run!"

There was a second man getting out of the car, coming straight for me. Oh, my gosh. I sweat all over even now, remembering how I ran, with my heart thumping and my feet slipping over roots and stones, and behind me the rising flames and the dark shape of a man coming like Frankenstein or The Thin Man or something. The crashing behind me in the bushes came closer and closer. My breath was coming in sobs and I couldn't run much more.

I made it to the dump, but when I got there, the patrol wasn't in sight, only the lights blazing down on the barbed wire and telephone poles, trying to tell me something. Why, of course: The phone on the pole!

"Help! Fire! Help!"

I had time to yank off the receiver and yell this much before the hand closed over my mouth. I fought and clawed, but I was choking and everything began to go round and round and get black.

"You all right, Laney?" This must be heaven. I could breathe; Lofty's arm was around me, and a man was lying there, very still, on the ground.

"If he's hurt you—" A siren drowned out Lofty's voice as a big, lovely red fire engine came roaring out of the ammunition dump, and the place simply exploded M.P.s and firemen and soldiers. In no time at all, they were swarming all over those woods with hose and axes and spades.

"I feel swell," I told Lofty. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"I must have run into a tree," Lofty told me.

Then the sergeant in charge came up, and we told him about the other man and the car in the woods and how we happened to be there, and who we were.

"It sure was lucky you two chose just that spot to pitch a little woo, Miss Taylor," the sergeant said. "That guy who tackled you looks like he'd been clawed by a wild cat!"

"Phooey," I said. "Lofty knocked him out and the other egg, too."

"Nice going, Limey. You oughta get a couple of stripes for them two Nazi mugs," the sergeant promised grimly.

"Thank you. I'm getting my commission rather soon," Lofty told him. He looked at me and added firmly, "And getting married."

I knew it, I knew it. To Alice! But he hadn't even told me about his commission. If you dare bawl, Laney Taylor. . . . But I'd been through too much, I guess.

LOFTY just took my arm and steered me off up the road home; if there's anything an Englishman hates, it's a scene.

"I suppose your Alice never cries!" I sniffed.

"What do you mean, my Alice?"

"Lofty Saint John!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me . . ."

"Naturally, she's Goldy's girl," Lofty said, surprised. "Why else would I be writing her what happened to him. I found her address and picture among his things. Why, my poor sweet!"

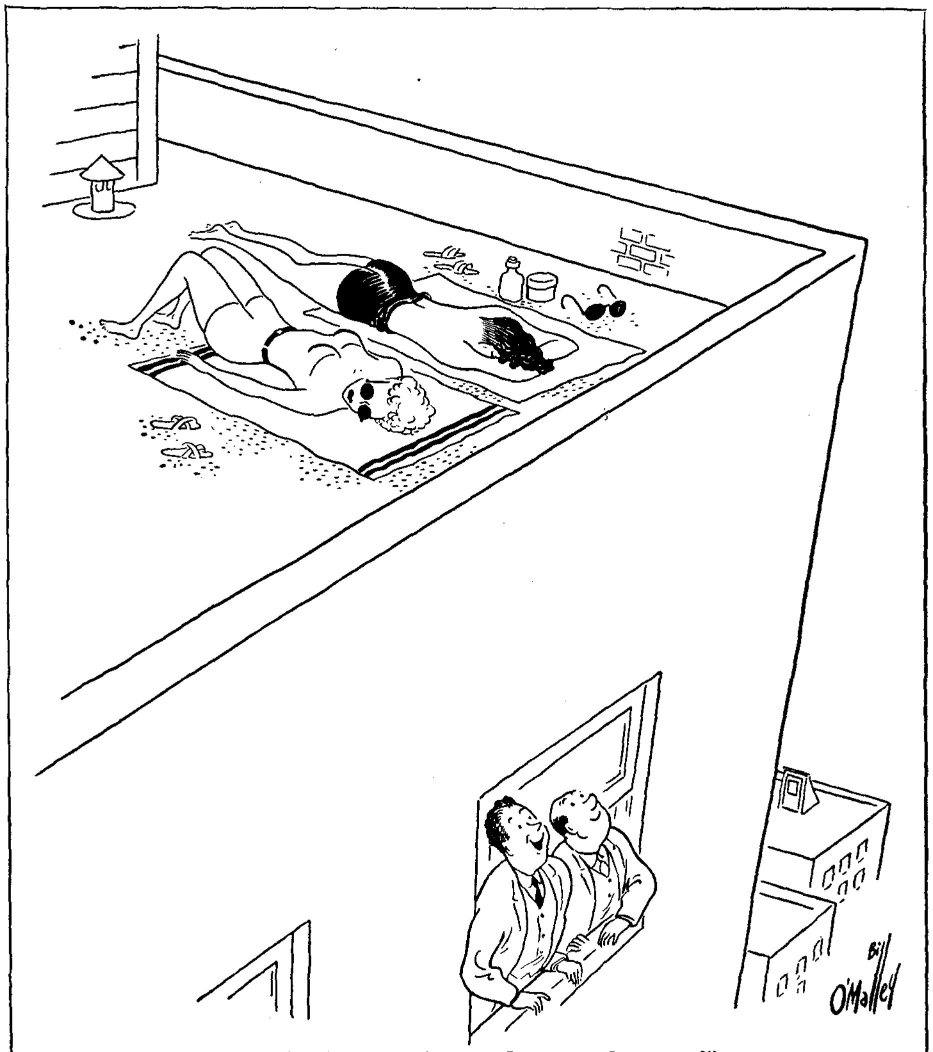
He grabbed me up in his arms and kissed me hungrily, and behind us a soldier whistled and, as if it were a signal, the rain came down in buckets. I didn't care. The whole ammunition dump could have exploded then; I wouldn't have noticed.

When I came to, we were turning into our yard, and Lofty's wet beard was tickling my cheek. "Well, you can shed that now," I told me. "You got your Jerries."

"I got you," Lofty said, as if that was all that mattered. "I'll shave it off for our wedding tomorrow, if you like."

Our wedding! "Darling!" I cried. But it wasn't at all like I'd practiced it; it was the real thing. I felt sorry for Dorothy Lamour; she hadn't been kissed by Lofty under our dripping lilac tree, or heard him murmur, "Sweet?"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Look! Those P-38s are diving right at us!" BILL O'MALLEY

Living Costs UP!

Electricity DOWN!

- Food, fuel and clothing are higher. But electricity is still cheap! Since August, 1940, the cost of living has gone up 22%. During the same three years, *the average price of household electricity has dropped 9%!*

- Today, electricity for the average household costs only about *half* as much as it did fifteen years ago. If your bill is a *little* higher than it was then, that's because you use a *lot* more electric appliances. *And you're getting twice as much for your money!*

- Why is electricity so cheap? Because the electric companies under *experienced business management* have done a better and better job of bringing the benefits of electricity to more and more families at lower and lower prices.

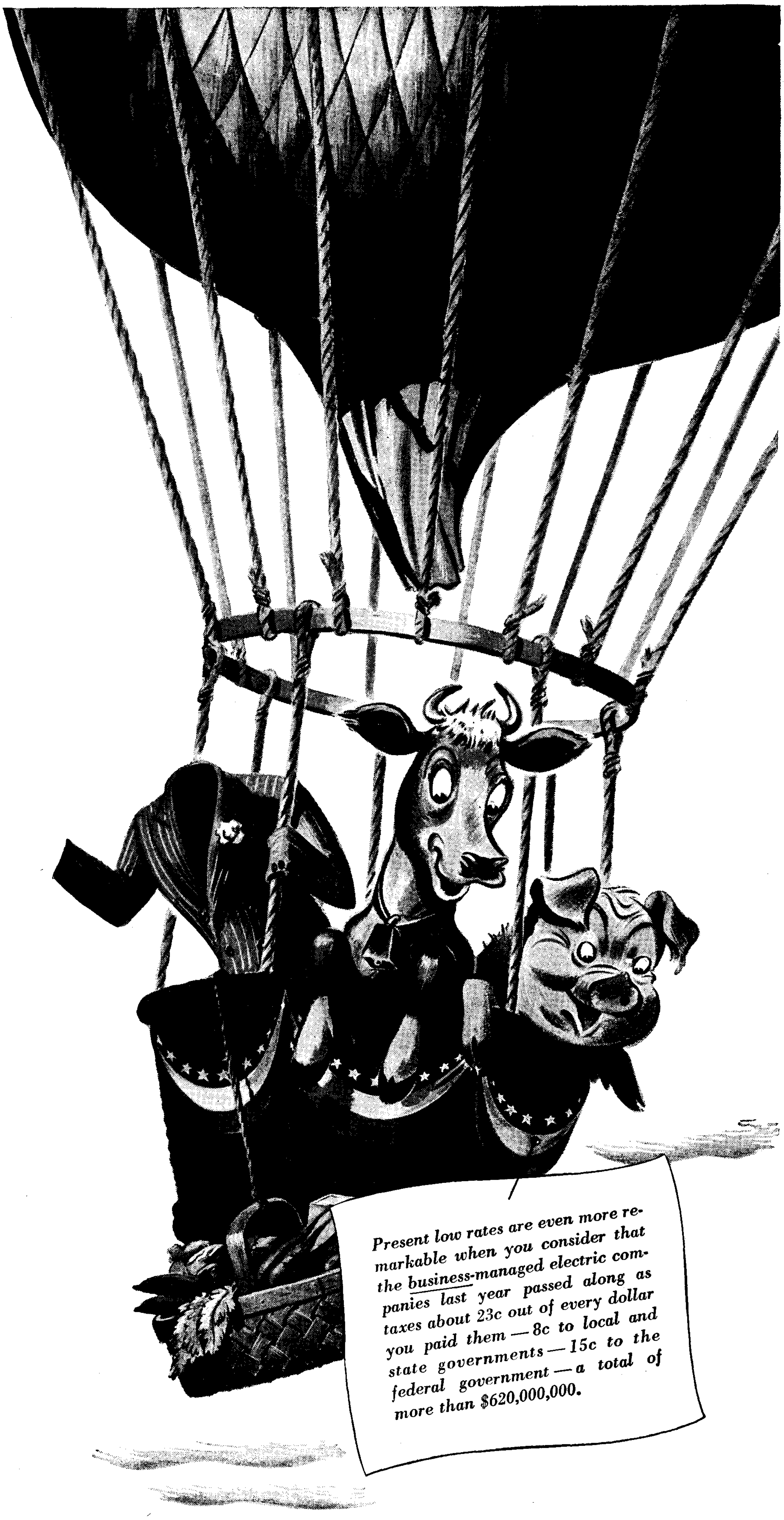
Hear "REPORT TO THE NATION," news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 124

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★Names on request from this magazine.



Present low rates are even more remarkable when you consider that the business-managed electric companies last year passed along as taxes about 23c out of every dollar you paid them — 8c to local and state governments — 15c to the federal government — a total of more than $620,000,000.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

It Happens in Moscow

Continued from page 19

America with a surplus supply. Downs had a package of smoking tobacco, but there's no cigarette paper in Moscow. Two great journalistic minds pondered the problem, and then canny Nichol, with a triumphant cry, drew from his pocket a book of subway tickets. These are printed on very thin paper.

The two masterminds hurriedly rolled cigarettes, using subway tickets and walked happily around the circle, the cynosure of envious eyes. It is hardly a sight one would see at a fashionable New York opening but it seemed quite normal in the lobby of the Filial theater.

Military Boys Are Ballet Fans

The ballet theater and moving picture houses are packed every night in wartime Moscow. At present we have a large military mission in Moscow and the boys are great ballet fans. Hard-boiled sergeants who a year ago were arguing as to the relative merits of Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis now argue just as heatedly about Ulanova, Lepeshinskaya and Semenova. I heard such an argument the other night in the lobby of the Filial between acts of the ballet Don Quixote, which starred vivacious Lepeshinskaya, a favorite of most Americans here.

"Okay, okay. So Leppy is great in Don Quixote," the sergeant was saying to his pal. "But what the hell, brother. How about her arms? They ain't long enough to work in Swan Lake. Leppy don't look like a swan. Now Ulanova really is a swan when she's giving out in that second act of Swan Lake. And how about her arms? Yeah, what about her arms?"

"You forget about Semenova. She's no palooka, you know. Her hand movements in Bakhchisaraiski Fontan got me, all right, and nobody can give out with Fouette like her."

"She can't sell me nothing," his pal said scornfully, and then the bell rang and they hurried to their seats.

Moscow loves its theater. In addition to the Moscow Art Theater, the Maly, Filial, Stanislavski and other old-established theaters, there are many others situated in various Moscow parks. There are five in a park called the Hermitage, only a few minutes from the center of the city, and three in the Park of Culture and Rest. The huge Bolshoi Theater, bombed more than a year ago, is still closed, but Moscow rejoices over rumors that it's to reopen soon. In all, there are thirty theaters in Moscow and there's seldom an empty seat in any of them.

The most popular dramas are the old favorites like Anna Karenina, The Marriage of Figaro, and The Cherry Orchard (in which Chekhov's wife, for whom it was written, still appears), while in opera The Queen of Spades (Tchaikovsky), Carmen (Bizet), A Life for the Czar (Glinka), and Traviata (Verdi) bring in the crowds.

Every Man His Own Critic

Dmitri Shostakovich, who lives across the square from me at the Moscoa Hotel and whose Seventh Symphony raised such rapturous praises when performed in New York last year, is not considered quite the greatest in Moscow, where the critical faculties are very well developed. Factory workers, streetcar conductors, and Red army men and women will argue that Dmitri, while a nice young guy, really doesn't belong in the same league with such big-timers as Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff or the brilliant Khachaturian

The Soviet Union has lost nearly one third of all European Russia and sixty million of her people have been killed, captured or temporarily enslaved in occupied territory. Yet Moscow, much as she grieves in private, sees no reason for giving up her theater and operas.

All our military people here speak the language. With typical Army efficiency, they were all trained in Russian before being appointed to this post. It's strange to hear unmistakable Brooklyn or Middle Western accents arguing amiably in Russian. All correspondents, too (with the exception of this one), know Russian fairly well, and when we play hearts or gin rummy (our only dissipation), we usually play in Russian. Families of correspondents here might blink in surprise if they heard fond sons or husbands look at a hand and cry out with disgust *"Ochen plokho!"* which means a very lousy hand.

If I may bring up the delicate subject of the drinking of alcoholic liquids, it might prove educational to future visitors to Moscow. As I mentioned, we get only vodka, wine and on rare occasions Russian champagne, an excellent if rather sweet drink. We are rationed on vodka, being allowed to buy four liters (about three and a half quarts) per month. It costs about 120 rubles (24 dollars) a quart at the official rate of exchange.

Say what you will about vodka, it's not a lovable drink. I can't imagine anyone becoming a vodka addict because he likes the taste and, as a steady companion, vodka is a dreary, unpalatable friend. The brightest minds in the American embassy have invented a drink composed of one third vodka and two thirds canned grapefruit juice, which is excellent. But the supply of grapefruit juice has just become exhausted. We do all we can to disguise the taste of vodka, but only one intrepid correspondent has actually solved the problem.

I had a personal interest in his experiment because it was made on the occasion of my birthday. The scientist responsible is Walter Kerr, of the New York Herald Tribune. When we have a birthday party such as mine, we all contribute whatever we have. Most of us contributed vodka, but Eddie Gilmore of the Associated Press and Harold King of Reuter's each managed to snare a bottle of champagne. It was Kerr who invaded the kitchen of the Metropole Hotel, where correspondents are quartered, to produce three lemons, an unheard-of luxury here. And then this genius went to work.

The idea, he said, came to him in a dream. He squeezed three lemons into a large glass pitcher, cut the rinds up and threw them in, poured in a bottle of vodka after that, and then filled the pitcher with champagne. The drink was *ochen khorosho*—as the boys say when they want to bestow particular praise on something. Kerr had one thing to add that made us look at him in awe. It proved the value of the scholarly influence of the Herald Tribune.

"I have named this drink Katusha!" he *said solemnly.*

Katusha is the name of a very famous Russian gun which we are not allowed to write about. It has killed many Germans. It is a great antipersonnel weapon. So is this drink, but it makes birthdays hearty for very homesick correspondents.

Moscow never forgets that there's a war on and that this war is in her back yard. Rings of antiaircraft guns encircle the city and are manned by men and women who are eternally vigilant. I have visited them and can bear testimony.

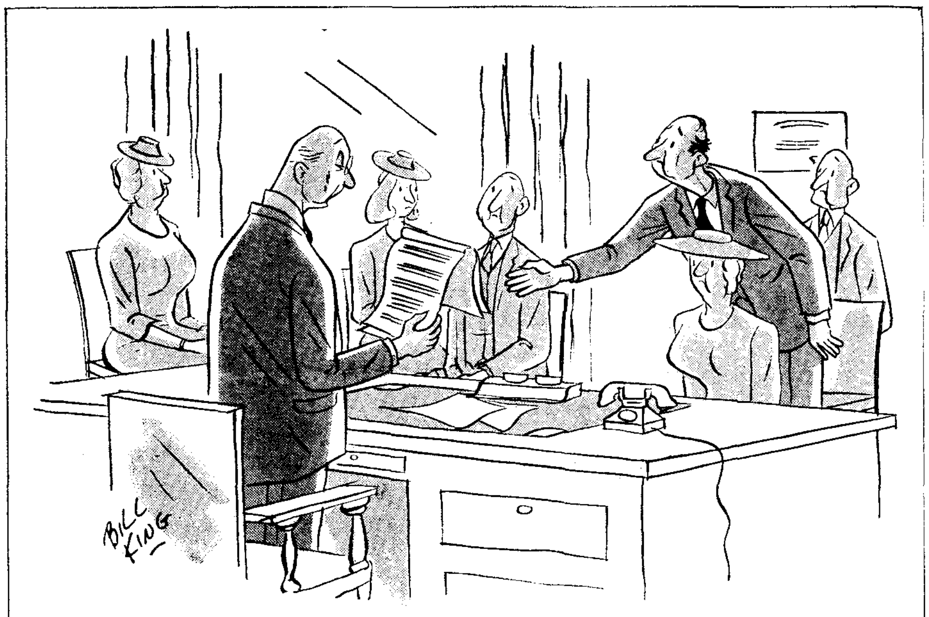
No Complacency in This City

No bomb has dropped on Moscow for a year, but we all know that many times German bombers have attempted to get through the outer defenses of the city only to be repulsed by antiaircraft guns and night fighters, and we have had "alerts." Perhaps the enemy bombers will break through some night. Moscow is ready. Air wardens are on duty at every office building, factory and block of apartment houses. We see them when we come back home at night, standing alert in the still pale light, for darkness doesn't really come to Moscow now until close to midnight. Yes, we expect air raids soon. But we have faith in defenses, both military and civilian.

Moscow is already thinking of next winter. Every factory, every civil, social and political organization sends selected groups into the country for short periods. There they fell trees, cut trunks into logs and cart wood back to Moscow. There was a shortage of fuel last winter in Moscow, and thousands of apartments had to go without heat. There will be no shortage of wood next winter.

It would be absurd to say that the people of Moscow have all they want to eat these days. Naturally, the best food and plenty of it goes to the front. No one here would wish anything else.

The staple diet of the ordinary family is



"... and to my brother-in-law, George, I leave the sum of one dollar ... sit down, George—I knew you'd beef ... and to ..."

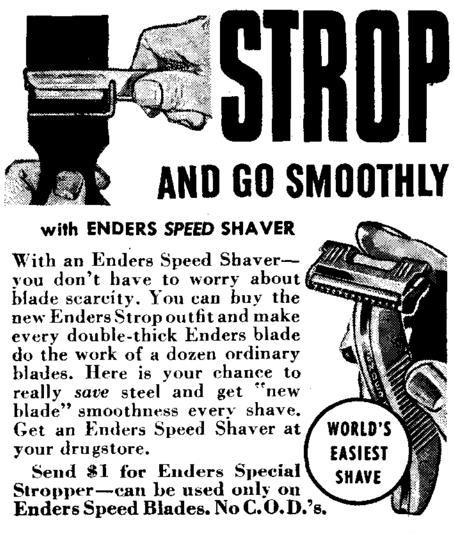
COLLIER'S BILL KING

RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter
Best for All Lighters
Avoid Inferior Imitations
RONSONOL
RONSON 5 FLINTER
"THEY CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!"

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'. The distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating is your guarantee of high quality—extra-length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel— quick lighting, clean burning. RONSON Wicks— high absorption, long service.

If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark, 2, N.J.) for servicing at minimum cost.


STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY
with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

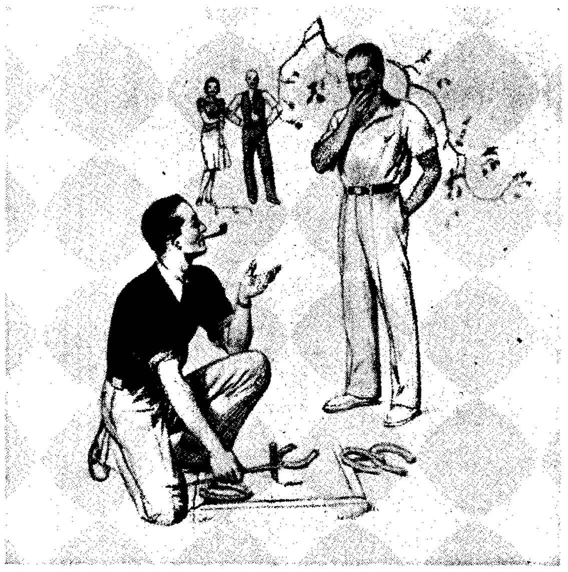
WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVE

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

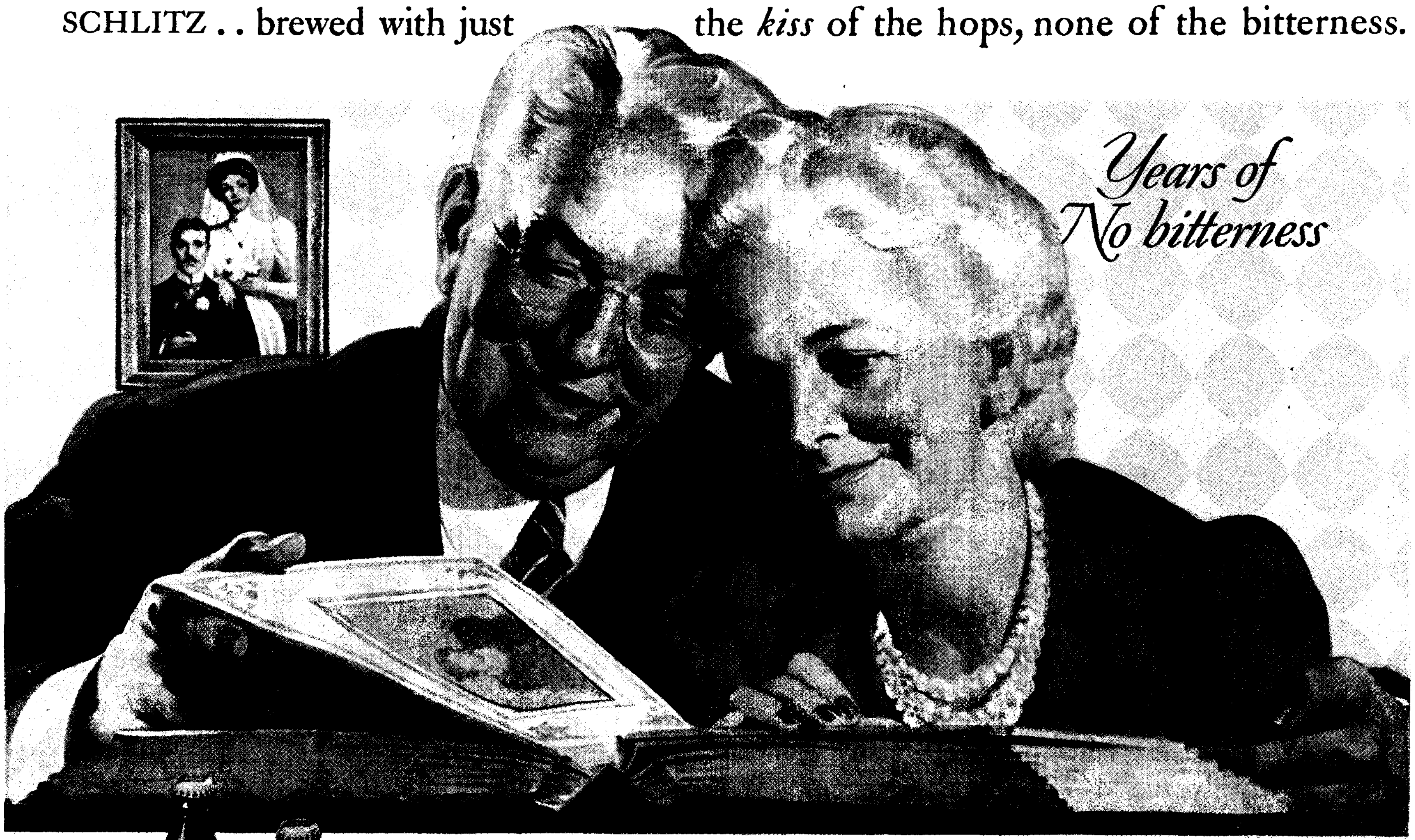
MP
MP
BRIGHT STAR
NO. 10 M
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
REGISTERED
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO, CLIFTON, N.J., SAN FRANCISCO
Waiting orders for the dash
Our hero thought
he'd take a splash.
The land's best bet
Was the Sultan's pet,
But the MP's took a flash.

BRIGHT STAR
BATTERIES

You can't buy them as before
When it's over there'll be more



The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors—a movie around the corner—a table of bridge or a game of horseshoes. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ.. brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.


Years of
No bitterness

Just the KISS *of the hops...*

Guest Bottle
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ

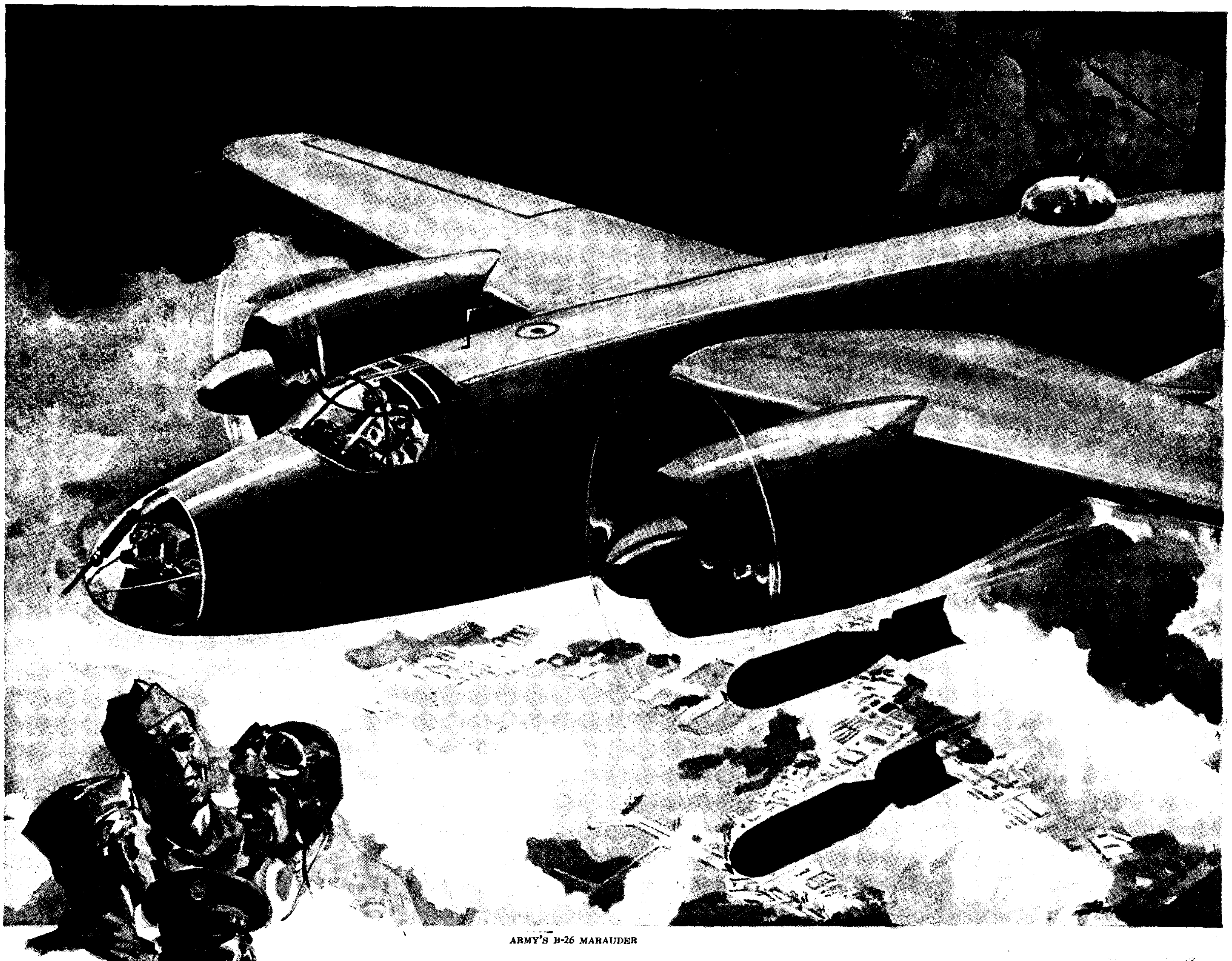
Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you'll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America's most distinguished beer.

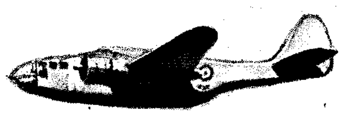
In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



ARMY'S B-26 MARAUDER



BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE

THEY'RE WRITING HEADLINES WITH A MARTIN MARAUDER

ALEX . . . JOE . . . STEVE . . . ED . . . and BILL. You know them. Alex, who used to bring your groceries . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed and Bill, who used to go with little Sally Miller. Likeable, quick-to-laugh young Americans. Give them the best aerial schooling in the world, put them in a rocket-fast, Martin B-26 Marauder, and they're a flyin', fightin' team that wins!

There's a reason for this, of course. Aircraft are highly complicated mechanical devices . . . and these boys were fitting together mechanical gadgets, tinkering with tools, racing old jalopies, when their adversaries were learning to "heil" and "banzai." They've got the feel of speed, the mechanical know-how that makes natural born pilots, gunners and bombardiers.

This same instinctive technical skill gives America fighting planes like the Martin B-26 Marauder . . . Sleek, graceful, packed with speed, power and punch, it's the kind of plane that makes young America's eyes light up . . . makes him say, "Put me down for the Air Force!"

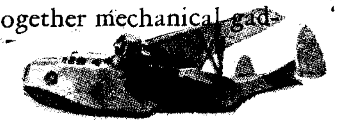
What's more, American technical skill is going to play a major role in fashioning the future. Already Martin has completed plans for giant airliners of 125 or more tons . . . mighty ships that will bring distant nations to within hours of your doorstep. At the same time, our Army and Navy airmen, imbued with the thrill of flight, the love of speed, are resolving never to be shackled to earth again. They're in the air . . . to stay!

Alex . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed . . . and Bill. They're doing more than win a war. They're building a world that will take your breath away.

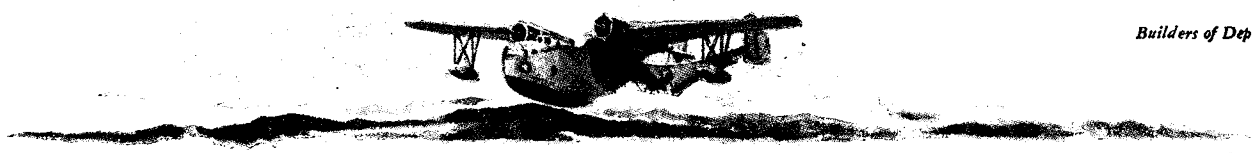
THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



NAVY'S MARTIN TRANSPORT



NAVY'S MARINER PATROL BOMBER

cabbage or vegetable soup with black bread. Occasionally they have cereals and now and then a piece of meat. But this diet, meager as it would be to an American family, seems to agree with Moscowites. American Army doctors, here to take care of embassy and military mission illnesses, say that there's very little disease and no starvation in the capital.

Moscow has inaugurated a tremendous back-to-the-land movement. Every Moscow citizen has been allotted a plot of land outside the city. Each Saturday afternoon, one sees strange processions trooping to various railroad stations. Hundreds of men and women and children walk along with hoes, spades and rakes over their shoulders, bound for their own little plots.

Special trains, with transportation costing virtually nothing, take them to the country. They cultivate these small plots. City-wise Moscowites are rapidly becoming an urban agricultural community. Many spend the night sleeping in the open by their plots of ground and then work all day Sunday on their potatoes, carrots and cabbages. Moscow newspapers tell them how to till their soil and when to plant and harvest.

Victory Gardens—Russian Style

Only yesterday one paper carried a page-one story warning people that they only had five more days in which to plant potatoes, by far the most precious and sought-after vegetable in Moscow.

In the city itself, every back yard, every vacant lot has been cultivated. The American embassy, on one of Moscow's main streets—Mokhovaia, had a ten-foot strip of grass in front of it, running the length of it. Even this has been transformed into a truck farm which produces radishes, cabbage and carrots.

The ambassador's residence, large Spasso House, is likewise half farm and, under the skilled hand of Boston-bred Eddie Page, second secretary, thirty-three chickens, three rabbits and eight ducks are being fattened in the garage and in the yard back of the house.

City-wise Page thought he had made a ten-strike when he got rabbits. He had visions of hundreds of them scampering about and later gracing the embassy table. When weeks passed and the rabbits didn't obey their traditional function by multiplying, a more rural-minded member of the embassy staff whispered into the ear of Page that, unfortunately, all his rabbits were of the same sex.

Now that summer has come, Moscow has thrown aside her somber winter raiment, and the streets are alive with color. Girls in bright print frocks mingle with crowds of uniformed men. The most common Red army uniform is a green blouse, dark blue trousers, black boots, and khaki cap trimmed with red. Officers wear golden epaulettes on their shoulders. The immaculate whiteness of our own naval officers' and trim U. S. Army uniforms are common sights on Gorki Street. Occasionally, a tall Cossack swaggers by complete with round fur hat and a dagger hanging at his waist.

The market on Isvetnoi Boulevard is one of the centers of Moscow life. Collective farmers who produce more than their schedule bring their surplus produce here and sell. These goods are unrationed and may be bought by anyone who has the money. I visited the market this morning. Hundreds of women stood behind counters in the open, while thousands passed by with filled baskets; and yet prices were rather high today.

Bearing in mind that a ruble is worth about 20 cents, you can figure that if a pint of milk costs 35 rubles, that's seven dollars in American money. By the same token, a broiler weighing a pound and a half costs $150; butter is $80 a pound; and enough mushrooms to garnish a steak—if you had the steak—would cost $10. This is all on the open, unrationed market.

I suggested to a Soviet official that in Britain and America the rich are given no such privileges for buying extra rations just because they have the money, and that Churchill and Roosevelt are as strictly rationed as the lowest paid worker. I said there was no open market in Britain and America.

He answered that the open market is a necessary evil, but it has the purpose of encouraging individual enterprise.

What price Communism? I'm beginning to think that this is the one country in the world with no Communism.

In the market were stalls selling flowers. Peonies, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, buttercups, all brought in from the country by farmers, were eagerly snatched by people who wouldn't mind the lack of meat on their tables if the table could show a few flowers.

No one could ever accuse Moscowites of being hoarders. Secure in the knowledge that pensions will take care of them in their old age and that medical care is free should illness come, they spend every ruble they earn to make life more easy. They never worry about tomorrow or borrow trouble. If you mention hard times sure to be ahead, they shrug their shoulders, smile, and murmur their favorite word, *"Nichevo!"*—which can be best translated to American expression as "So what?" Money is merely something to be quickly transformed into commodity goods.

It is typical of Moscow that, although prices are fantastically high on unrationed goods, you can obtain a precious, almost priceless icon in exchange for two bars of soap. And a dressmaker, instead of charging you rubles for embroidering a blouse, asks half a pound of sugar or a quart of vodka.

The Moscow maiden takes good care of her clothes. This is especially true of shoes, which are now virtually unobtainable except on the black market at a cost of $500. Obviously, all the leather is needed for the army.

Coming out of the opera recently, the crowd was greeted by a terrific downpour. In Moscow, everyone walks (no cabs or private cars, and the subway range is very limited).

Shoes do not last long if subjected to many downpours, and this night I saw a half dozen women remove their shoes nonchalantly, put them under their coats, and brave the rain barefooted.

Things happen in Moscow which happen nowhere else. Janet Weaver, Moscow correspondent of the New York Daily Worker, is popular with her colleagues not only because she is the only American girl who has been here throughout the war, not only because of the charm which seems to be part of any Georgia-born girl, but because she is the only woman in Russia who can make lemon meringue pie as we knew it at home. Such pie!

Star-Spangled Solo

One night there was a knock at the door of the apartment where Janet and her husband live. A fifteen-year-old girl stood there. Her name was Nadia Tomova and she was going to graduate from high school soon, she said. She had been selected to sing The Star-Spangled Banner. Nadia had a copy of the words, but did not know the tune. Hearing that Janet was an American, she had come to ask her to teach her our national anthem.

Happily, Janet once taught school in her native Georgia. She took the child to the home of a friend who had a piano; there she taught Nadia the tune and the correct pronunciation of the words. At the graduation exercises, Nadia Tomova was a terrific success.

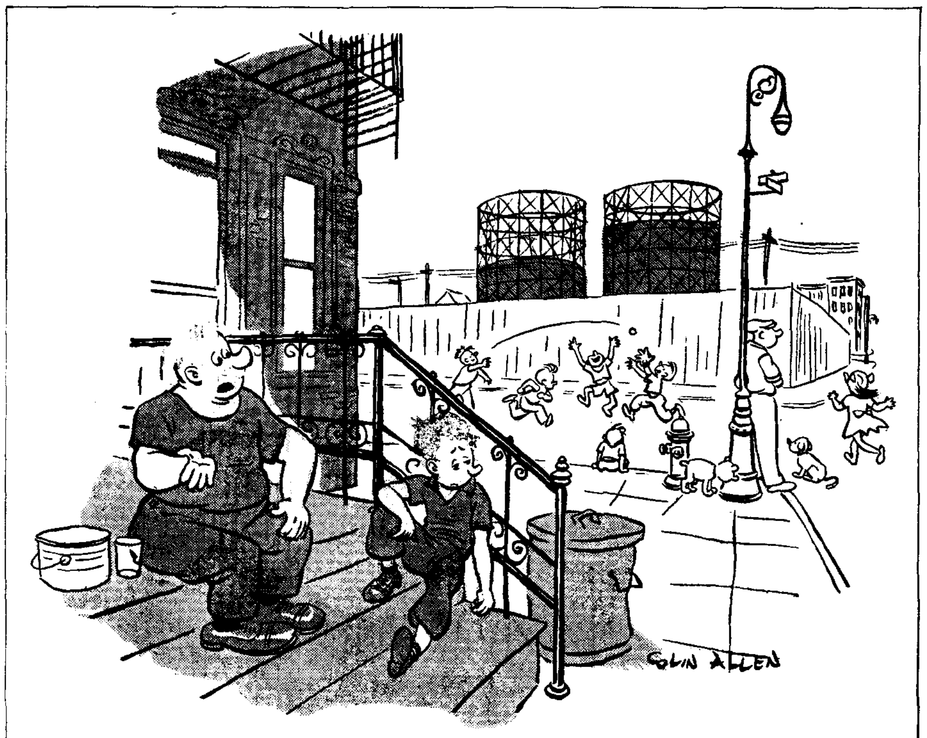
Recently, Captain Herbert Callis, skipper of an American merchant ship temporarily anchored in a Russian port, came to Moscow for a week's vacation. I showed him around town. Captain Callis, whose home address is Blakes, Virginia, made a rather profound observation on Russia's capital.

"Friendliest damn' town I ever did see," he declared enthusiastically, in his Southern drawl. "And it's the truth that anyone in this town big enough to walk is wearing a uniform."

That's almost literally true; and those who aren't in uniform are doing other war work. Moscow is a strange town, but it's a town of friendly people. No foreigner, and very few Russians, understand this country of paradox where the unusual is typical.

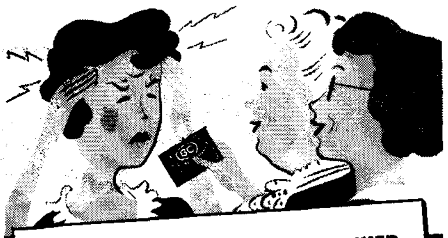
But you don't have to understand Russia to know that this city of Moscow, although dedicated to war, has not allowed the scanty food, the lack of fuel and the horror of a battle front only an hour away by air to dampen its spirit or to shake its faith in its eventual destiny.

THE END



"Patrick Henry had red hair! George Washington had red hair! Thomas Jefferson had red hair! Ginger Rogers has red hair! Katharine Hepburn has red hair! Red Skelton has red hair! Red Rolfe . . ."

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



ONE WOMAN'S TELLING ANOTHER

. . . for simple headaches try a "BC" Headache Powder. Its fast working prescription-type ingredients help soothe the minor headache and neuralgic pain. Keep a package handy!

QUICK-ACTING "BC" for HEADACHES neuralgic and muscular pains

Headache tip to WAR WORKERS

Headaches tend to slow you down . . . impair your efficiency. Keep a package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders handy and be *prepared* for that next headache. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

IN THE Atlantic

the more war bonds you buy . . . the safer will be our supply lines to fighting fronts . . . so buy more!

IN St. Louis

the better you rest at night . . . the more efficient you'll be next day . . . so stop at

HOTEL Lennox

EVERY ROOM AIR CONDITIONED . . . NOISE-PROOFED . . . FROM $3.00

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

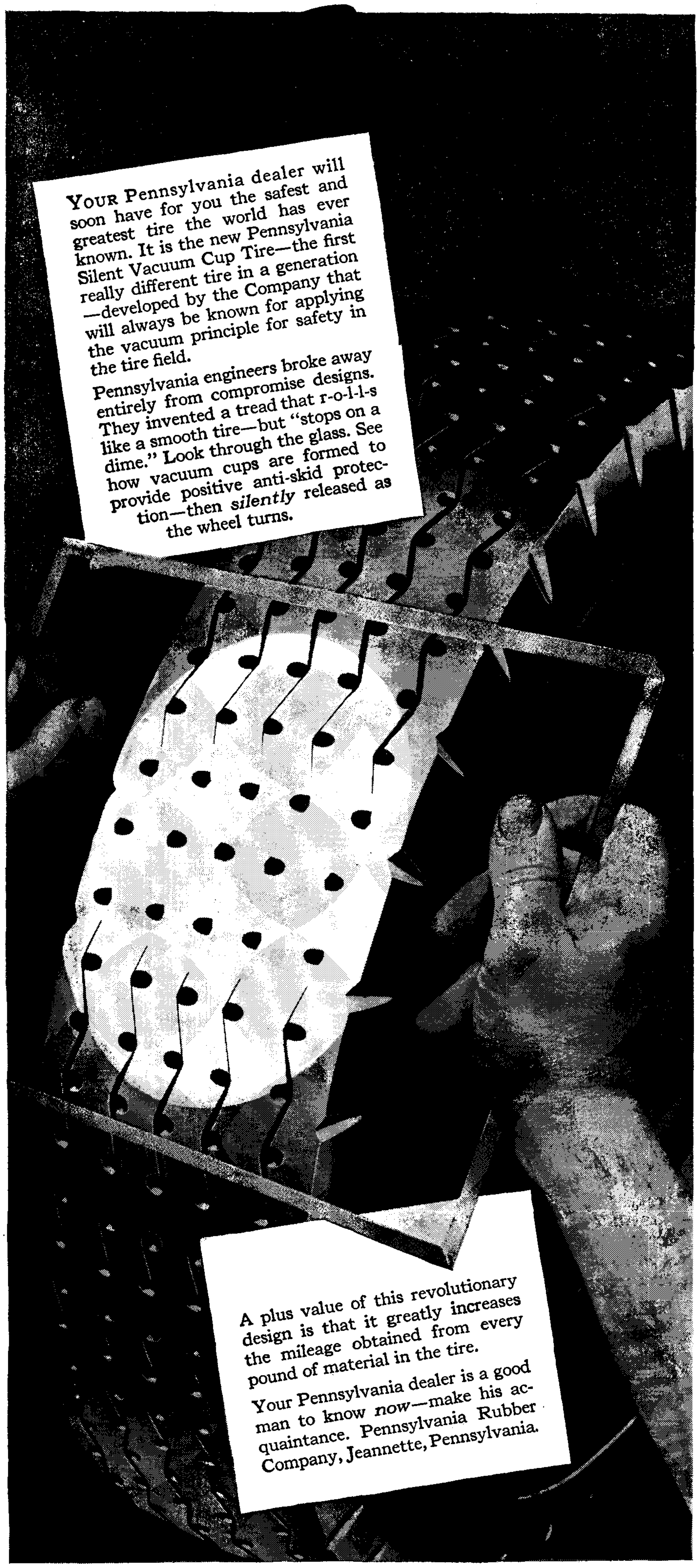
WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★



YOUR Pennsylvania dealer will soon have for you the safest and greatest tire the world has ever known. It is the new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire—the first really different tire in a generation—developed by the Company that will always be known for applying the vacuum principle for safety in the tire field.

Pennsylvania engineers broke away entirely from compromise designs. They invented a tread that r-o-l-l-s like a smooth tire—but "stops on a dime." Look through the glass. See how vacuum cups are formed to provide positive anti-skid protection—then *silently* released as the wheel turns.

A plus value of this revolutionary design is that it greatly increases the mileage obtained from every pound of material in the tire.

Your Pennsylvania dealer is a good man to know *now*—make his acquaintance. Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE Silent Vacuum Cup Tire

Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., now producing synthetic rubber for the United States Government.

The Allies' Poor Relations

Continued from page 22

munitions? Why, then, should concessions be made by one side only, especially when those concessions involve the surrender of great principles? Why give an inch to one who straightway takes a mile?

Norway, Holland and little Luxembourg, while untouched by the Russian fear, are no less heartsick. In the Atlantic Charter, with its emphasis on self-determination and nonaggression, was their hope of an orderly world that would afford small nations peace and safety. If, however, the Charter is to be junked in any one fundamental, what is to prevent the scrapping of the document as a whole? How is it possible to break only part of an egg? And if Russia is going to be given a free hand on the continent, what is gained by the substitution of one dictatorship for another? Just the same old fears, unrests and certainties of new wars.

Rightly or wrongly, the governments-in-exile also nurse bitter resentments against the Office of War Information, attacking its broadcasts to their several countries as biased, unfair and misleading. The Poles, for example, allege that the man who writes scripts for transmission to Poland has lived in Paris for fifteen years, notoriously associated with French radical groups, and is utterly out of touch with Polish thought and national aims.

The Yugoslavs charge that the broadcasts to their homeland are prepared by a Russophile who has boldly taken the name of a famous Montenegrin patriot.

According to the Dutch, the broadcasts to Indonesia are the work of three persons on whom the authorities in the Dutch East Indies would be glad to lay hands. One is a man who refused to answer his government's call to the colors, and the other two jumped Dutch ships on reaching American ports. One was actually interned and released at the request of OWI.

The Free Hungary groups are furious over the fact that the broadcaster to Hungary is a Czech. Their anger is mild, however, compared to that of the groups working for a Free Austria, who hurl specific accusations at one Julius Deutsch. According to these charges, Deutsch led the bloody Socialist uprising against the government in Vienna in 1934, and, after his flight, served with the Communists in Spain. In all of the OWI broadcasts, this Socialist revolt is painted as a protest of workers suppressed by an inhuman government, thus opening the door to Hitler.

Although the United States has refused to recognize Germany's absorption of Austria, and regards Austria as an occupied country, the OWI makes no such distinction, treating Austrians and Germans as one and the same. A look over the broadcasts to Austria for the last three months bears out the charge that the OWI avoids mention that Austria resisted the Nazis for five long years, and that today an effective underground has the support of 90 per cent of the people.

Elmer Davis stoutly contends that the whole trouble proceeds from his refusal to take part in factional quarrels. The exiles insist they would rather have Americans do the broadcasting, talking from a purely American point of view, than their own nationals who represent this or that faction. Mr. Davis, however, holds to his position, and not only fails to consult with any ambassador but even refuses to let them see the scripts.

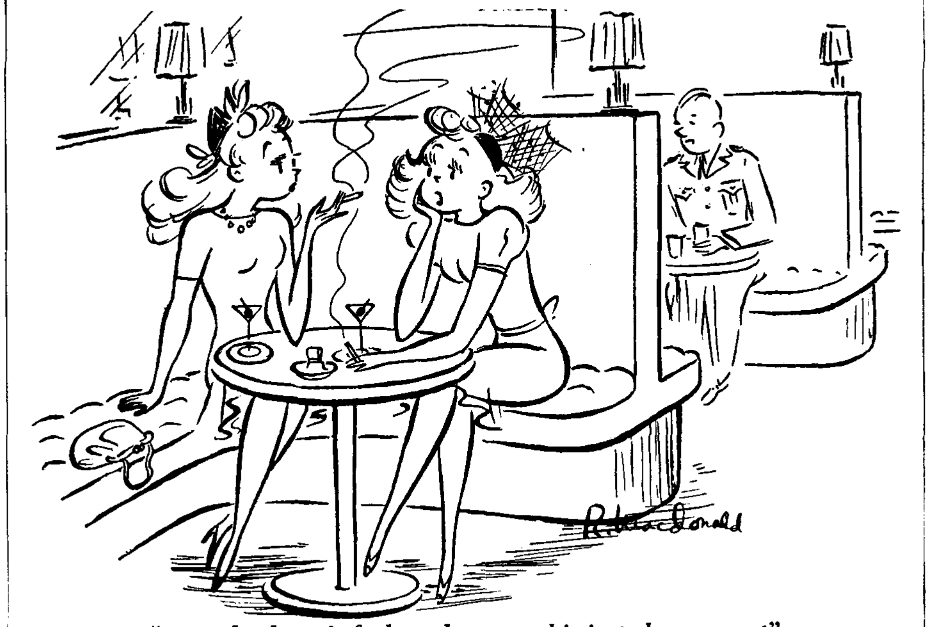
Even allowing for "oversensitiveness," the governments-in-exile have a case. After all, they *are* members of the United Nations and, contrary to general belief, they *are* doing their share of the fighting. Some 150,000 Poles are battling heroically on land and sea and in the air; Dutch soldiers are in Pacific jungles, and Dutch submarines are in the Mediterranean; Belgian fighters are no less formidable than Belgian armored regiments; Greeks are on every front, and Greek warships stalk the seas; Norse commandos are among the bravest, and Norse warships have proved no small addition to the navy of the United Nations; and half a million Yugoslavs hold the heart of their country against Germans and Italians. Besides the fighting men of these little United Nations, there are close to a million in war industries in England and America.

Here is the lineup of United Nations' flags as pictured on page 22.

Top to bottom: Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia.

Not a bad showing. Maybe it would be a helpful thing for President Roosevelt to make some time for their ambassadors—enough, at least, to give them a sense of inclusion; and for Elmer Davis to speak to them kindly, if nothing else.

THE END



"I wonder how it feels to be as sophisticated as we act"

COLLIER'S R. MACDONALD

A Doctor for All of Us

Continued from page 29

civilian agency be given full power to balance military and civilian needs in medical manpower. This might logically be the United States Public Health Service, although Surgeon General Thomas Parran has testified that he isn't yet ready to allocate doctors by means of a national service act.

However, it is generally agreed that we must have a unified command on the health front, whosoever heads it. Such a command will allocate and distribute our remaining health personnel and essential health facilities where they are lacking—this with a single eye to the furtherance of the war effort and not too much regard for the ability of local communities to pay the costs.

As of last November 1st, our Armed Forces had taken 40,000 of our 120,000 medical "effectives." That leaves us 80,000, or approximately one doctor for every 1,600 civilians, not counting an additional 56,000 elderly, retired, or semiretired physicians. Thousands of these, although not classified as effectives, are already back in harness, working gallantly twelve and fifteen hours a day—and frequently popping off from coronary thrombosis.

Situation Can Be Controlled

Our civilian shortage of doctors is real and it will entail increasing hardships for both patients and doctors, especially when and if the Armed Forces take the total of 55,000 physicians required to serve our prospective Army of 7,500,000. But no serious consequences need be apprehended if we act promptly to distribute and utilize effectively the services of our residual health personnel.

Before the war, Sweden with her combination of voluntary and compulsory health insurance, plus public medicine in some isolated areas, had achieved one of the best health records in the world. Yet Sweden never had more than one doctor for every 1,600 patients, and her present rate is one to every 1,750. Even today, after mobilizing an army larger proportionately than our own, the Swedes have managed to maintain high civilian health levels.

Logistically, as the military commentators would say, our relative position on the health front is excellent. In other words, we have what it takes and what our enemies lack. Germany today has only one physician for every 15,000 civilians. Hitler is feeling the backlash of his own dog whip in the mounting disease rates and enfeebled labor power of his slaves, both inside the Reich and out. Diphtheria is rife in the Balkans, and in Poland the deaths from typhus, numbered first in hundreds, are now counted by the tens of thousands.

But bacterial saboteurs sleep in both camps and are faithful to neither. We must look to our own defenses against health hazards that have been multiplied by the strains and dislocations of the war effort. Among the first to join the colors were young doctors from the country districts, especially in the South—which were already seriously deficient in both health personnel and facilities. But that isn't all.

During the past two and a half years about four million people have moved. They move themselves, their families, sometimes their furniture, but not their doctors. They move—most of them—into isolated war-boom towns that are deficient not merely in doctors and hospital beds but in the most elementary sanitary facilities.

Some of these are today (in the opinion of the responsible investigators who surveyed them for the United States Public Health Service and the Children's Bureau) "setups for epidemics." That doesn't mean that we're necessarily going to have a general epidemic, or that if a local epidemic breaks out, we can't check it by a prompt concentration of health personnel in the affected area. It does mean that, remembering such things as the influenza epidemic that killed 55,000 Americans in the last war and 25,000,000 throughout the world, we can't take chances.

When the war boom started, Bremerton, Washington, was a quiet town of 15,000, with twenty-eight vigorously competing doctors. Now there are 38,000 people in Bremerton, with another 30,000 living in the surrounding area. Nearly half the doctors—all the younger ones—have been called to military duty. The older men are struggling desperately to serve some 70,000 people. You can multiply that situation by about as many war-boom communities as you can find.

Serious conditions have also developed in the industrial back yards of many of our cities. Baltimore is one of these. In the heart of the city is the Johns Hopkins University, one of the great medical centers of the world. Eight miles away is the Middle River bomber plant of the Glenn Martin Company. There, some 50,000 men and women fight the Axis on triple shifts.

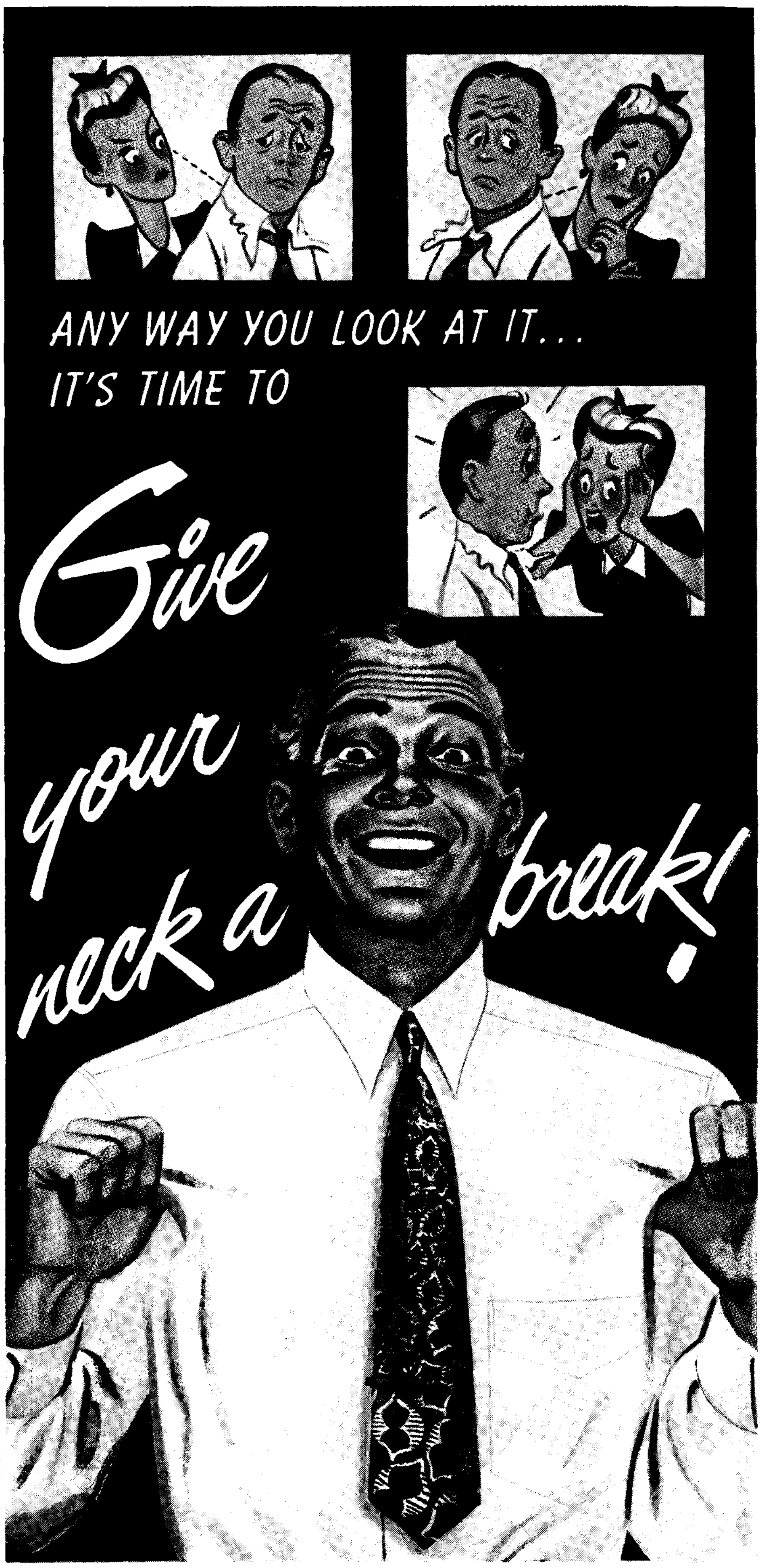
In 1940, before the war boom hit Middle River, it was a farming village of not more than fifty families. Then, as the great bomber plant swung into production, workers poured into the area from every state in the Union. Public Health Service investigators estimated that 25,000 people moved into the Glenn Martin district, not counting those who commuted to the plant from Baltimore's packed roominghouses. Forty-three men were found occupying a farmer's chicken coop and drinking water from his polluted well. To serve this incoming horde, there were only six doctors, three dentists—and no hospital.

That was in December, 1941. Nine months later, 5,000 more people had moved into the Glenn Martin area, and the population of Baltimore County had increased from 155,000 in 1940 to an estimated 220,000. To meet Middle River's health problems, there were, according to last reports, nine doctors and eighteen public-health nurses. That's about a third as many as would be required by accepted prewar standards. There wouldn't have been that many but for the efforts of Doctor William H. F. Warthen, Baltimore County's stocky, indefatigable health officer, who induced the county to double its health appropriation.

Life Begins in a Trailer

The county also appropriated $101,000 toward the construction of an $850,000 125-bed hospital, the balance of the cost to be advanced by the federal government under the Community Facilities Act. But construction has not yet been started, and, meanwhile, the women of Middle River's Trailer Town will continue to stage their blessed events (the frequency of which is increasing) within the very limited privacy of their respective trailers. Abnormal or difficult deliveries will be received in the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Trailer Town (population 5,000) is the Farm Security Administration's contribution to the amelioration of Middle River's housing crisis. It takes in the newcomers, after the "old residents" (they came in as much as six months ago) have graduated into the prefabricated bungalows which have been put up by the National Housing Administration, Glenn Martin's Aero Acres, and a number of smaller private


ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT...
IT'S TIME TO
Give your neck a break!

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar attached!

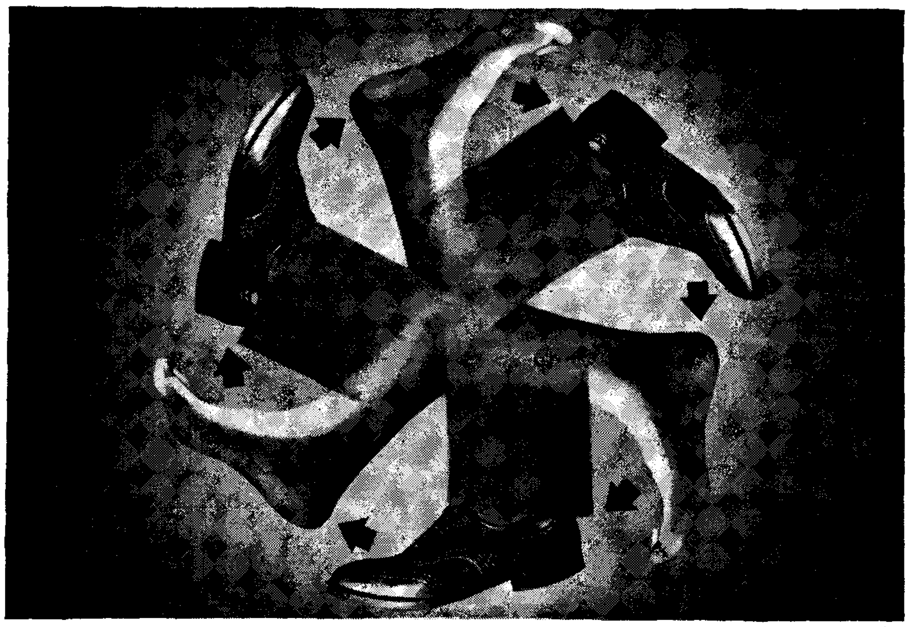
1 *Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

From the back... from the side... from the front—the collar on a Van Heusen white shirt does justice to your neck. Never gets sloppy—it can't wilt, can't wrinkle, *looks* starched but *isn't*. Always comfortable—woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. Look smarter tomorrow—get Van Heusens today! Sanforized, laundry-tested, wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York. *Van Heusen Shirts*, **$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

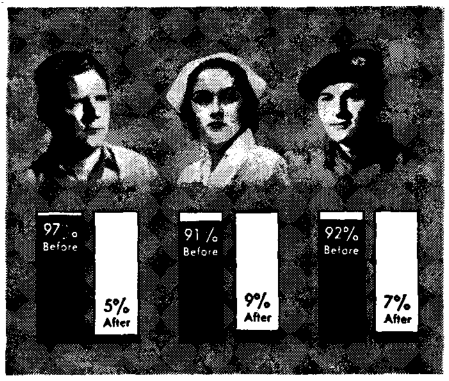


SHOES INFECTED WITH ATHLETE'S FOOT MAY START VICIOUS CIRCLE OF RE-INFECTION

U. S. WAR EFFORT SPEEDED BY NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT

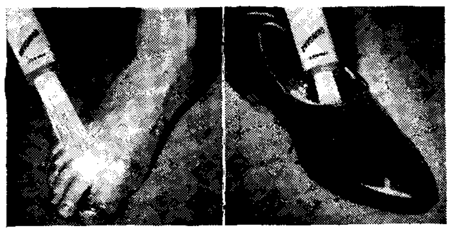
KEEP AMERICA MARCHING NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

A NEW fungicidal powder is scoring sensational victories in the nation's wartime fight against Athlete's Foot—on the fighting fronts, on the production front! Results obtained with *Quinsana* in combating the disease are important news, since surveys show that Athlete's Foot infects over 70% of adults, including war workers, each year. Quinsana is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—creating a *vicious circle* of re-infection.



REMARKABLE RESULTS among thousands of persons is shown above; note incidence of Athlete's Foot before (*left*) and after (*right*) 30-days Quinsana treatment. Unlike liquids and ointments, Quinsana *powder* is conveniently used in *shoes*, as well as on feet. Used in shoes, Quinsana absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from this source.

HAVE YOU BEEN SHOCKED to find that you have Athlete's Foot? Watch for common symptoms—chronic peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Even mild cases may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean secondary infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana every day).



DAILY 2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana helps *prevent* as well as relieve Athlete's Foot. Everyone should use Quinsana as regularly as soap and water; it is as easy to use as talcum powder. Excellent also for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*

MENNEN QUINSANA

MENNEN
QUINSANA

for Athlete's Foot

50¢

housing developments. Trailer Town has a health trailer where one of the local doctors is on duty every morning. There is also a day nursery.

Just across the highway from Trailer Town are the barracks of the aviation ground unit which is being trained to care for the bombers the Trailer Town folks are building. It has the usual generous provision of medical service (6½ doctors per thousand soldiers, this being nearly twice the quota that is considered sufficient by the British), but only in a serious emergency will the Army doctors answer calls from the civilian population across the highway.

Trailer Town wonders whether it makes sense to maintain this enormous disparity between its own meager health resources and those of the Army, remarking with a certain cogency, "We're all in the same war, aren't we?"

Recently some of the experts have been raising the same question. First studies indicate that in some critical production areas, nonoccupational illnesses have risen by as much as ten per cent above the previous five-year average. This can only mean that essential war production is being impeded.

One reason we are running into trouble on the health front is that even before the war hit us, our health resources were badly distributed. Year after year, for nearly a half century, the more isolated country districts, too poor to pay adequately for medical service, and ill-equipped with the hospitals and laboratories required by modern practice, have been losing doctors to the cities.

In 1900, Oklahoma had one doctor to 500 people, in 1940 one to 1,070, or less than half as many. The converse result has been a surplus of doctors in our larger cities. Even today, despite Army and Navy inductions, it is estimated that New York City still has better than one doctor for every 1,000 patients, and Washington, D. C., an even more generous ratio.

Thus far, Procurement and Assignment has been unable to correct this maldistribution, one reason being that it lacks mandatory power, as Doctor Lahey testified before the Senate Manpower Committee. Nor are the individual doctors necessarily to be blamed for not rushing to the aid of the war-boom towns.

Doctors Are Ready to Go

According to the records of Procurement and Assignment, 7,000 physicians have expressed their willingness to move, given reasonable assurance that they will be able to live and practice efficiently in the new location.

But can they be sure that their colleagues in the boom town, overworked though they may be, will welcome their competition? Will the newcomers have access to the local hospitals? Or are they proprietary institutions, closed to all save their owners? If the move is across state boundaries, can the migrating doctors legally practice in the new state, since there is no general reciprocity between states? Finally, what will happen to them and their practices when the boom town collapses after the war, as it almost certainly will?

These are just a few of the headaches of Procurement and Assignment. There are others: the refugee physicians, for example. These are mostly Jews from Central Europe, who are admittedly Hitler's loss but who thus far have not been permitted to become America's gain to anything like the extent that they might be.

There are some 6,000 unnaturalized *émigré* physicians in this country, about half of whom could be rushed into the war-boom towns as medical shock troops—except that, in addition to the obstacles above cited, they are denied licenses in all but three states by the restrictive action of state and county medical societies, whose members frankly fear lest their practices be appropriated while they are off to the wars.

This is the health front three years after the fall of France and a year and eight months after Pearl Harbor. Something is being done to strengthen it, but thus far the remedies have been slow and inadequate, so that our health situation as a whole has progressively deteriorated. Last fall the Procurement and Assignment Service, in co-operation with federal, state, and local health agencies, initiated joint surveys of the war-industry and cantonment areas—which had already been repeatedly surveyed by the United States Public Health Service and the Children's Bureau. By March 1, 1943, only 33 out of at least 300 of these critical areas had been surveyed, and of these, 20 reported urgent need of more doctors, dentists and nurses.

Conditions Growing Worse

The "safe" ratio of doctors to population is one to 1,500. On March 1, Breathitt County, Kentucky, with a population of 25,000 and 698 live births last year, had no doctors at all, and little immediate prospect of getting any. Since 1940, Huntsville, Alabama, has increased its population from 30,000 to 55,000—meanwhile losing seven of its original 24 doctors, leaving a ratio of one doctor to 3,250 actual or prospective patients. The survey group recommended that seven additional doctors be sent in immediately, but as late at May 1st, none had been sent. Twelve critical areas reported doctor-patient ratios ranging from one to 2,600, to none to 18,000—this last being the area immediately surrounding Henry Ford's bomber plant at Willow Run, Michigan. Both the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. are getting increasingly loud complaints from their locals about health conditions in the war-industry areas, and this pressure is being reflected in Washington, as well as in the councils of organized medicine. Last fall the New York Physicians Forum issued a statement declaring that the shortage of doctors in the war-production areas has created "a situation that contains within it all the makings of a national calamity." The Forum urged that, without more ado, the United States Public Health Service be given authority to commission medical officers for civilian practice in selected areas, build needed hospitals and clinics, and be given the necessary priorities.

Only a few weeks ago, the Committee for the Improvement of Medical Care put the best-known liberal group of the American Medical Association squarely behind federal centralized control by saying:

"One centralized federal body should be given responsibility for the control of medical manpower. Maintenance of the health of the civilian population is as much a national responsibility as is the control of production and distribution . . . of commodities between the Armed Forces and civilians. It can be discharged only by a nation-wide plan because of the barriers of medical licensure and the uneven distribution of physicians between the states. No reliance can be placed on plans predicated upon the voluntary relocation of physicians."

The President has the power to take whatever steps may be necessary under the terms of an act of 1902, which allows him to call on the United States Public Health Service to do what the emergency requires. No new legislation is required, with the possible exception of a law to straighten out the present fantastic licensure tangle.

Like rubber, the protective skin of our health services can be safely stretched only so far, and our health front seems to be badly in need of a united command.

THE END

The Scars

Continued from page 14

do. When the doctor got there the baby had come. Sue Anne kept crying for Lundy, but Lundy wasn't there. "He never wanted me to have it, and this morning I told him it was time to get the doctor, and I thought he went off to get him but I guess he just went off and got drunk." And that had been what he had done.

Martha was white with anger. "You going to let him do that way to your own daughter?"

Jesse said, "You forgot that she ain't our daughter so much as she's his wife, and by her own choice. They're one family and we're another, and it ain't for us to interfere, except to give help when it's needed."

WHEN they got home from meeting the next Sunday, there was Toby sitting on the back porch with one side of his head bruised up and his right ear mashed and caked with blood.

"What kind of trouble you been in?" Jesse demanded.

"Mr. Lundy he asked me to come down and help him make soap and I went down there and he was doing some drinking and we went to work, and after while it got like I wasn't doing it just exactly to suit him and he begin to cuss at me, and saying mighty bad things, and I asked him to please, suh, not cuss at me that way and he picked up a piece of stovewood and let me have it beside the head," Toby said apologetically.

"Martha," Jesse said. "See after Toby."

Jesse took off his go-to-meeting coat and laid it on the shelf beside the water bucket, and went down the back steps and out the gate.

Lundy was in the yard, making soap, stirring the pot of hot lye and fat with a battling stick. Seeing the way Jesse was coming, he must have known what to expect. Jesse opened the gate and came in, and there was no word spoken between them. Being wise in the ways of fighting, Lundy knew the advantage of getting in the first lick. As soon as Jesse was within reach, Lundy drew the dripping battling stick from the pot and struck hard at the other's face.

Jesse hardly thought of it then, but later he remembered the solid jolt, and the scalding fire of the hot lye. He struck with his work-hardened hands again and again, now in so close that Lundy could not use the stick. Lundy tried backing up, but Jesse followed him, and finally an empty look came into Lundy's eyes and he fell.

Jesse then felt the fiery pain of his face, and saw the lye splashes on his shirt, already eating at the fabric. He went to the well and drew a bucket of water. . . .

That was Jesse Macon's last Sunday behind the pinewood pulpit of the church. Later, when he took the bandages off his face and saw himself in the mirror, and when the doctor told him he'd carry the scars to his grave, he made up his mind not to lead any more meetings. There was a splotch of scar the size of a fist on his jaw, and his mouth was pulled down in that cold sneer. They all said it was a shame that such a good man should be made to look like a rogue that way.

When Lundy's trial came up, Jesse got up on the stand, looking like something out of one of the WANTED pictures at the post office in town, and said that he wasn't sure just where the fault was, because he was the one who went down to Lundy's house. Then the solicitor said *he* knew where the fault was, and he reckoned the jury did, too. The jury went to the jury room and after a little while they came back, and the foreman handed the verdict to the solicitor, and it was "Guilty." The people clapped like Bold Creek School had just won the ball game.

Afterward, Lundy asked for Jesse Macon, and when Jesse got to the cell he was sitting there with his head in his hands.

"Mr. Macon, I got no right to ask you for no sympathy, but cain't you help me out of this mess? I git to thinking about my little family, and I worry about what's to come of them."

"We'll see after Sue Anne and the baby."

"Mr. Macon, many's the night I've laid awake and regretted doing what I done to you. I was drinking and I wasn't in my right mind. If you'll help me out of this trouble, I'll make it up to you. I aim to do better from now on."

They talked a long time and finally Jesse went to the judge and said, "Judge, excuse me for trying to interfere into the court's business, but I come to speak for my son-in-law, Lundy Reeves. You reckon you could see your way clear to putting him on prohibition, and letting the sentence ride? Lundy's been shamed, and I believe he's ready to do better."

"He's one man that sure ought to go to the gang," the judge said, looking at Jesse's face, "but I'll pay attention to anything you got to say."

So the judge freed Lundy on probation, and Lundy wrung Jesse's hand and cried some, and went home.

About a month later Lundy went fire-hunting one night and killed a deer, and he sent Jesse some of the venison. Jesse said it was the best deer meat he had ever eaten, but Martha said it choked her.

Then one day Toby came home and said, "I just been talking to Mr. Lundy down at the fence line, and he say our big bo' hog done been gitting through the fence to where his sows and pigs is at, and to see that it don't happen again."

"What did I tell you?" Martha said.

Jesse told Toby to take some wire down there and patch up the fence, but before he could do it, the boar mashed the fence down, and got into Lundy's place again. Lundy put his catch dog on him. After catching the boar, Lundy could have sent for Toby to come get him, or even taken him back himself. But he didn't do that. He castrated the hog and put him back over the fence. The hog made it to the woods and there he bled to death.

"I reckon I got no complaint coming," Jesse said. "The hog had no business over there, and I had been warned about it."

ALL that was ten years ago. Except for one thing, nothing has changed much. It would be pleasant to say that things were better now, that something had happened, that Lundy had quit his old ways, or that he had moved away or something like that. But he's still there, and he's still quarrelsome and hard to get along with. Jesse does the best he can. He leans over backward to avoid trouble, and he always does more than his share to try to keep the peace.

People say they don't see why any man should think he has to put up with all Jesse Macon puts up with, and Martha says she can't have respect for a man that'll let himself be done just any old way. Jesse just keeps his mouth shut and goes about his work.

Only one thing is different, and this change has come about gradually. I went away and was gone a long time, and when I came back I saw it. Perhaps it's a small thing; I don't know. Anyway, what I remembered was the scars. They are gone. Every sign of a scar has disappeared from Jesse Macon's face.

THE END

Meat alone never could beat a daily diet of GAINES!
NOURISHING!
LASTING APPEAL!
LESS EXPENSIVE!
HERE'S PROOF!
JUST ADD WATER—AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES MEAL
GAINES FOOD CO. INC.
SHERBURNE NEW YORK

From a nutritional standpoint, meat alone offers dogs a few food essentials, while Gaines offers them ALL food factors they're known to need—including Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), B_6, D and E!

Gaines has a taste appeal that dogs like from the start . . . but what is perhaps even more important, Gaines is a food that dogs *keep on eating* without tiring of its taste!

Gaines *costs less* than meat. Actually, one 5-lb. bag of Gaines can help keep the average house dog fed right for 10 days to 2 weeks. That's a cost of about 3c A DAY!

Try Gaines—without risking a cent! Buy a 5-lb. bag. Feed it to your dog—understand you must be entirely satisfied in every respect or you'll get your money back!

FREE SAMPLES! Would you like to start your dog on Gaines by feeding a liberal free trial supply? Simply send your name and address on a postcard to Gaines, Box C-8, Sherburne, N. Y.

★ ★

Sold in 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb., and 25 lb. bags. The bigger the bag the more you save.

KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT WITH

GAINES

COMPLETE DOG FOOD

Chosen by U. S. Antarctic Expedition—Now used by U. S. Army

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Copr. 1943, Gaines Food Co., Inc.

Sweet are the Uses of Geraniums

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Who," Ethel said to herself in the mirror as she dressed, "being of sound mind, would have been overwhelmed by the attentions of a major?"

ETHEL had reached the stage when even a new hat was not going to be enough to restore her to membership in the happy section of the human race (female division). I am, she mused as she wiggled her toes under the light blanket, a variety of unpleasant characters, mostly an egotist, a whiner and a jellyfish.

She was, as a matter of fact, superb.

When she hopped out of bed and stood shivering bravely under the cold shower, it could have been observed that whatever she was, she was definitely not a jellyfish.

The cold water had the effect of clearing her mind as well as giving her a violent urge to get out from under it. Ordinarily she took a cool shower or a tepid shower. Today, she wanted to punish herself.

She wanted to punish herself because she did not love Reginald Carter. He was a major and, as Bill had remarked, "A general is something, a private is something, but a major is neither here nor there."

Major Carter, Ethel had discovered, was neither here nor there. Perhaps, Ethel mused as she rubbed the enormous towel too briskly, it was because the major was forty-five and had been married before.

While she was pondering on the major a curious bit of useless information was skedaddling through her mind.

It was a note she had read as she was going off to a troubled sleep last night. "How many of us," the Food Tips column had asked, "think of adding a crisp, green pungent leaf of geranium to our salads these hot evenings?"

"Who indeed?" Ethel wondered aloud. "And who," she said to herself in the mirror as she dressed, "being of sound mind, would have been overwhelmed by the attentions of a major to the extent that she would slight and thereby hurt one Bill Andrews, whose only real vice was the curious opinion that all women are beautiful in summer dresses?"

The answer, of course, was Ethel Wainright.

A hat was perched at a defiant angle on her reddish hair, almost obscuring one bright green eye. She smiled painfully at herself in the mirror and said, "You dog!"

SINCE it was her day off she chose to ramble aimlessly through Washington Square. She had a vain hope that Bill Andrews had not yet gone back Merchant Marine-ing and might come crawling charmingly on his hands and knees to the bench where she and a squirrel now sat.

A drop of rain hit her on the end of the nose as she was going rapidly through the dialogue which had accompanied their separation several weeks ago.

Bill had said, "You're just hanging around this old bloater because you want to make me jealous and then I'll ask you to marry me. Well, I was going to anyway, but now I won't because I don't want a major in the family."

"That doesn't make sense. Besides, you're acting very conceited," Ethel had replied coldly.

The debate had gone on, Ethel getting more and more angry from the wounds her vanity was receiving; Bill getting more and more calm and precisely correct in his judgments. So much so that he had made her furious. If he had only been wrong!

Finally he had picked up his cap and said, "You'll have to make a choice. I'm shipping out any day or week or month and it's a long run."

"Really?" she had said, which now seemed to her very smug and inadequate.

"Yes, and you're going to be very lonely. I think you are, anyway. When I'm sure, I'll just grab you under one arm and run all the way to City Hall. When and if, I'm sure. You might be the type that can take majors. So long and don't take any wooden maple leaves."

Another drop, a large cold one, hit her squarely on the tip of the nose. She started up Fifth Avenue because she needed to see a lot of people in a bunch, especially men, so she could say, "Look at all the men in the world—why worry about Bill?"

That would help for twenty-four hours or so, maybe.

The shower stopped suddenly and she turned down 8th Street because it was full of nice, foolish memories that would help for a while. If only he wasn't somewhere on the way to Russia—or Australia.

SHE passed a flower shop and stopped to look in the window. It was the shop where Bill often stopped to get her a corsage. Bill had his own ideas about corsages. He liked violets with something yellow in the middle, for instance. Once he had wanted two scarlet geraniums and a white rose.

Geraniums, she repeated. She realized that, in back of her mind, it had been going on and on. "How many of us think of adding a crisp, green pungent leaf of geranium to our salads these hot evenings?" It kept going around like a chant.

"Okay, okay," Ethel muttered. "Some good fairy is filling my head full of crisp, green, pungent geranium leaves, and who am I to argue?"

She went into the store and started to buy a potted geranium, but when she was through she had a whole window box which the salesman agreed to deliver.

The salesman even carried the box upstairs to her tiny apartment and placed it on the sill. "Just enough sun," he said, "not too much. Just enough water and not too much. As for trimming . . ."

"I know." Ethel smiled. "Just enough and not too much."

The salesman smiled too, and left, whistling.

For dinner Ethel had a salad with a suggestion of garlic, a dash of basil, a semi-pinch of marjoram, long bright green leaves of lettuce, olive oil, vinegar and crushed geranium leaves.

There was something very lovely and homey and secure about the idea, Ethel thought. Not, she thought, that they really taste like much, but they smell nice.

They gave her a feeling, in fact, of being a solid citizen, without caprice and folly. This was the way she wished very much to feel this day.

She slept that night and dreamed that Bill was banging furiously on the door and, when she woke up, Bill was banging furiously on the door.

"Hey!" he shouted. "It's Barnacle Bill. I'm rough and I'm tough and I love you."

Ethel, astonished, jumped out of bed into mules and other necessary impedimenta and opened the door.

Bill flung his arms around her and kissed her thoroughly. Then he stood back and sighed. "My poor darling!"

"You all right?" she asked, puzzled.

"I'm all right. I'm fine. You're not, though. You're lonesome. You don't love the major. You love me. Or you wouldn't be lonesome. Marry me and I'll join the Army and settle down."

Ethel swayed from side to side as if she had been struck by a substantial moonbeam. "How did you figure this all out?"

Bill grinned, about six inches. "Geraniums. Only lonely people buy boxes of geraniums and put them in their window. My mother told me that. My mother knows everything about peoples' hearts . . . and geraniums."

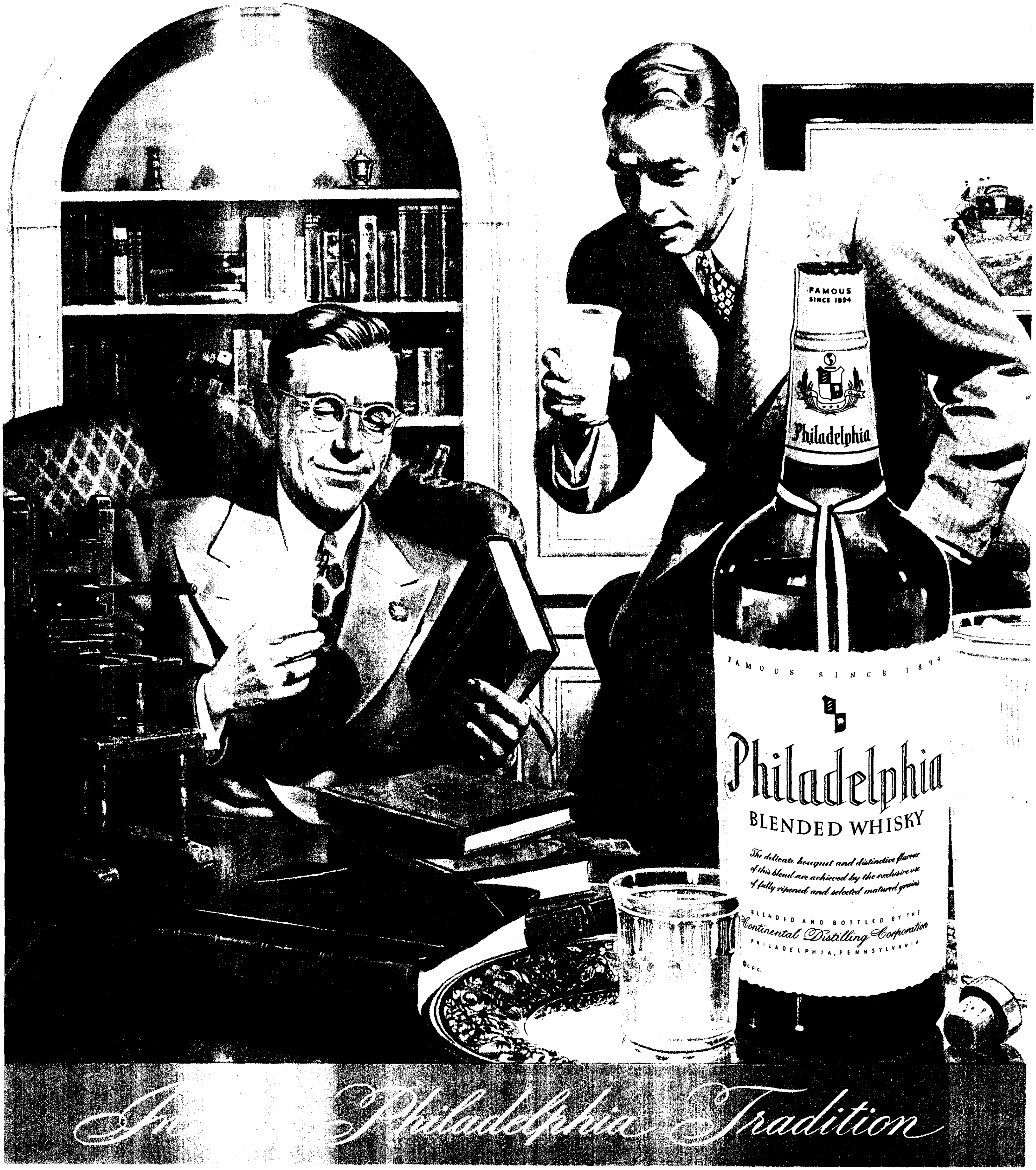
"Oh, Bill . . ." Ethel began to laugh.

"Don't get hysterical," Bill warned. "Just say you'll marry me."

"Of course I'll marry you . . . But I do wish you'd ask your mother sometime if she ever used geraniums in her salads."

Bill wrinkled his face in vague curiosity. "Sure," he said, "sure she did. Also Pop found the stems made darn' good pipe cleaners. What is *this* all about?"

Between her happy laughs Ethel managed to mumble, "How many of us think of adding a crisp, green, pungent leaf . . ."


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
In the Philadelphia Tradition

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

MANY GRACIOUS ARTS WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO THE ENRICHMENT OF LIFE HAD THEIR BEGINNINGS IN PHILADELPHIA — CRADLE OF COLONIAL CULTURE. OUT OF THIS EARLY ASSOCIATION FLOWERED THE HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY . . . A PLEASANT TRADITION UPHELD TODAY BY A DISTINGUISHED WHISKY—PHILADELPHIA BLEND. A WHISKY ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS, YET ONE YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY . . . REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

..IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!

OF ALL TIMES TO GET AN UPSET STOMACH. *Drug stores closed . . . everybody asleep . . . and is there any PEPTO-BISMOL in the house?*

If there is, an upset stomach will never catch you unprepared. Put a bottle in the medicine cabinet, today!

Help to Calm and Quiet Your Upset Stomach! *Never upset an upset stomach* with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Gentle* it with soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Seven Sins

Continued from page 21

He paused, and the regard of his strange eyes rested upon one after another of his listeners. But none of them spoke.

"If the collective resources of seven suitable persons could be concentrated, however, this, as my inquiries have shown me, might under suitable direction achieve remarkable results. Now, regarding this age-old science which modern science ignores, it will be enough for me to say that the power I have mentioned varies in quantity, quality, and character in each individual. Only those within the same psychic cycle can hope to co-operate successfully. Blood transfusion offers a slight parallel. The symbolism of seven is familiar to everyone. There are seven days in the week, seven deadly sins; and for this symbolism of seven there is a strictly scientific reason.

"Therefore, I have sought for six persons whose spiritual forces are attuned to my own. I have found them, with the aid of Mrs. Vane, who is in my own cycle and is also a sensitive and a trained explorer of the borderland. Four others and myself are present; Mrs. Vane is the sixth; and we await the seventh, Mrs. Destrée, who is returning to London this evening, as Mr. Michaelis informs me, and will be present in time for our experiment."

Mr. Michaelis, now referred to, asked a question: "Do I gather that, in your opinion, all of us now present are associates of some former existence?"

"Not necessarily, sir. That we have had common experiences is certain, as that we have lived in former times and at identical periods. One of those periods, and the fact that I was then alive, I could establish quite easily by means of unwrapping the mummy which stands beside me—that of a high priest who held office at Thebes some one thousand three hundred years before the birth of Christ."

Lady Huskin's hold on Fay's hand tightened.

"No further evidence on this point would be demanded of me. But since my present purpose is not your conversion, but merely your co-operation, let me pass on to the object of tonight's experiment. This is, quite simply, an attempt to settle a mundane problem, namely: *Who was responsible for the death of Sir Giles Loeder?* Directly Mrs. Destrée arrives to complete our circle, the experiment can begin. Mr. Michaelis tells me that urgent business called her out of town . . ."

THE nature of the urgency of that business to which Mr. Michaelis had referred would have become apparent to anyone secretly present several hours earlier in Destrée's room where lilies floated. Only one sound disturbed its scented silence, that of almost uninterrupted movement of a fountain pen over rough paper. At a feminine little bureau, the upper part displaying behind plate glass several arresting pieces of jade, Mr. Francis sat writing.

He wore evening dress, with a double-breasted tuxedo, which, since sunshine flooded the room, looked oddly out of place; he wore, also, black-rimmed glasses, which queerly changed his appearance. He had before him a B.B.C. script typed on foolscap sheets secured with pink tape, and he appeared to be rewriting part of it. Destrée, attired in a tightly fitting fur-trimmed suit which resembled a Cossack uniform, an astrakhan hat upon her gleaming hair, earrings of pear-shaped emeralds, watched him.

Gauntlet gloves lay on the floor beside her; her feet were shod in soft, high-legged boots which perfectly fitted the curve of her calf. Destrée dressed like no one but Destrée. She occupied her favorite place on the settee, smoking a cigarette in a tortoise-shell holder, and sideways, through lowered lashes, studying the writer.

"This is a tough proposition. I just don't see how I can do it," Francis said suddenly, and laid his pen down. "The B.B.C. will stand for a certain number of alterations, slipped in neatly, but if I try to spill this load—"

"Giles spilled even heavier loads," Destrée's tinkling voice reminded him. "Often, he wrote in his own messages."

Mr. Francis' heavy jaw, for she viewed him in profile, jutted out truculently. "That's not so hard to do in a political speech. It's a different matter to have to get laughs with loaded material. This is dull stuff, even for the troops."

"Then write it in your own way . . . but leave out none of the essential words. The names of all the ships must go in," Destrée said.

"You know I can't do it. I'm no cryptographer. You invented the Pythagoric code, and writing messages is your pidgin. But if I try to crack a gag like this, I shall arouse suspicion; I shall also get the bird."

"Oh!" she laughed, that childish, trilling laughter, "you are suffering from cold feet—yes? I see what it is. You have read in the papers that a man has been detained by Scotland Yard. It is so?"

"Yes." He swung around to face her. "And we don't know who that man is, how much he knows, how much he may tell."

"I can venture a guess, Francis, about who he is—and I am rarely wrong. You can confirm if you wish by lifting the telephone. It is Wake, Lord Marcus Amberdale's butler. That was why I sent for him and talked to him. But he is very cunning. You think so?"

"I do. I have suspected this man all along, kept him under observation, as you know. I figured he had the money when he turned down twenty guineas for one night's work. To save himself, he may say anything. We can look for a visit from the police at any moment."

A discreet rap preceded the appearance of a grim-looking elderly maid. "The car is here, madam . . ."

The car which ENSA had always provided to transport Francis Batt to out-of-town concerts stood at the entrance to Gatacre House. Its driver, one of those elderly chauffeurs who have been coachmen, so that they might at any moment say "Gee up!" to the engine, touched his cap respectfully, gazing into a clear sky pasteled with high white clouds.

"Looks like it'll be keeping fine for the drive down, sir."

"That's so," shouted Francis.

He had grown accustomed to shouting at this man, whom privately he regarded as a public danger when in charge of a vehicle, since he was nearly stone-deaf, and indeed wore an earpiece to rectify this disability. Otherwise, in spite of his years, he was a competent driver. Francis placed a portfolio inside and settled Destrée in the other corner before he got in himself. As the old chauffeur was about to close the door: "You know your way to Bidchurch, I guess?" he shouted.

"Oh, yes, sir, I have been there before. We go through Farmborough."

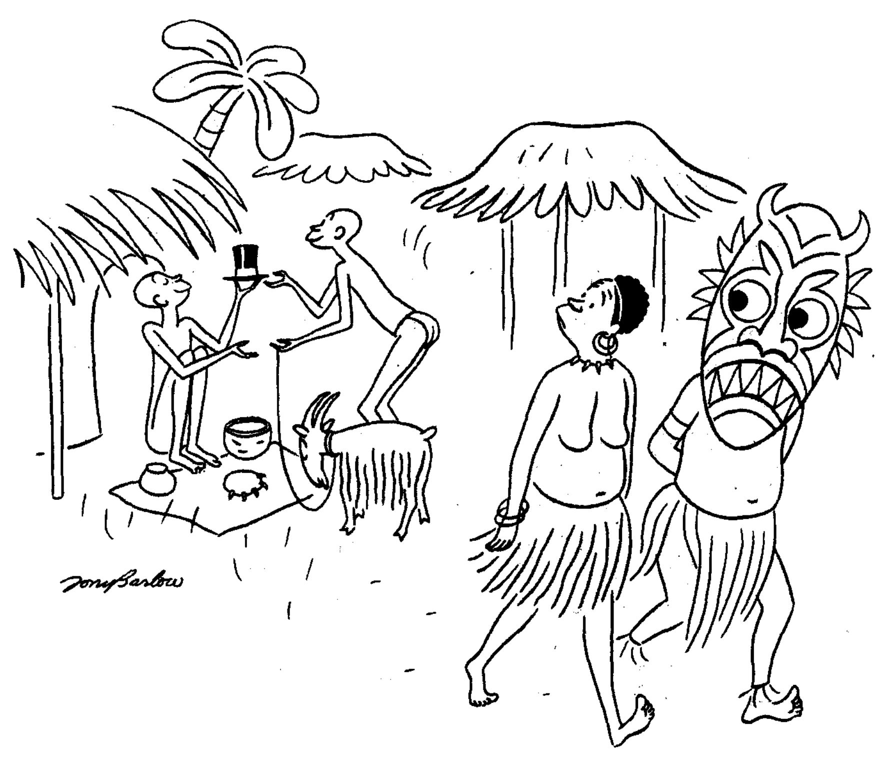
"That's right," yelled Francis; then, lowering his voice, he added, "A fine old British institution!"

THEY set out. Destrée lay back with closed eyes as Francis opened his portfolio, adjusted reading glasses and set to work on his notes. The commodious car ran smoothly.

Destrée broke a long silence. "You are afraid that if Wake was the man who ran up (I am sure of this, myself) he may have recognized your voice?"

Mr. Francis removed his glasses and looked aside at her; she presented an engaging picture. "Wake, if it was Wake, ran up from the other direction. I left 'way ahead of him, remember. It's true I had to stand by and see Loeder petting his girl friend for quite a while before she quitted in a taxi." He watched Destrée's profile fixedly, but her features remained placid as a cameo. He went on:

"The mystery man in Air Force blue cut in on me just as I was coming up with him. I took cover and so didn't hear what happened until a scuffle started. I moved up just as Loeder went down. The Air Force guy ran off. Of course, Loeder was bluffing. He had stopped a hard one



COLLIER'S "That's the way it goes. They'll buy every damn' luxury under the sun and the doctor is the last to get his fee" TONY BARLOW

In any event wire Flowers
Happy Birthday Jane

Whether it's a special occasion, or just because you're thoughtful...in any event, wire flowers. Flowers have a way of saying things for you in a way people never forget.

Flowers boost wartime morale too, yet save on vital war materials used in numerous other gifts, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

But remember, help is scarce so try to give your FTD Florist enough time to deliver your flowers on time. Another good idea is to ask your FTD Florist to make the selection. He is an expert on the right flowers for the right occasion.

IMPORTANT:

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower, gasoline and rubber. Because of this [illegible] still be delivered

In any event wire Flowers
Flowers by wire
Authorized Florists Telegraph Delivery Shop

THIS SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. But remember, all florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window.

FLORISTS TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

and got wise to the fact that the other fellow was too hot for him."

"So you tell me," Destrée murmured.

"I'm telling you again. He stood up, took off his tuxedo, and shook it, brushed himself off, picked up his portfolio and walked right on. I watched him do all that, and I overtook him just as he turned into South Audley Street. There was no sign of Wake before or at that time."

"He may have been near, all the same."

"No; he had gone the other way. You know croupiers always leave by the tradesmen's entrance. I'm sure of it. No one saw me. There is something I want to say. I'll say it now, whether it offends you or not. You think too much about the money. It was Loeder's damned money that led to all the trouble—that, and the girl."

"I see." Destrée's voice, although it remained silver, was frozen silver. "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Plenty. I am by no means sure you believe that I don't know what became of this money. I can only guess just what happened between you two on that night, but I know you lashed out at Loeder because of the girl, and I know he claimed the return of all his capital—five thousand pounds. God knows what was in your mind when you sent me after him. All you said was 'Bring him back.'"

"Instead of which, you strangled him."

"That's a lie! But it's true, because of what he was to you, that I hated him. I knew he wasn't worth it."

"Oh, oh!" Destrée smiled; there were times when this man frightened her. "I can see that little vein throbbing above your eyebrow, even when you think of him."

THE dimple in Francis' chin had become static; it resembled a healed gunshot wound, and the vein to which Destrée referred was unpleasantly evident. He glared at her for a moment, his cold blue eyes shining metallically. "I don't know why I should trouble myself. Michaelis (or maybe it's more respectful to call him Major Felsenhayn) is the only man who really counts. He's always with you."

"Indeed, and why not? Major Felsenhayn is a dintinguished officer, and—"

"A gentleman? While I'm just a common agent, and neither. But my neck means as much to me as his means to him. The main difference is that he doesn't leave your apartment until three or four in the morning. Some nights, I never hear him leave at all."

"Even so, what of it? If it were true, it would be the concern of himself and of me, but of no one else. Yes?"

"Maybe. If the major were the only one I'd have no case. But what about Loeder?"

Destrée leaned back and closed her eyes again. "I sometimes think of the cause for which we all risk our lives. It may count for little to you, but to *me* . . . if I have had lovers I have given them little. My attraction—*agacerie*—brings nothing to me except a means to achieve my end when other means fail.

"Giles Loeder was a bad man, a man of poor extraction; but he was strong—except in one respect. So, I played upon this weakness. I told him that he could be of great value to us. I told him that every woman has her price—and that this was mine. Very well. He *was* of great value to us: we may never be able to replace him. The price I had to pay in return was a small one, I think."

"While you had him under your thumb, maybe it seemed that way," said Francis. "But the night he brought that girl along, it seemed different, or so I imagined."

"Ah, so!" Destrée widely opened her eyes and glanced aside at him. "My woman's vanity really betrayed me?"

"Really betrayed you!" Francis mocked. "What did you say to me?—and you knew the man you were talking to. You said, 'Loeder has insisted on withdrawing his capital tonight. I have paid him all we have in reserve. Go to the table and get the rest.'"

"I remember saying something like that."

"I went to the table to draw out the balance. As I have already remarked, I don't know how the quarrel had come about, but I can guess. The girl was in the bar talking to Olivar. I just brought the notes to your room and walked right out. After Loeder had left, do you remember what you said to me? I have told you once. Let me remind you. You said, 'Bring him back.'"

Destrée laughed, that tinkling laughter like an echo of fairy bells. "Well, you did not bring him back. If I seem mysterious, it is because you are mysterious. There is something you have never told me."

THE vein which throbbed on Francis' brow grew darker. "Listen—I never told you what that man said to me, did I?"

"No, you merely told me that there was a scuffle, and—an accident."

"Well, when I clapped him on the shoulder (he hadn't heard me coming up) he turned around like a shot. I could see he was all tensed up—and I don't wonder. I said, 'Listen, Loeder, I want to step into your apartment and explain to you that you have left us in rather a fix.' He said, 'I suppose that woman sent you after me?'"

"That woman," murmured Destrée.

"I told him I didn't know what had happened and that I didn't care, but if he would be reasonable, everything could be settled in the morning. He said, 'Nothing will be settled in the morning; I shan't be there. I'm through with the whole business. When I'm sick of a woman I walk out—and I have walked out.'"

Destrée laughed. "Is that really what he said?"

"Just that. He moved on, the portfolio under his arm; and I felt a buzzing in my ears. I had one of two choices: to let him go, or to have it out . . . I went after him, grabbed him, and swung him around. It had become very dark. I wasn't just sure where we were standing. But before I knew what had happened, he led off and registered hard on my jaw. He said, 'Take that back to Ysolde with my compliments.' I didn't answer—I just reached out for him. . . . What?"

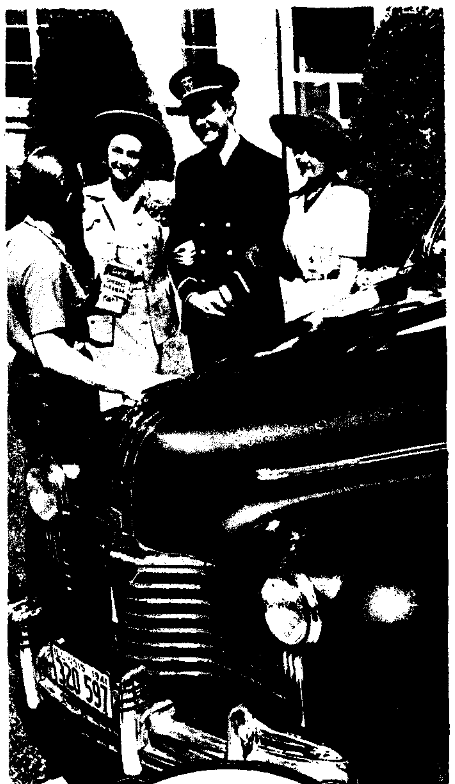
"I did not speak," Destrée whispered.

"Oh—I thought you did. I pulled him forward and jerked his chin up—routine stuff. He went over backward. That wouldn't have caused any great damage; I wasn't trying for a kill. But how could I know he was standing right in front of a stone flower box screwed down to a low parapet? He gave a sort of scream as he realized what had happened—not very loud. He tried to save himself, but it was too late. He pitched back, half sideways, onto his skull, and toppled right over . . . The weight of his body did the rest: a thing that's happened many a time, but a thing I hadn't planned. There's no doubt he broke his neck.

"Even then, although he was so still, I didn't know he was dead. I was afraid to use a torch, and the night was very black. I began to feel around for the portfolio, but he was lying on it. I couldn't pull it out. Then, I heard someone running up . . ."

IN THE assistant commissioner's office, Colonel O'Halloran switched off his radio on sustained applause of a wildly enthusiastic character which had crowned the final exit from a military concert "somewhere in southern England" of that popular transatlantic artiste, Francis Batt. Chief Inspector Firth stood before the blacked-out bay window; Sergeant Bluett sat at the sacred, if untidy, desk of the commissioner, where his dexterity in short-

This Year
More Than Ever It's . . .



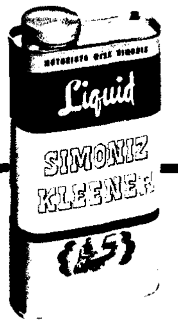
BEAUTY BY Simoniz

Gives You a "New Looking" Car
. . . And Saves the Finish, Too!

Simoniz your car! Never before has it been so important! A car always sparkling bright gives you more pleasure per "rationed" mile. Saves your pride and self-respect. At the same time Simoniz protects and makes the finish last longer. Preserves the "after victory" trade-in value of your car. Makes it easy for you to keep it immaculately beautiful. So the sooner you Simoniz the more you save. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car today!

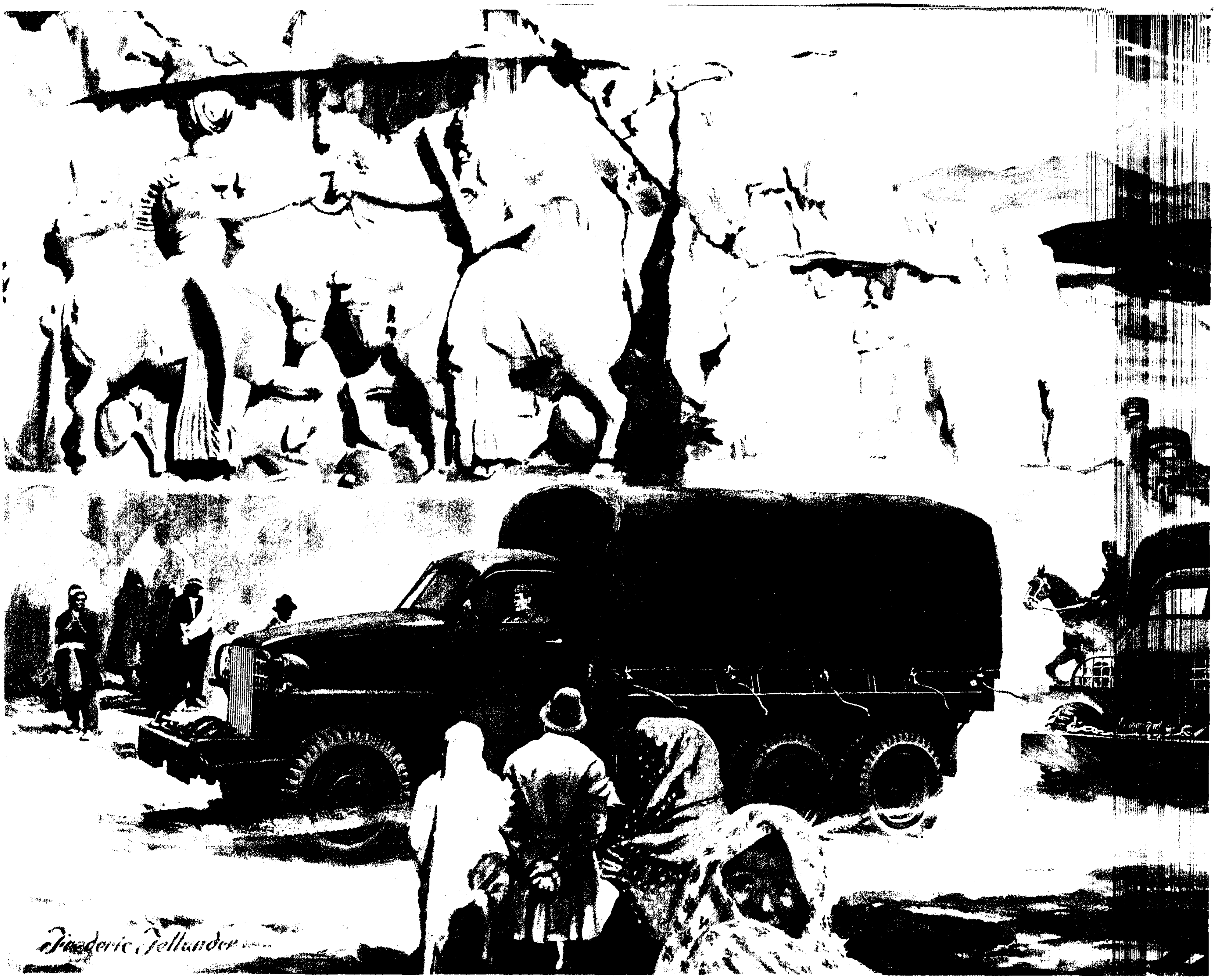
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE



Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold by grocery, hardware, auto supply, paint, drug and department stores as well as filling stations and garages.

Simoniz
Kleener
Simoniz
Simoniz Kleener



© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker military trucks, like our Yanks, are certainly seeing the world

AMERICA'S fighting men have been covering plenty of this planet in their travels in this war. Yet there's scarcely a place where they set down their packs that they don't find familiar Studebaker trucks from home to welcome them.

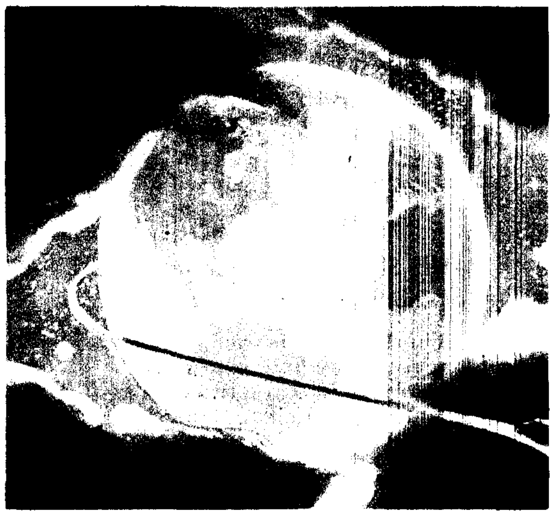
They see long lines of big, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks rumbling past the sites of ancient Persian cities in Iran. They see them doing heavy transport duty in India, in Alaska, in the British Isles, in almost every area of Allied war activity.

It's one of the greatest compliments ever paid to the high quality of Studebaker craftsmanship that Studebaker today is one of the world's largest producers of big military trucks. And it's equally significant that tens of thousands of these powerful Studebakers have already won their service stripes in the active war zones—many of them on the crucial Russian front in the supply trains of the invincible Soviet armies.

Building military trucks, of course, is only one of Studebaker's war assignments. We're producing other vital war matériel including large numbers of the mighty Wright Cyclone engines that power the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

Our factories are all-out on war work today. They have no time right now for any other considerations. But once victory is complete and decisive, you can depend upon it that you'll have finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever in our history.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS



The roadways of the world are worn d
with Studebaker wheel marks—In wars an
peace, for over 91 years, Studebaker vehicles
written their share of history on the roadways o
world. This is the sixth time in a national emerg
that we've served our armed forces. We are prou
the extent and the consequence of our present as
ments in America's production-for-victory prog

hand had been taxed by the comedian's rapid delivery.

"Got it all, Bluett?" asked Firth.

"I think so."

"Try your hand, Firth," the assistant commissioner directed. "You have the key there—'Pythagoric buds,' and so on. Extraordinarily rambling story, that one he wound up with. Sounded phony to me."

Sergeant Bluett stood up, ingenuously apologetic. "I couldn't take down the music, sir. That can't be done in shorthand."

"Being looked after by another department, Sergeant. Musical code, I understand, can be solved with same key if one knows music." The colonel knocked out his pipe in a large ash tray on a side table, then delved in that pocket in which he kept loose tobacco. "Sing out last bit to Chief Inspector. See what you make of it, Firth."

And so, while the assistant commissioner stamped up and down, busily charging the hot bowl of his pipe, Sergeant Bluett in tones much subdued by awe of his surroundings dictated from his notes to Chief Inspector Firth.

Firth wrote the shuffled alphabet at the top of a page, with the conventional version underneath it, and industriously set to work. Clearly enough he was baffled for a time, his tawny eyes narrowing as he studied the words. His lower jaw protruded and his brows were drawn down. Then, evidently, and suddenly, came enlightenment.

"Ah! It begins here!"

"What begins?" asked the assistant commissioner.

"List of warships, sir."

"Good Lord!"

"It's child's play once ye grasp the method. Now—here is the name of an admiral."

ONE of several phones rang. The assistant commissioner crossed and took up the instrument . . . "Yes," he snapped; "he's here." He leaned across, extending the receiver to Firth. "It is your department."

Firth said, "Chief Inspector Firth speaking," and a voice replied, "Mr. Michaelis has gone to the house of Lord Marcus Amberdale. There seems to be some sort of party there. Officer in charge awaits instructions." Firth nodded: "Do nothing until I arrive, unless Michaelis leaves—in which event bring him here." He replaced the receiver.

"Hasn't slipped away, has he?" asked the colonel.

"No, sir. He is at Lord Marcus' house."

"What! Great Scott! What on earth can he be doing there? House covered?"

"Yes, sir; he's safe enough." Chief Inspector Firth returned to his studies . . . "Here is Birkenhead," he reported presently. "May be the name of a ship or a port. Ah! This looks like a date."

"Date the Malta convoy sails!"

Bluett, who had stood up deferentially when the phone rang, now began excitedly to walk up and down in the constrained space behind the desk.

"Take a cigarette, Sergeant," said the assistant commissioner, pointing to a large box. "Relax—relax, man. Go ahead, Firth."

There was silence for some minutes as the chief inspector bent over his task. Bluett sat on the extreme edge of a chair smoking a cigarette as if he expected it to explode. The assistant commissioner blinked and walked up and down continuously. Again a phone buzzed. He crossed, took it up, listened for a few moments and then said, "Thank you. Goodby," and hung up.

"Usual nightly token raid on south coast," he explained. "Nothing serious. Three or four of 'em over."

THAT miniature temple in South Audley Street, black ceiling painted to create an impression of infinite space, had undergone yet another change. The shrine was veiled, and a screen stood before it. A circular ebony table occupied much of the available floor room, seven high-backed chairs being set at regular intervals around its circumference. In one corner of this otherwise unfurnished apartment, a silver incense burner sent up tenuous wavering columns of smoke from its perforated lid. Already the atmosphere was laden with fumes of *kyphi*.

Its insidious appeal, at once to the senses, to the brain and to the spirit, reacted strangely upon those present. If any element of levity, however suppressed, had lingered among them, it disappeared as they entered, led by Lord Marcus. Mrs. Vane already had taken her seat—that directly facing the hidden shrine. She sat upright, slender white hands palm downward upon the table before her; and at sight of the enraptured face, awe entered into the minds of those who saw her. Indeed, Lady Huskin hesitated on the threshold.

"The traveler is preparing for her journey," explained Lord Marcus. "In fact, she is already on her way. When the circle which I seek to form is completed by the arrival of Mrs. Destrée, we will take our proper places, which I shall point out, resting our hands upon the table in order that power may be concentrated among us. We have some time to wait, but I thought it better to acquaint you with the conditions under which the experiment must be carried out. With your permission we will retire again, leaving the door open. Air too heavily impregnated with *kyphi*, to those unaccustomed to it, is sometimes overpowering."

He stood by the entrance, his head gravely inclined, intimating that his guests should pass into the lobby. Last of all, he came out and joined them. There were those, it is true, to whom the thing smacked of a stage illusion, but there was none who had not come under the influence of Lord Marcus' singular personality. Lady Huskin, avid for fresh experiences, decided that she was really frightened. Mrs. Vane, an experienced woman of the world, had stood for a link with things normal and amusing, but her present condition completed Lady Huskin's alarm.

Crossing to the Roman couch, she seated herself, and beckoned to Fay Perigal with whom she had become well acquainted since Fay had taken up her duties at Rosemary Cottage. She liked the look of the young Air Force officer too, although this was the first occasion upon which they had met.

"Come and sit down beside me, you two." Lady Huskin patted the cushions to right and left of her. "I must really have a serious talk with you."

Fay hesitated, but at last: "Oh, well," she murmured, "I suppose there is no reason why not . . ." And so she and Dick Kershaw sat down right and left of Lady Huskin upon the couch which had supported the body of Sir Giles Loeder.

MR. MICHAELIS and his host had returned to the study. Lord Marcus courteously placed an armchair, and he, himself, took a seat behind the mahogany writing desk, leaning back so that light reflected upward from its polished surface lent to his features an appearance which might have inspired a painter to attempt a head of John the Baptist.

"There are cigars beside you, Mr. Michaelis; cigarettes also. Would you care for a drink—or some coffee?"

"Thank you, no. I am deeply curious about this queer business, Lord Marcus. It is by no means clear to me what you hope to achieve, nor do I observe anything which I might describe as personal sympathy between the persons you have assembled here tonight."

"That," replied Lord Marcus, "is not surprising. Our bodily ages and mannerisms are no more than remotely related to our spiritual identity. No one in these rooms tonight is younger than Neb-net-eru—" he pointed directly over Mr. Michaelis' shoulder to the mummy in its sarcophagus. "All of us, yourself included, were contemporaries of Seti the First."

"Indeed," murmured Mr. Michaelis—and the immovable disk of his small monocle indicated that his gaze was fixed upon the face of Lord Marcus. "You speak with a conviction which I am compelled to respect, but which I am not bound to accept."

"I ask you to accept nothing, Mr. Michaelis, except my hospitality."

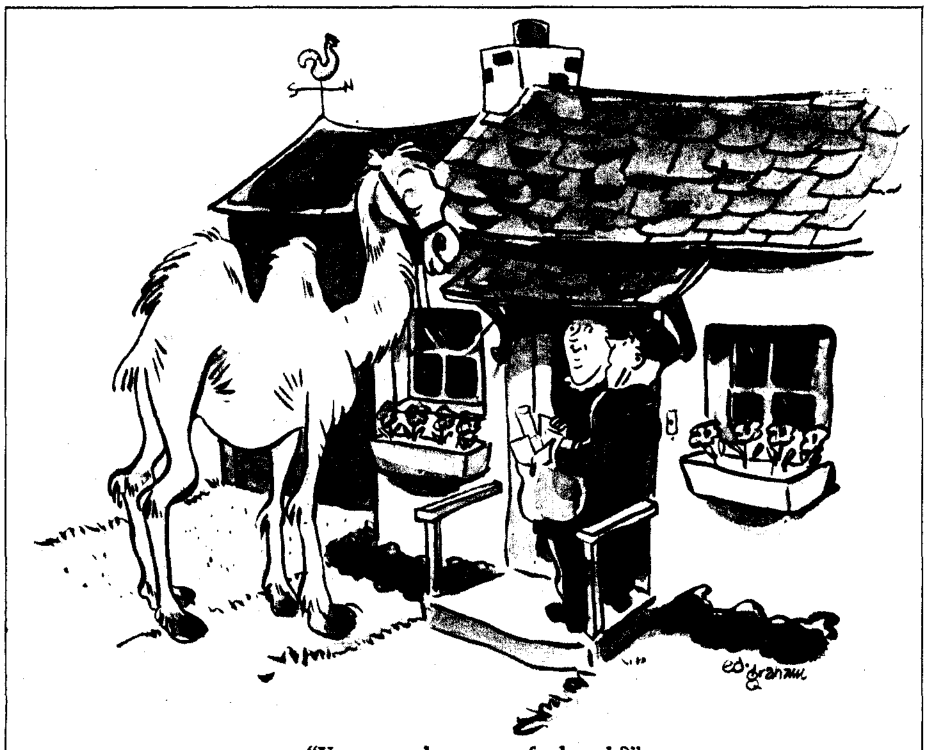
"I do not presume to dispute your knowledge; you are unmistakably a scholar possessed of deep and unusual learning; but I wonder if—"

"Much learning has made me mad?" suggested Lord Marcus smiling.

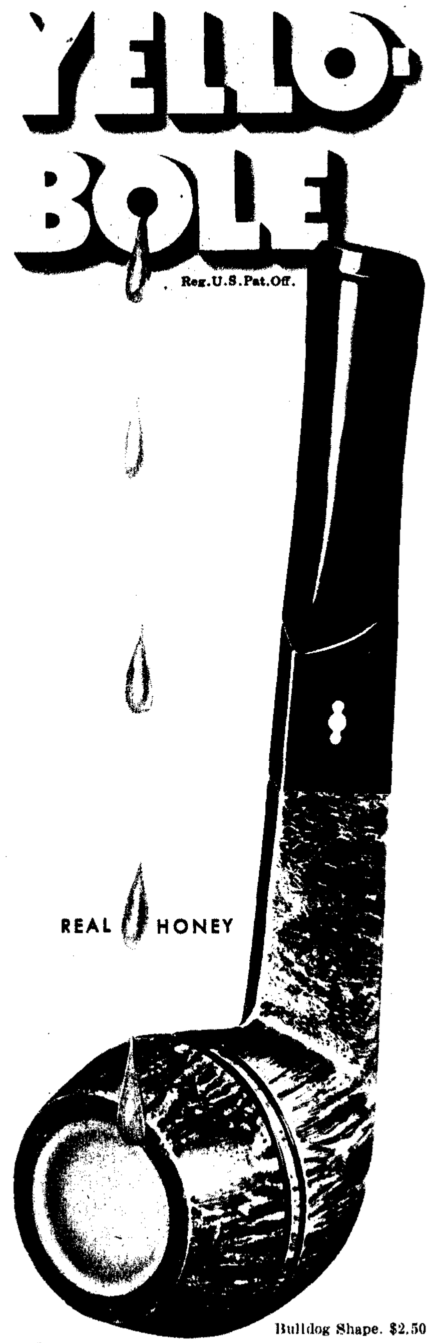
"Not at all. I beg you will not misunderstand me. My reservations go deeper than that. You maintain that the human spirit can, and does, operate away from the body which normally it occupies?"

"Certainly."

"Then on this rock, Lord Marcus, our



COLLIER'S "Your son home on furlough?" ED GRAHAM



the honey-cured smoke

The yellow bowl of this pipe is the secret of an extremely mild, fragrant smoke at all times and especially the first few times you smoke it. Nature's pure golden honey (3 kinds, blended) produces a truly wonderful effect for all who are accustomed to having to "break in" a new pipe—there is no "breaking-in" at all, with Yello-Bole, and it stays sweet and serene continuously. Get a Yello-Bole today for the time of your life.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50

YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

courses split. I have no idea what mysterious significance may attach, in your estimation, to this mummy, but I think I should make it plain that I dispute even the possibility . . ."

He was interrupted. This interruption took the form of a wailing cry:

"No, no! Stop those sirens! Hold my hand. . . . Don't leave me!"

Mr. Michaelis came to his feet as if propelled upward by a powerful spring. A muscular spasm swept that ironic urbanity from his face. His monocle dropped and rolled silently across the carpet.

Out in the lobby Lady Huskin exclaimed, *"What's that?"*

As Lord Marcus stood up and moved with long strides toward the study door, from the temple came a piercing scream, the scream of a woman in dire agony, and a babble of sobbing words: "Hugo! . . . Hugo! . . . Where are you?"

Michaelis grasped Lord Marcus' arm as he was about to pass. "Lord Marcus!" He spoke strangely, wildly, gutturally. "Listen to me. That voice was not the voice of Mrs. Vane!"

"No," Lord Marcus replied; his tones were calm but grave. "It was the voice of another speaking through her lips."

"It was Ysolde! It was Ysolde!"

"It was the voice of Mrs. Destrée—yes. I recognized it."

A COUNTRY road in a southern county stretched wide and empty under the moon. A German plane which had traversed some miles of its length at treetop height might be heard droning away in the distance. At one point, this road swung eastward and was overhung by trees in such a way that a bay of shadow masked the bend. Here, at an angle of forty-five degrees in a wide ditch, a car lay, a commodious limousine, its roof riddled with machine-gun bullets.

One might have supposed it to be deserted, have assumed that its occupants were dead or unconscious. The hawklike shape of a Spitfire streaked by, high above, on the tail of the German raider, as a sound of tearing and wrenching came from the forward part of the overturned car. Presently, a near side door was forced open, and the driver, clutching at a weed-grown bank, hauled himself free of the wreckage and stood poised, one foot on the bank, the other on the upturned running board.

He was that elderly, gray-haired chauffeur who resembled an ex-coachman, the driver provided by ENSA to convey Francis Batt to a military concert and back to London again. The man stood there for a while, inhaling deeply and evidently trying to steady himself; then, struggling back to an uptilted door of the car, he succeeded by sheer force in wrenching it open. He shot his flashlight into the interior or the car, stooped, and examined what he found there, then hauled himself out again, and climbed the bank, looking up and down the deserted road. He had lost his cap, and a slight breeze disturbed his thick gray hair.

A rattle of distant machine-gun fire came and died away again. A far-off shouting arose, and almost immediately subsided. High pufflike clouds seemed to powder the face of the moon. He could detect no sound of traffic. Removing that earpiece which, habitually, he wore, he began to run back in the direction from which he had come. He was making for a police call box which he remembered to have passed.

As this was two miles off, some little time elapsed before Colonel O'Halloran, still walking up and down his office in Scotland Yard, rolling and lighting cigarettes, smoking and reloading his pipe, blinking, snapping his fingers, and generally exhibiting every evidence of suppressed nervous energy, received the call, which was intended for him.

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH was busy with further transcriptions of Sergeant Bluett's shorthand notes and had become involved in a mass of names and figures to which no clue could be found. Sergeant Bluett, who realized that he was listening to a condensed but detailed account of the constitution, personnel, times of sailing and ports of call of a huge convoy bound for Malta—and that this information had that night been placed in enemy possession—sat on the extreme edge of his chair wearing the look of a bewildered schoolboy. Having forgotten his evening paper, he tapped his knee with a notebook.

The telephone buzzed, and in two strides the assistant commissioner had reached the instrument. . . . Yes, at once. Put him through." He turned and spoke two words: "Gaston Max!"

"Is that you, Colonel O'Halloran, my old?" came the voice of the Frenchman. "Heaven be praised that I live."

"Where are you? What has happened?"

"I am in a police box on a country road, six miles from Farmborough. Always, fate snatches my prisoners out of my hands. Wake was the only one I have safely delivered. But I am alive. Yes—I have much to be thankful for. You understand, I was driving Destrée and Francis."

"Don't understand at all," rapped the commissioner. "*You* were driving them?"

"But certainly. I have driven them several times, now. I arranged this with ENSA, who provide the troop entertainments as you know. The car is wired, and I wear an earpiece. I learn much in this way, and tonight—I learned all."

"What did you learn?"

"The man we have known as Julian Francis, and also as Francis Batt murdered Sir Giles Loeder. I was bringing him back to you, with Madame Destrée. She was the leader of the gang and the brains which guided it!"

"Well! Where are they? What happened?"

"A German raider swooped down on us in the moonlight. I heard him coming and ran the car into a ditch where there was shadow. Alas, too late! He plastered us with machine-gun bullets. My friend, it was terrible! Francis threw himself on the woman, to try to shield her body. One bullet killed them both. She was shot in the throat—screaming for Hugo."

"Good God! Who is Hugo?"

"Major Hugo Felsenhayn, of the German Intelligence. We know him as Mr. Michaelis. He was her lover, I think; or at least, her favorite lover. Is it not fate, Colonel O'Halloran, my old, that never can I make an arrest after so much work? Fate steps in and fools me. You have the worthy Michaelis covered, I trust?"

"Certainly. Know where he is at present moment."

"Send my old friend the chief inspector at once to arrest him. Seize him as accessory to the murder, before Military Intelligence can act. Let your fellows at least have *one* worth-while prisoner to show; a mere thieving butler is not good enough. . . ."

IN THE lobby of Lord Marcus' house an atmosphere of nervous tension prevailed. Mrs. Vane, whose condition for a time had caused some anxiety, was now resting upstairs in the guest room; she retained no memory of what had occurred. Lady Huskin had requested permission to sit with her, so that only Dick Kershaw, Fay, Lord Marcus and Mr. Michaelis remained.

Mr. Michaelis was strangely disturbed. He had recovered his monocle and had returned it to its place, but he had not succeeded in recovering his characteristic composure. Frequently, he consulted a wrist watch. Fay was lying in a deep armchair brought from the study, and Dick perched beside her, one arm thrown across the back of the chair. "Do you feel better, Fay?" he asked in a low voice.

She looked up and nodded. "There is nothing the matter with me, Dick, except that I always hated these occult experiences. They frighten me. . . . Somehow, I don't think they—are right."

"I don't quite know *what* I think," said Kershaw; "but I know the voice we heard wasn't the voice of Mrs. Vane. There's something else, too—a sort of foreboding as though—"

"You were expecting something else to happen? I know. I have it, too. Oh, listen!"

Muffled, for the house with the scarlet door possessed a quality of peculiar silence, the wailing of sirens became audible. One of the coastal raiders was approaching the London area. Mr. Michaelis glanced at his watch and then turned to Lord Marcus, who stood, seemingly lost in thought, before the silver-plated door of the temple, now closed.

"I begin to fear, Lord Marcus, that Mrs. Destrée has been detained. Perhaps, in the circumstances—"

The doorbell rang. Its sound, for some reason, electrified the listeners. Fay jumped up and grasped Dick's arm. Mr. Michaelis strode across. But Lord Marcus overtook him, resting a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Permit me, sir."

Lord Marcus himself opened the door—and Chief Inspector Firth stepped in. Behind him, indistinct in shadow, two uniformed figures might be discerned.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Chief Inspector."

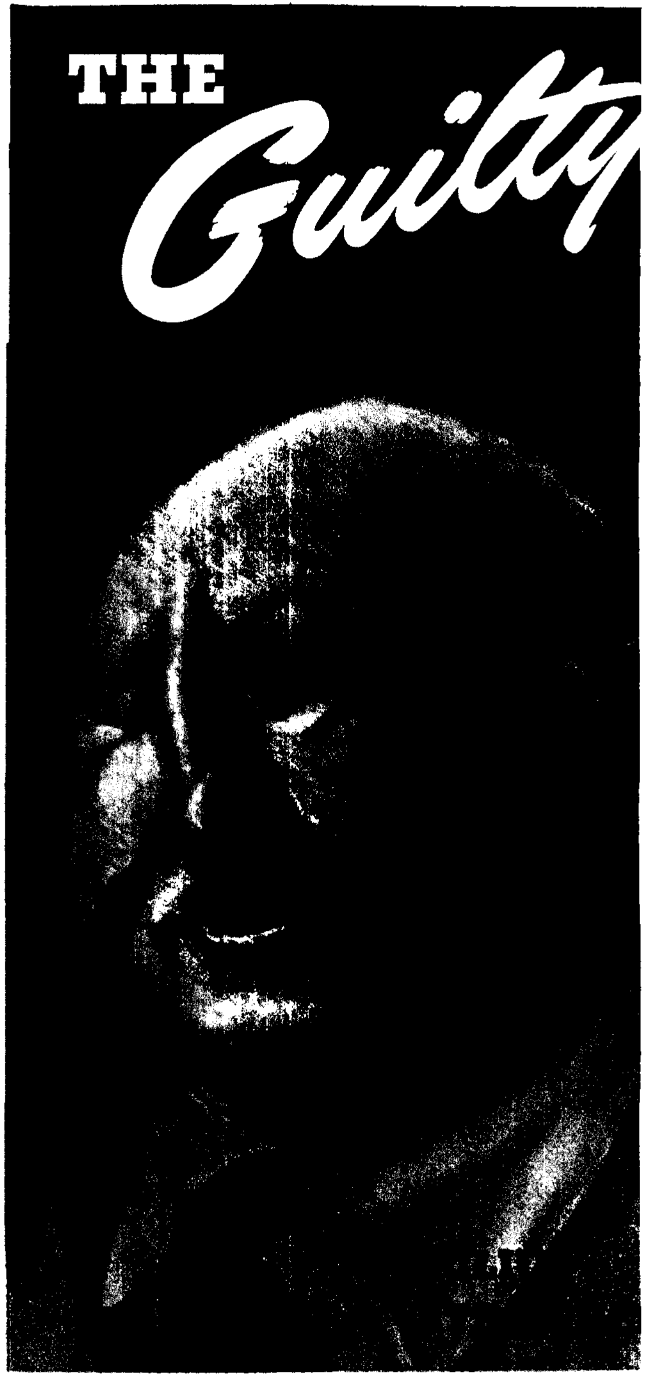
Firth fixed the regard of his tawny eyes upon Mr. Michaelis. "Major Felsenhayn—I ha' a warrant for your arrest.".

Mr. Michaelis grew visibly pale as he met that set regard of the chief inspector. Then, drawing his heels together, he bowed. "Mrs. Destrée?" he asked quietly.

"Mrs. Destrée and Johann Brandt were killed in an air raid near the coast less than an hour ago. . . ."

THE END

THE Guilt



SAM BERI

III

THERE is nothing furtive or hidden about Juli
Streicher, *gauleiter* of the Bavarian province
Franconia and Germany's Number One sad
and Jew baiter. The life of the man is an open boc
for his crimes, degeneracies and obscenities are
matters of court record and press report. In 1919, c
tain unmentionable practices earned his discharge as
schoolteacher, on the grounds that he was "menta
unsound," the authorities deciding against prosecuti
out of unwillingness to shame his little victims. T
years have worked no change.

Julius Streicher likes to tear out the beards of rabl
with his own hands, and he delights to drive the car th
drags Jewish men and women over the cobbles of N
emberg. He has whipped children to death in the pr
ence of their parents.

In the Library of Congress, but not for general rea
ing, there are bound copies of *Der Stürmer,* the ill
trated weekly that Streicher has published since 19
It is in the pages of this sheet that the man stands se
revealed, for not only does he admit his crimes, b
boasts of them and gloats over them. Pornograp
fights for space with hate and thuggery. Side by si
with disgusting nudes, are pictures of dead Jews, eith
sprawled where they fell after being stoned to death,
else hanging from gibbets. Not in all the history
printing has any press produced a paper more unutt
ably vile, yet, by order of Adolf Hitler himself, it
obligatory reading in Germany.

Streicher was among the first and most ardent co
verts to the Nazi faith. He launched the party in Nu
emberg as early as 1921, marched with Hitler in t
putsch of 1923, and went with him to prison. Mo
than any other, too, he has put the Fuehrer's preac
ings into savage practice. While Goering and Goebb
were advocating caution with respect to attacks on t
Catholic Church, Streicher arrested priests and bisho
on charges of venery, pederasty, and similar figmen
of his diseased imagination. Well in advance of Rose
berg, he sounded the cry that Christianity, as well
Judaism, must be destroyed, bawling that Hitler was t
one and only God.

Adolf Hitler holds Julius Streicher, *der Verrückt*
Hund, in admiration and regard—about as damning
indictment as any ever leveled against him. ★★

·BOTTLED IN BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
THE MARY ANN
There is nothing better in the market

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

BUY

If you are unable to obtain enough Mission Orange Beverage when you want it and where you want it, remember that orange juice is a most important dietary requirement for our fighting men, and the Mission plant at Los Angeles is working day and night supplying this product in concentrated form.

Naturally Good

Return Empty Bottles Promptly

Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

The Kid from Azusa

Continued from page 20

the pain of a ruptured heart might be expected to have found romance cruel. Not so De Sylva. Even his marriage was founded on a song. He met Marie Wallace of the Follies in the Remick office and proposed a few weeks later. Miss Wallace asked him how he got the scar on his cheek, doubtless suspecting that it was the handiwork of one of the mischievous underworld characters adorning the Broadway of the period. De Sylva explained that he had acquired it while coin-diving at Catalina and added that he still had a ringing in his ears from the depth pressure.

"Is it a musical ringing?" asked Miss Wallace.

"Only when you're around," said the guileful poet.

"How exciting!" girl said. "Why don't you write a lyric for it?"

"I will," boy said, "if you marry me." Girl said she'd take the matter under advisement and boy began scribbling on a menu. Presently he was mumbling, rhapsodically:

"Somebody loves me; I wonder who
It could be?
Somebody loves me; maybe it's you . . ."

"Maybe it is," sighed Miss Wallace, overcome, and that did it. Two hours later De Sylva had a new hit song and a promised bride.

De Sylva's first important job in New York was to write lyrics for Jolson's Sinbad. After that, he collaborated with a young pianist at Remick's on a musical comedy called La La Lucille. The pianist was George Gershwin, and Lucille wasn't one of his better efforts. It did, however, bring De Sylva to Victor Herbert's attention. Herbert wanted lyrics for Orange Blossoms, and the combination of the master's need and the youth's awe produced A Kiss in the Dark, generally bracketed with When Day is Done as De Sylva's most significant work.

The era from 1920 to 1923 was formative for De Sylva, but even then he published sixty songs, most of them money-makers. He pursued no fixed course in composing, but recalls that he was seldom touched by the muse while alone. Bits of conversation, snatches of melody, a wayward gag, all were grist to his mill.

"The layman thinks a song writer turns out stuff with a heart full of romance and a head full of rhyme," he says, "but he does better with an office full of bill collectors and a bank full of overdrafts."

By 1925, De Sylva was writing songs faster than anyone in Tin Pan Alley and collaborating on librettos for major musicals. In 1928, he joined Lawrence Schwab on the book, lyrics and melodies of Queen High and stepped up front to stay.

Turns Deaf Ear into Profit

At about this time he made the embarrassing discovery, for a song writer, that he was deaf in one ear. With typical aplomb, he diverted it to his own profit. In business conferences he turns the bad ear to any proposition that doesn't suit him, blithely covering the other. By this artful maneuver he has become almost argument-proof.

His capacity for getting things done without effort is fantastic. From 1921 to 1929 he wrote lyrics for Sally, Greenwich Village Follies, Ziegfeld Follies, six Scandals, Orange Blossoms, Captain Jenks and Three Cheers. He did lyrics, librettos and melodies for Queen High, Manhattan Mary, Hold Everything, Follow Through, Good News and Flying High. It adds up to practically a glossary of the musical hits of the era.

Before the age of De Sylva, musical comedies did without plots. Female epidermis was the first necessity, followed by sets, music and comedy. Into this formless panoply barged the Azusa iconoclast to build musicals on conflict, pursuit, frustration and triumph—sound, salable dramatic ingredients. In Du Barry, one of the forgotten millions wins the Irish Sweepstakes while toiling menially in a gents' room. His reactions to his windfall, converging on that tragic moment when he inadvertently gives himself a Mickey Finn intended for a love rival, make for suspense and sympathy.

With the advent of talkies, Hollywood saw a new bonanza in musical comedy for the masses. It was soon apparent, however, that such fare, as produced on the stage, was too friable for the primitive demands of film fans and too diaphanous for the camera's basilisk eye. What was needed was a genius who could give substance to frivolity, and it was while nursing this dream that Hollywood became aware of B. G. De Sylva.

Although a fabulous Broadway figure at thirty-three, De Sylva was ready for a change, so when Winfield Sheehan, then head of Fox, broached a Hollywood contract, he found his amiable little Barkis willin'. He was also busy, but pleasantly so, racking up his forty thousandth dollar from his Sonny Boy hit. We mentioned this because it was now 1929. In a year when about everyone with more than an academic interest in money was contemplating the consistency of the sidewalk from vertiginous heights, De Sylva was hitting a high mark in earnings from a single song.

At the same time De Sylva signed with Sheehan, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, his partners in the publishing firm of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, also went to Hollywood. The defections left the house without business or artistic geniuses and created quite a problem. It was solved by the Frères Warner of Hollywood who paid $4,000,000 for the firm as a means of obtaining the fountainhead of song. Thus each of the partners received $1,333,333.33 for three years of unrelenting relaxation. With characteristic acumen, De Sylva cautiously invested the $333.33 and put the balance in his pocket for mad money. He hadn't yet bucked Hollywood, but he'd heard plenty and he wasn't going to be caught without carfare back to Broadway.

De Sylva's $3,000-a-week contract with Sheehan was far from notable in a town where anything less than $1,000 is considered an affront, but he was more interested in making pictures than acquiring more money to count. While Hollywood smirkingly predicted his come-uppance, he made Sunny Side Up. Running true to De Sylva form, it became one of the lustiest money-makers of picture history and Hollywood was stopped.

From the hour of his arrival, De Sylva was a riddle to Hollywood. He hired no extra secretaries, no chauffeurs and no butlers, and his firm refusal to adopt canary-colored slacks and chartreuse jackets heightened the distrust. The last straw fell when he began to arrive at his office at nine A. M., a departure classified by Hollywood's eleven o'clock guild as definitely subversive.

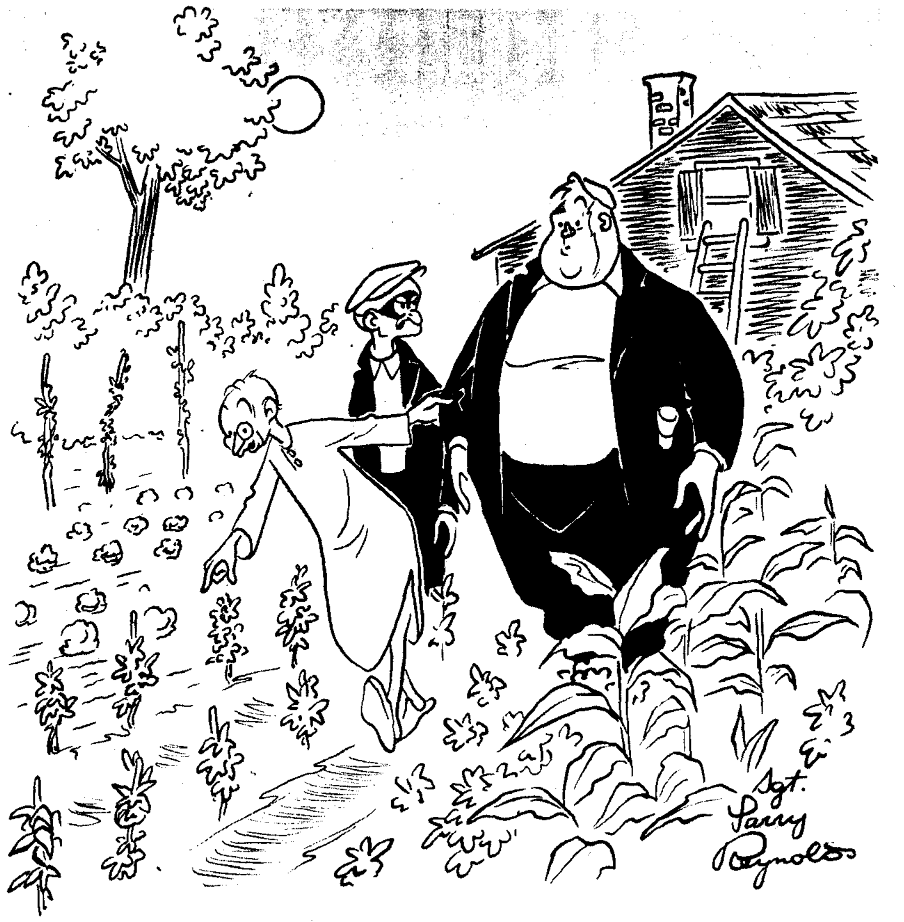
Long-Distance Song Writing

He was best known in Hollywood as the man who once wrote a song by long-distance telephone. Jolson had called New York from Hollywood for a number for The Singing Fool and had told Lew Brown his needs. Brown reached De Sylva and Henderson in Atlantic City. "Al wants something about a kid, with a line like 'Climb up on my lap' in it," he explained.

"How's 'Climb up on my lap, Sonny Boy; play me for a sap, Sonny Boy?' " De Sylva came back.

"Be nice, now," Brown pleaded, "and get Al a song today. He's waiting."

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"You would have to remark what a fine Victory garden he's got!"

COLLIER'S

Two Scotch and sodas later, De Sylva and Henderson had put together the "Climb up on my knee, Sonny Boy; though you're only three, Sonny Boy" tear jerker, telephoned it, collect, to Jolson in Hollywood and returned to their relaxing.

De Sylva's outstanding achievement in Hollywood is his contribution to the career of Shirley Temple. When he took over the incredible moppet, she was merely an American freak with no more acting ability than a baby giant panda half her age. De Sylva's biggest problem was to keep the studio from casting her immediately in Rain or Mourning Becomes Electra. He picked her stories with extreme care, seeing to it that they were within the scope of a child's interest and understanding.

Childless himself, De Sylva has a firm grasp of child psychology. He sensed that Shirley had to be interested in the movement of a story she was helping to tell. In all pictures he made with her, he submerged her interest in her own extraordinary self and placed emphasis on the game. Directors were forbidden to shoot from the cuff (Hollywoodese for deviating from the script) because that would violate the rules of play. By converting work into a sport, the pair turned out The Little Colonel, The Littlest Rebel, Captain January, Poor Little Rich Girl and Stowaway, a quartet of triumphs representing the apogee of the Temple legend.

If De Sylva helped Miss Temple, she repaid him in kind. Without her, his Hollywood career might have ended ten years ago. At that point, Sheehan had been squeezed out of Fox, and Darryl Zanuck had taken over. Listed among the heads to fall was De Sylva's.

"They can't do it," said Miss Temple. "I'll tell my mamma."

She did and Mrs. Temple informed Zanuck that she insisted her daughter remain under De Sylva's aegis. Zanuck didn't know Mrs. Temple well, then, but he took one look at the set of her maternal jaw and De Sylva stayed.

In 1940, after eleven years of Hollywood, De Sylva took a sabbatical. Although he called it a rest, he joined Herb Fields in preparing Du Barry for Broadway. It costs money to produce musicals, but that didn't faze De Sylva. He hired Cole Porter to do the music, put Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman in the leads and got his show together for $110,000. Within a week after opening, it was setting box-office records and had started a musical comedy renaissance.

Three Hits in a Season

De Sylva next plunged into Louisiana Purchase, casting Bill Gaxton, Zorina, Irene Bordoni and Victor Moore. Once more he felt the pleasant flush of a hit, making it two for the season. And he was only resting, mind you. He might have returned to Hollywood without his three-in-a-season record had not he and Fields got to mulling over a number called Hattie from Tahiti. In the ensuing discussion, Hattie was moved to Panama because Tahiti had become corny, whereas Panama had fresh, topical pegs to hang a plot on.

They went on from there, engaging for the role of the child Miss Joan Carrol, who followed the De Sylva pattern for pittypat prodigies by becoming the toast of Broadway. As if there could be no end to the De Sylva luck, a theatrical producer and a dramatic critic engaged in a bloodless brawl in the theater lobby on opening night and the subsequent publicity blizzard would have sold out a flea circus.

De Sylva's earnings from these three hits approximated three quarters of a million dollars, including sales to the movies of Hattie for $130,000, Du Barry for $80,000 and Purchase for $150,000. Fortified by a year of so-called rest and the health-giving feel of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he returned to Hollywood to produce Bob Hope's Caught in the Draft. Then came the call that was to make him top hand in a business that a decade before had scoffed at him.

Paramount Studios, in the beginning of 1941, found its earnings approaching the vanishing point. In dire extremity, the studio heads sent for De Sylva on the hunch that he knew where some bullion was buried. To their dismay De Sylva, now Hollywood wise, gave an automatic "no" to their first proffer of the executive-producer scepter.

"At least," someone said, "you can tell us how you make pictures."

"By the pit of my stomach" was the discouraging answer. De Sylva explained that the best aviators fly by the seat of their pants and that he merely elevates the system fifteen inches. When he reads a script, or sees a rush, and feels a sinking in the pit of his stomach, he says "no." On the other hand, if he has the sensation of just having swallowed three fingers of brandy, he says "yes."

Simple as the system seemed, the studio heads were no better off than before. In the end they had recourse to Hollywood's infallible weapon, rugged money, and De Sylva signed.

Curtains for the "Simp" Formula

His first move was to junk the formula known as the Simpleton Special. In this, boy meets girl, mutual hatred develops, boorishness becomes a badge of charm and, after an hour and thirty minutes of juvenile insults, the twain start hunting for a preacher. De Sylva held that there are women alive today who prefer gentility to boorishness and offered Hold Back the Dawn to prove it, eventually having the satisfaction of watching the public fight to see it.

After the success of Hold Back the Dawn, he tried Sullivan's Travels, in which he again permitted two people in love to be kind to each other before the last hundred feet of film. To the chagrin of the Simpleton school, this one also flushed up new box-office custom. Not only had De Sylva proved his point, but the financial results enabled Paramount to face the financing of For Whom the Bell Tolls with an equanimity undreamed of a year before.

De Sylva still keeps but one secretary, and she wears a perpetually harassed expression because of his habit of reiterating that he can't find enough to keep her busy. His office features a scarred desk that seldom seems to have anything on it but his feet. There is also a radio and a piano, the latter having an important function. When De Sylva wishes to end an interview, he sits down before it and starts thumping, at the same time indicating that he may burst into song at any minute. It always works.

His home in Holmby Hills has neither swimming pool nor tennis court. Some years ago, when money began pouring in, he acquired an authentic Renoir, a pair of minor Van Goghs and a Manet. They now serve the *décor* of his living room.

In recent years he has taken to painting portraits of his friends. One of the most interesting of these is of Director Leo McCarey. One critic found that it makes Mr. McCarey look like a lemur, a disaster for which De Sylva refuses to accept entire responsibility. "An artist paints only what he feels and sees," he said.

Anyone who has coasted through life on a golden sled doubtless shows considerable effrontery in offering Rotarian advice, but De Sylva is not inhibited. He still believes that worriers defeat themselves and that if more of us followed the line of least resistance the millennium would soon arrive, probably to a fanfare of This is My Lucky Day, by B. G. De Sylva.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

"Sometimes I dreaded seeing my friends"

WHY RISK DENTURE BREATH AND LOOSENED PLATES BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

BEWARE OF DENTURE BREATH and LOOSENED PLATES

Do This Every Day!

Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

No brushing

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE CLEAN IN POLIDENT

The safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—leaves your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"Now I go places . . . do things . . . enjoy life!"

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. C-8, 8 High St., Jersey City, N. J.

POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

WOMEN WAR WORKERS

The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!

Café Sinister

Continued from page 12

liked Dickie. He was of the tribe of rich young men who go in for a career of billboard love affairs. El Granada has a large complement of these Romeos who, lacking all other enterprise, devote themselves to the pursuit of ladies. The pursuit seldom goes beyond a jog trot but even at this pace the night-club Isoldes are easily lassoed. The goal of both sexes being identical—to achieve mention in the gossip columns as often as possible—little time is wasted outside the limelight.

"The old hunting grounds," our lieutenant said sentimentally, turning a flaccid face on the clientele.

"How do they look after the terrors of Washington?" I asked. Dickie always appreciated minor insults.

"Better than ever," he laughed, still sweeping the horizon with expert eye. His attention came to a halt. "At least," he went on, "I know now what I'm fighting for."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"That redhead," said Dickie softly. "Holy hat! That's an item! Who is the graveyard with her?"

I gave the baron's name.

"Never heard of him," said Dickie.

"Ever seen the girl?" I asked.

Dickie sipped his drink and was thoughtful. One had the impression of a young man peering into a myriad of hotel rooms.

"Uh-uh," he said moodily, "but it's my dish. I think I'll go over and cheer the poor little thing up. I never could stand to see redheads wasted."

"You won't get very far," I said. "The baron is a seclusive type. He shuns people."

"My dish," Dickie repeated softly and stood up. "Watch me. The Navy never misses."

We watched and were astonished. Lieutenant Malchen stood in front of the baron's table smiling and speaking easily. The baron arose, smiled and bowed. Whereupon the beautiful redhead stepped from behind the table and in a twinkling our lieutenant and the baron's prize were on the dance floor locked in a sort of *rigor mortis.*

I watched Dickie and noted that he had not lost his cunning as a ballroom artist. He still favored the strangle hold for waltzes and the bear hug for all other rhythms.

Morty nudged me. "That bears it out," he said.

"Bears what out, oracle?" I asked.

"My first diagnosis—that the baron doesn't give a hoot about redheads." Morty mopped his brow. "He hasn't opened his eyes, turned his head or stolen a single peek at the blitzkrieg on the dance floor."

TWENTY minutes later, Dickie returned the rumpled beauty to her perch beside the baron and sat down next to her. There was a small group of tax-tortured citizens at our own table discussing the future of the world. This vital topic, however, failed to hold my attention. I waited for the Navy to bring us tidings of Baron Corfus. And while waiting, I noted with some surprise that our Don Juan apparently had lost interest in his redheaded quarry. Both he and the "dish" sat unaware of each other, listening openmouthed to the elegant baron.

At 1:35 Dickie returned from the vestibule and joined us. The tax-debating society had moved on to another club for inspiration, and Morty and I were alone.

"Holy hat!" said Dickie. "What a guy! The most exciting old pollywog I ever listened to."

"How'd you get in?" I asked.

"Oh, that," Dickie grinned. "Just pulled the old gag. Introduced myself and told the old boy I'd made a fifty-dollar bet with you gentlemen that I could prevail on him to let me dance with the lovely young lady at his side. It worked like a charm. The thing that helped was that the old boy knows you and doesn't like you. Uh-uh—not for apples."

"Knows whom?" I asked.

"The doctor," said Dickie. Morty beamed. "He hates psychiatry," Dickie went on, "if that's of any interest to you?"

"Of the deepest," said Morty.

"What did he talk about?" I asked as Dickie sunk his nose into a wineglass.

"Terrific!" he looked up. "Biggest authority on Nazis in the world. He knows them all—Goebbels, Goering, Hitler. All the big shots. He's been at their homes. I never heard anything so fascinating."

"As for instance," I prodded.

"Oh, well," said Dickie, "an absolutely inside track on all those boys. Don't you think that's pretty interesting? I do. You know—who loves who and what those crazy Nazis say when they let their hair down."

HERE at least was an answer to the baron's fascination for the two redheads. Our mystery man was full of intimate tidbits concerning the nature of the enemy and apparently had bowled over Dickie as well with tales of the home life of Germany's bogeymen.

"Holy hat!" Dickie jumped up suddenly. "I forgot to get her telephone number. I'm slipping."

"Sit down. She'll be back tomorrow night," I promised. "What did she have to say about his nibs while you were dancing?"

"Not a talking type," said Dickie, with a soulful look toward the vestibule, "but quite a dish, eh?"

"Well," said Morty, after Dickie left us, "we've found out one impressive clue. The baron knows who I am and dislikes me. I think that's vital information."

"For your press book, perhaps," I said. "Personally, I am more interested in his being so close to the great Nazis."

"Lies, all lies," said Morty. "He doesn't know any Nazis. He never met Goebbels or Hitler. He's merely taking advantage of the ingénue American interest in backstairs tittle-tattle to put something over. His dislike of me proves that absolutely."

"You're sending up bubbles," I said. "I don't follow you."

"My dear friend," Morty beamed, "the man's up to something and he's terrified I'll see through him. All lunatics feel that way about me."

Morty let his face drip in exultation.

"They're telepathic," he went on. "They can sense a brain piercing through their hocus-pocus. That's what ails the baron. He knows I've got his compulsion neurosis by the tail and that I'm likely to see where it's going—any minute."

Highly pleased with himself, the moist thinker forgot it was his turn as guest at our table and picked up the check.

Thus our mystery remained for a week. The only progress made was by Dickie Malchen, whose relationship with the redhead had already borne fruit in the gossip columns.

I had hoped the lieutenant would play go-between and get us a bid backstage of our mystery. Nothing of the sort happened. The only news that Dickie brought us of the baron was of his remarkable collection of paintings and of his aversion for Morty.

"I suggested we all get together," said Dickie, "but he can't stand psychiatrists. You ain't mad, are you, Doc?" and Dickie winked at me.

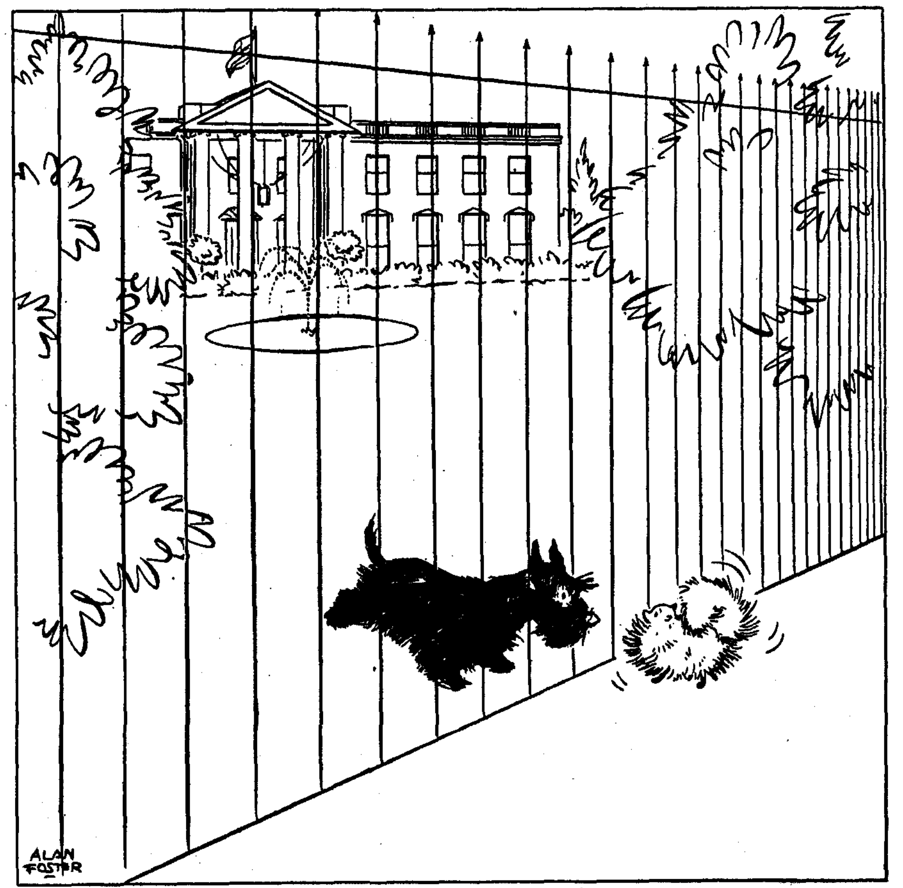
"Not in the least." Morty also winked at me. "Nobody loves a nosy psychiatrist."

Dickie chortled and squeezed off toward the dance floor.

It was the next night that the curtain at which we had been staring so long began finally to rise. It did not rise far, but enough to give us our first glimpse of the design of the hidden stage. The design

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "You say they classified you as emotionally unstable?"

RONRICO
Distilled PUERTO RICAN RUM
For the Taste Connoisseur

RONRICO

*Best RUM bar none

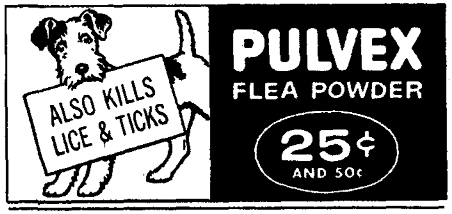
The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (D) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



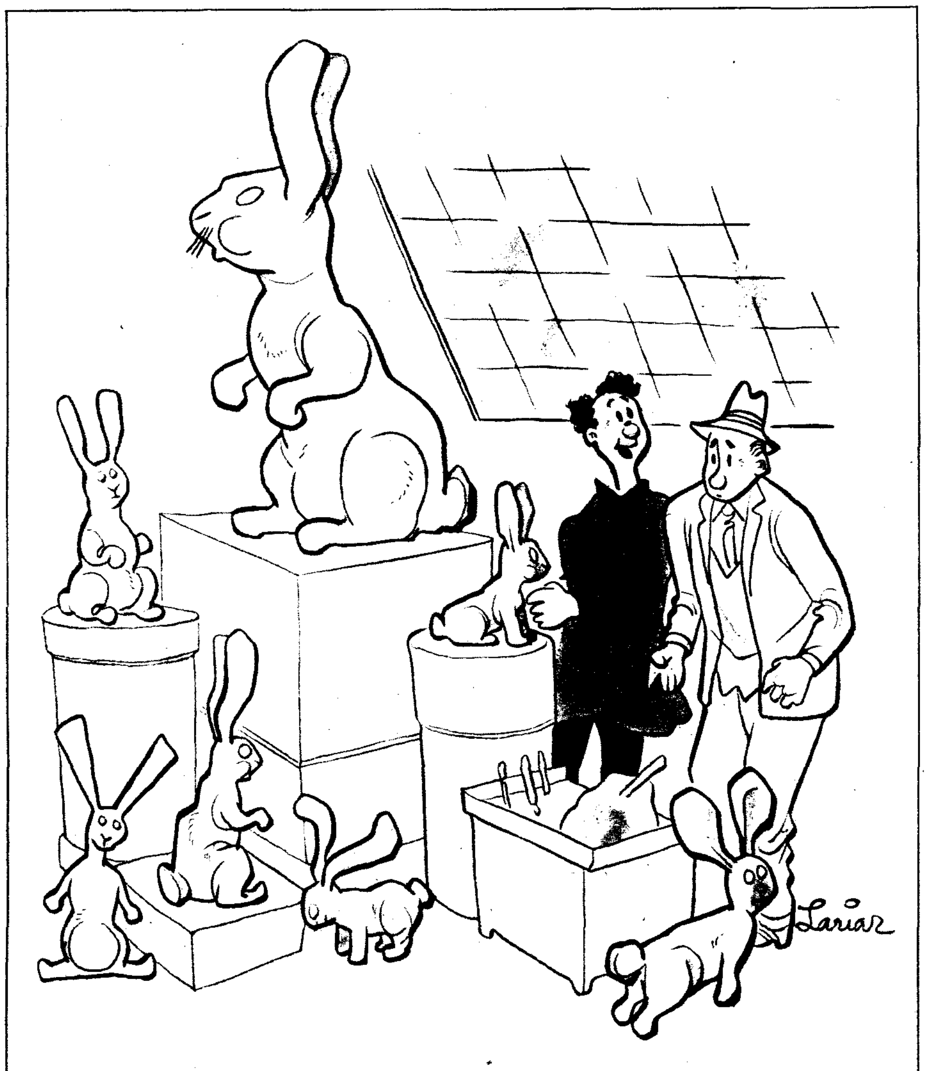
PULVEX FLEA POWDER 25¢ AND 50¢

Room with bath $2 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

DU PONT
COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER
CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER



COLLIER'S "Once I got started, I found I couldn't stop" LAWRENCE LARIAR

was Uncle Albert Malchen, Dickie's most renowned relative.

The honorable and disintegrating Albert was rarely seen in such gaudy dens as El Granada. He belonged to an era that had come to a full stop with the diabolic invention of the income tax; an era, also, that had regarded sin as a very important matter worthy of secret mansions, secret yachts and posthumous autobiographies. Uncle Albert, having squandered millions on amour, was averse surely to seeing it knocked down nightly in the open market for a single magnum of champagne, which may have accounted, in part, for his absence from such haunts as ours.

HIS appearance on this night sent a ripple through the blaring room, for Mr. Malchen was more than a celebrity come to be seen holding hands with another celebrity. He was a legend stepped out of ancient Wall Street deals and international love scandals—a gentleman as archaic as the Devil in red tights—and the fleshpots curtsied nostalgically to him. Beholding him, the clientele of El Granada remembered tales of chateaus on beaches, mountaintops and boulevards, recalled Rembrandts and Raphaels showered on strumpets, wheat markets cornered, and somebody shooting somebody else on the opening night of the Opera.

The lieutenant piloted this white-mustached, red-faced legend through the crowded room. He held it tenderly by the elbow, and a look of extreme piety was on him as if he were guiding an abbot to his prayers. The two, uncle and nephew, stopped in front of the table of our camellia-studded baron. Introductions took place and chairs were adjusted.

"Well, my friend." Morty scowled. "At least the first part of the mystery is cleared up. We can dismiss the Titian sirens from here in." He mopped his face.

"We're a pair of idiots," he resumed. "Good Lord, imagine my not seeing through the whole thing in a minute. It makes me sick."

"But you did see through it," I comforted the scientist.

"Only as far as Dickie," Morty frowned. "I saw that the redheads were a bait set out for our naval hero. And I saw that the baron had gone to considerable research, for a foreigner, to establish the fact that Dickie had a fetish for red-haired ladies. But I didn't think beyond Dickie to Uncle Albert."

"You're quite right," I said. "It looks pretty obvious. Our baron snagged Dickie with a redhead. And then used Dickie as bait for Uncle Albert. And Uncle Albert is now going to be taken for something neat and considerable."

The baron and Mr. Malchen were conversing amiably against the padded satin wall. Mr. Malchen's red, rubbery face was full of a sort of roguish good humor of the old school. He appeared to be urging something on the baron and the baron with much charm appeared to be refusing whatever it was.

"One thing confuses me," Morty spoke up suddenly. "There doesn't seem anything mad about the whole business. And there should be. There should be something very definitely maniacal going on. And there isn't. It's all too stupidly logical."

Morty glared at our baron as at a mendacious patient.

"We are being misled," he sighed. "If that man's a swindler, I'm a chiropodist." And Morty sat glaring at the baron indignantly.

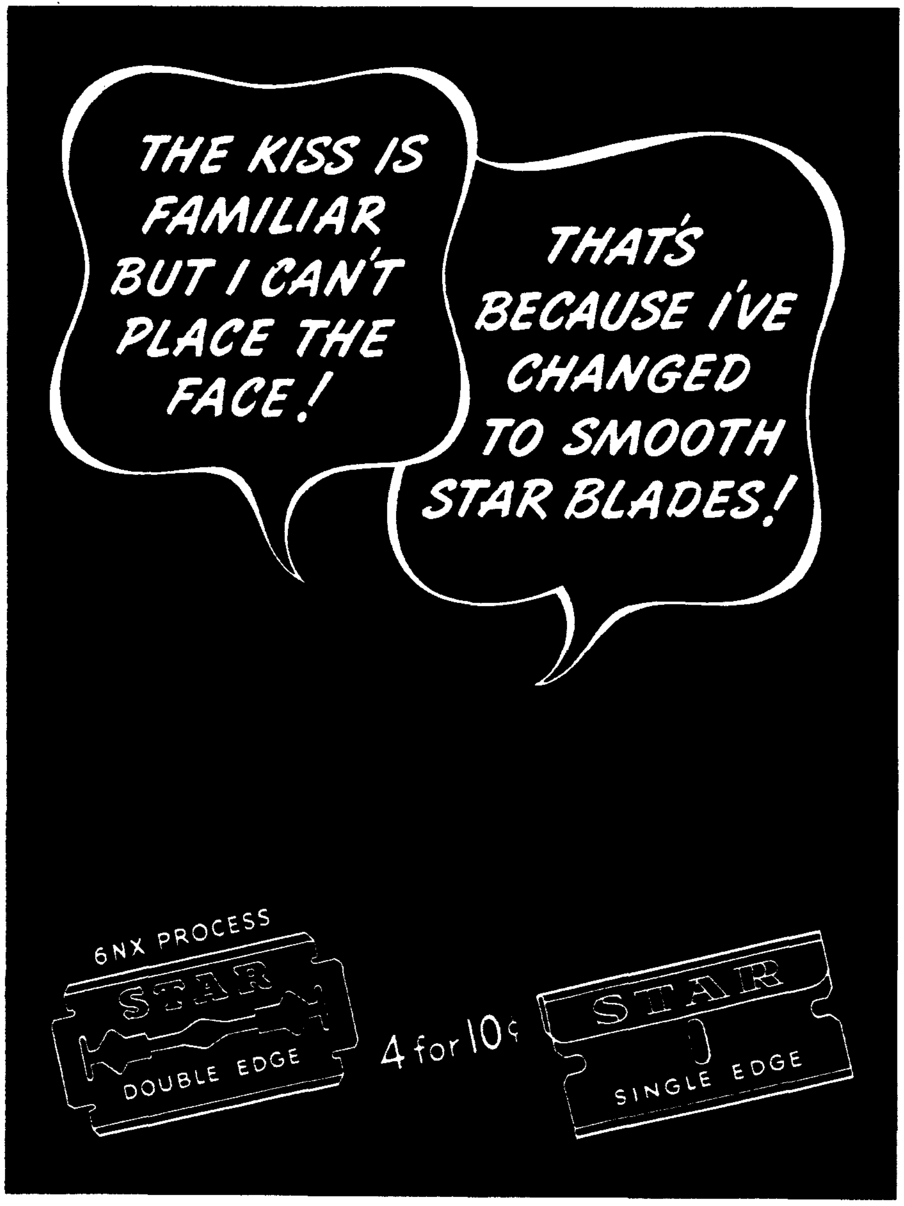
OUR mystery was being seated when we reached our El Granada roost the next night.

"I wonder what the next step is," I said as Ganzo with tip-dizzied tenderness guided the baron and the redhead to the padded wall.

"The next step involves us," said Morty in a whisper, "the fellow is beaming at us like a brother Elk."

I turned and saw this remarkable sight. Baron Corfus was smiling unmistakably

FINE NEW GUM BY
FLEER
A FINE OLD FIRM
FIVE CENTS
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
FLEERMINT
5¢
FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
ESTABLISHED 1885


THE KISS IS FAMILIAR BUT I CAN'T PLACE THE FACE!
THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE CHANGED TO SMOOTH STAR BLADES!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

How to Make a Wish

MANY folks used to wish on a Covered Bridge, but Covered Bridges are scarce these days. So if you want to make a wish, wherever you are, simply close your eyes and slowly put your wish into words. For example: "I wish this war would end soon and that we would win." Of course, the only sure way to make that wish come true is to buy plenty of War Bonds and Stamps regularly. No discredit to the wish-fulfilling prowess of Covered Bridges, understand, but War Bonds buy the bridges of ships and airplanes that carry destruction to the Axis. America will build 'em fast if you buy 'em fast. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

OUR SECRET WEAPON ROUTS FLEAS !

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

You need the right weapons against fleas. And you need to rout fleas if your dog is to keep in good health and condition.

Our secret weapon for fleas is the ONE-TWO: *One,* a flea-killing (and skin-conditioning) bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap. . . . *Two,* frequent dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder—it slaughters new arrivals.

Fight your dog's fleas with SKIP-FLEA. At all drug and pet stores. Free Sergeant's Dog Book, too! (Or use coupon below.)

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-H, Richmond, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Print Name
Address
City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

in our direction, and Ganzo was moving toward our table.

"The gentleman over there," said Ganzo, "Baron Corfus, asks if you care to join him as his guests."

"We'd be delighted," said Morty softly.

Ganzo bowed and smiled like a good fairy whose work is done.

We squeezed our way to the baron's side.

His voice fitted him like another camellia. It was softly accented and full of good humor—the voice of a man of wit who has learned English where it is spoken only by the most elegant of people.

"I feel we are old friends," he said after the introductions to the red-haired Miss Annabella Wilkerson were done and we had all sat down. "Your faces have the quality of long companionship. I am certain that mine must be equally familiar to you."

This was not bad as a dig at our weeks of scrutiny.

"Yes," said Morty. "We've been interested in each other for some time. In fact, my friend and I have been happily mystified since your first appearance."

I thought this a little crude but the baron was delighted.

"I didn't know psychiatrists were ever mystified," he said. "I thought people were an open book to them—a rather ugly book."

"Open," said Morty kittenishly, "but hard to read halfway across a room."

The baron nodded and failed to look wary. His eyes continued to glitter through their slits with a sort of gaiety that confused me. But not Morty. Morty apparently understood this symptom thoroughly. He seemed, in fact, full of a friskiness that matched the baron's, and I was reminded of two fighters who square off with grins on their mugs, each equally certain of himself.

WE ORDERED wine, and I tackled the red-haired Miss Wilkerson with a few opening remarks about Dickie.

"Oh, really now," Miss Wilkerson answered in a swooning Southern voice. "All Navy men are alike, don't you think? Ah don' mean anything disrespeckful tawed the Navy, but they ah so Navy, wouldn't you say?"

The baron smiled at her without mockery.

"I find this place very interesting," he resumed, "and also a little sad."

"Why sad?" I asked and earned a mysterious kick under the table from Morty.

"It is sad when you see how little riches have come to mean," said the baron. "And how small a thing luxury has become. Hardly more than this." He nodded wistfully at El Granada and continued, "Luxury was once the goal of all intelligent human beings. Now we are all a little ashamed of it and actually frightened of its fine clothes and pleasant hours. It's a pity that the dream of luxury has been frightened out of the world."

"It will not be luxury that's removed from the world." Morty mopped his face and kept peeking like a schoolboy from behind his handkerchief. "But only its present formula—a great deal for a very few. This is being altered into another formula—a little for everybody."

"I wonder," said the baron, "if useless things can be rationed or idleness evenly distributed. It is doubtful."

"Why did you ask us over?" Morty asked suddenly, and I was glad to see that the boys had come to an end of their sparring.

"The scientist is always direct," the baron smiled. "Here is our wine. Shall we drink first?"

The lovely Miss Wilkerson cooed over the bubbles.

"Ah just adaw champagne," she said. "It relaxes yaw mind. It really does."

The baron raised his glass to her. "To you," he said, "for being so beautiful."

"Thank you." Miss Wilkerson widened her eyes at all of us.

Our host said, smiling at Morty, "I asked you over because your deep interest in me made me think you might enjoy the only small gift I have to offer—that of the raconteur."

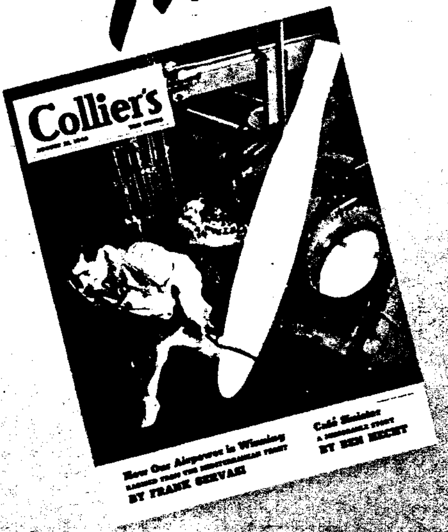
"I knew that," said Morty smugly; "I knew you had something to tell us."

A waiter appeared bearing a telephone instrument which he plugged in.

"We have your number now," the waiter said.

"Excuse me." The baron smiled at us and spoke into the instrument: "Hello. Is that Emil? Emil, this is Corfus. Do you remember what time I told you I expected the gentlemen? . . . Ah. . . . They are? . . . Please, I will speak to the lieutenant."

The Week's Work



AT THIS very moment the hollow steel propeller blade shown on the front cover may be biting the air over one of the theaters of war. When this picture was taken, however, the red-hot blade was being hoisted by chain out of a rotary pit furnace in the Curtiss-Wright Propeller Division plant at Caldwell, New Jersey, after being heat-treated for 81 minutes.

Ordinarily, these blades must be guided into a hydraulic press, for "die-quench" hardening, within 15 seconds after removal from the furnace. A man with a stop watch times the transfer. But for picture purposes, a hot blade was held steady for what must have seemed a painfully long time by Heat Treater James Annecone, whose face and left arm were highly reddened by the 1,500-degree heat.

The top of a pit furnace is on a level with the floor, and is 25 feet deep. Its capacity is 10 blades, which emerge at the rate of one every nine minutes. The blue light shown at the top of the picture flashes on when a blade is ready for removal. Heat treatment is one of the most important stages through which Curtiss hollow steel blades must pass before they're put into service on any of 14 different warplanes of the United Nations. In the first hardening step, the blade is "normalized" in a gas furnace of 1,700° Fahrenheit, then slowly cooled in an asbestos-lined chamber. The pit furnace comes next and, third, the hydraulic press, which "blows out" indentations and distortions and brings the metal's hardness up to rigid Army and Navy specifications.

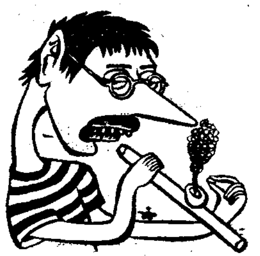
A NOTE for camera addicts. Photographer Eugene Smith spent five hours co-ordinating everything for this cover composition. The actual shooting took very few minutes. Curtiss-Wright had a platform ready for Gene, but it turned out to be too low. A 12-foot ladder made the grade for height, but proved too unsteady for a tripod. Gene finally wound up on a 14-foot platform normally used, he thinks, for changing light bulbs in the shop ceiling.

Mr. Annecone, a very patient man, made several "dry runs" with a cold blade for a critical Mr. Smith, then eight exposures were made of four hot blades, with two cameras operating simultaneously. The exposures were "open flash"—the shutters remaining open for four seconds so the color could register on the film, then closed after a couple of flash bulbs had lighted the details. Best exposure was f5.6. Smith's best job for quite a spell.

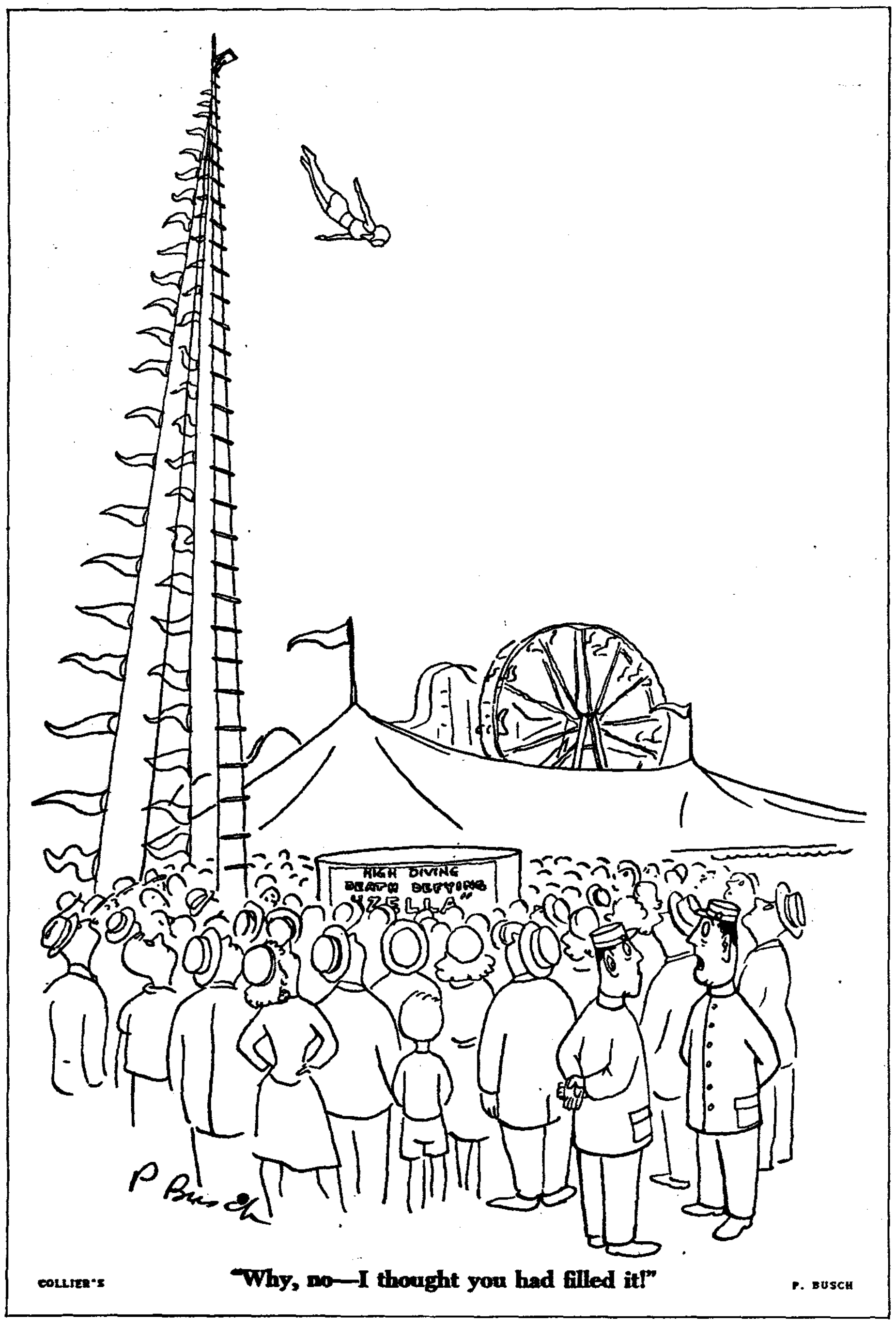
NO USE keeping Virgil (VIP) Partch under wraps any longer. Newsweek spilled a full page of beans about him in their issue of June 14, and cartoon books will soon be popping right and left containing examples of his pen-and-ink lunacy. Collier's bought the first of Partch's gags on January 8, 1942, has stamped an okay on the best he has turned out since, and has patiently answered letters from readers demanding to know if Mr. Partch is unhinged and are we in our right minds. Our patience has been rewarded; we seldom hear any complaints these days.

VIP breaks most of the rules of Art and his sense of humor outscrewballs the balmiest of his contemporaries, but the combination is something that grows on you. Although we have yet to meet our twenty-six-year-old discovery, our correspondence between New York and North Hollywood is lively. Sample: "Dear People," he addressed us recently, as though fearing his message would never penetrate to the Cartoon Department (which has all the privacy of Grand Central Terminal), "I'm sorry I have been so long in delivering this drawing. Please hate me." We can't. We love him and all his wacky works (see pages 30 and 43).

G. W.



Partch, by Partch



COLLIER'S "Why, no—I thought you had filled it!" P. BUSCH

The baron sighed and looked at Morty. "I have done a very stupid thing," he said. "I thought my appointment was for one-thirty rather than midnight. Isn't that what I told you, Miss Wilkerson?"

"Yes." She nodded earnestly. "Ah understood it was one-thirty. Ah remember distinctly . . ."

"I'm afraid we are wrong," he smiled. "You must explain to me, Doctor, how it is that one's memory can be so accurate, so vivid and accurate about the past and so completely worthless on matters of the present."

"Perhaps the present is of no interest to you," Morty cooed. I knew he had spotted the shaking of the baron's hand and the tension in the slitted eyes.

"HELLO," our host spoke into the phone. "Lieutenant? . . . Oh, I'm so very sorry, Lieutenant. I had an impression that we were to meet after the café . . . Oh, really? . . . Yes, I recall now. In fact, I've been uncertain for fifteen minutes. Please convey to your uncle my deepest regrets and ask him if he will be kind enough to look at the paintings. I will be over very soon. Tell him the data is on my desk . . . Oh, he is? I am delighted."

The baron's breath caught in a curious gasp and the shaking of the hand holding the instrument increased.

"Then there is no need for me to rush," he resumed. "And how are you, Lieutenant? We missed you this evening—in more ways than one. Yes, she is here. Would you care to speak to her?"

He handed the phone to Miss Wilkerson. Morty mopped away and peeked excitedly, and I wondered if he would offer his handkerchief to the baron, on whose temples a film of moisture had appeared.

"Hello tha," said Miss Wilkerson. "So sorry yaw not heah, Mr. Malchen . . . Yes, tha's a wonderful crowd heah tonight . . . Oh, just everybody . . . You do? . . . Oh, that's very naughty, Mr. Malchen . . . No, I won't call you Dickie ever if you talk like tha." She laughed, as Dickie apparently stepped up his campaign and tossed back a series of arch and ambiguous gurgles. The baron sat listening with what seemed a breathless, dreamy air. A smile twitched his mouth and he took the instrument from Miss Wilkerson.

"Will you please ask the butler to fix you a drink, until I get there?" he said. "Oh, it's no trouble at all for him. And I'm sure he has some sandwiches ready . . . He did? Well, I'm delighted . . . No, no, no . . . Please, say nothing about that till I get there. And give him all the time he wants. A great art connoisseur loves to be alone with his quarry . . . And I'm sure he'll find the paintings quite worth his attention . . . Yes . . . We'll finish our drinks and be over . . . And my apologies for forgetting the hour."

He hung the phone up and looked at his wrist watch. The moisture had spread from his temples to his chin and glistened now on his shaking fingers. His voice, however, was smooth enough as he said, "Mr. Albert Malchen is at my apartment looking at some paintings I own and am not averse to selling."

Morty stared at him blandly.

"It really upset me." The baron removed his own handkerchief and mopped his face. "I cannot bear to be unpunctual. Punctuality is perhaps my defense against a completely disorganized mind. At least, I often think so. But no harm's been done. Shall we have another bottle of wine?"

"Ah don't think we ought to leave Mr. Malchen alone," Miss Wilkerson pouted.

"But I cannot desert our new friends here so abruptly." He smiled. "Particularly Dr. Briggs who is still curious as to why I sought the honor of his company. I am an exile from a country that I once loved. There is nothing pleases me so much as to tell stories about that country. It is the same as one feels toward an old, old friend who has died. One loves to recall him and speak of him to others."

I had an impression the baron was babbling and I waited for Morty to say as much. But Morty had grown dreamy and I knew his mind was far away from the baron's words. He was thinking like a steam engine.

BARON CORFUS spoke for another five minutes. He was describing a dinner party at which Mussolini had recited an ode to himself, when the waiter appeared, bearing a telephone.

"For you, sir." He nodded at the baron, as he plugged in the wire.

"Hello," the baron spoke into the phone. "Yes . . . What? . . . I don't understand . . . Oh, I see . . . Oh, I'm terribly sorry . . . Yes, I have one in my pocket . . . Yes . . . Oh, I'm sure nothing has happened . . . Yes, indeed, I'll be right over."

He hung up quickly and rose. Morty followed him to his feet.

"Has something happened?" he purred.

"You look awfully upset." Miss Wilkerson put her hand on the baron's arm. "Is it something about Dickie?"

"I'm sure it's nothing," our host sighed, starting toward the vestibule. Morty was at his side and the baron added, "Mr. Malchen says his uncle locked himself in my drawing room. The door has a spring lock and I have the only key."

"Why doesn't Uncle Albert open it?" Morty asked softly.

"Apparently he is so enthralled by my paintings," the baron smiled, "that he cannot hear his nephew's outcries."

"I am a doctor," said Morty, "and will go home with you. In case one is needed."

The baron's apartment was five minutes away by taxi. The four of us rode there in silence.

The butler who opened the Corfus door for us looked like Voltaire—a puny and electric old gentleman. Dickie gathered Miss Wilkerson to him and begged her not to worry because he had already sent for Dr. Kenneth O. Bishop, the heart specialist, and his uncle's chief personal physician. Miss Wilkerson patted the mariner's cheek and was certain everything would be all right.

In the meantime Corfus unlocked the door, at which we were all looking. We saw a large softly lighted room with a number of paintings on the walls. At the far end of the room stood an easel with a large painting of a woman on it. The easel was an imposing affair with velvet drapes on each side.

A third look revealed Albert Malchen on the floor, his face flattened against the rug. The fabled Malchen was dead. In this room hung with too many paintings, he looked like a child collapsed amid his toys.

We stood like a little group of mummers who had not learned their lines for the death scene. Particularly Morty. Morty had turned his gaze away from the mighty Malchen crumpled on the rug. He was looking at another figure—the one on the easel. It was a full-length portrait of a woman of twenty. She was a proud and fragile lady done chiefly in greens.

Dr. Kenneth O. Bishop found us with highball glasses in our hands. He was tall, learned and expensive-looking and obviously of the supreme court of medicine. It was apparent at once that dead million-

ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
CHILLED
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character, reasonable in cost... America's largest-selling wines.

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES
•
Before you buy wine —buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN: The Roma Show. Your Columbia Station — every Thursday night. Stars of stage, screen, and radio. See your paper for station and time. Roma Wine Company...Fresno..Lodi..Healdsburg,Cal.

aires were no novelty to him. Mr. Malchen's death held no surprise. Dr. Bishop had been treating the financier for a bad heart for a number of years, he said.

Dickie, removing his arm from the Wilkerson rib cage, explained the events preceding the demise. He had accompanied his uncle into the room, and they had just started looking about when Baron Corfus had telephoned. Dickie had followed the butler to the phone, which was in another room, and asked the old fellow to mix him a drink. The butler had prepared the drink while Dickie talked over the phone. Then he had sat drinking and giving the butler his favorite recipe for mint juleps. Going back to join his uncle, he had found the door locked. Mr. Malchen had closed the door himself, Dickie imagined, because he wanted to look at the paintings without interruption.

Morty, who had been listening blandly, added the question: "Were the drapes on the easel painting open or closed when you left the room to answer the phone?"

"They were closed," said Dickie, frowning.

Morty nodded agreeably.

The more expensive-looking scientist then made a curious statement. Some seven years ago Albert Malchen had specified that he should not be buried without an autopsy. This was a request not uncommon among his extremely wealthy patients, who were evidently haunted by a fear of foul play. Of course, this phobia did not mean anything, but he would let Dr. Briggs know any interesting findings, he added graciously, favoring the gleam in Morty's eye.

He paused and sighed.

"Mr. Malchen was a very dear friend. It's obvious that he became overexcited by these paintings, particularly the one on the easel."

"It is a beautiful thing," said Corfus.

"Well, it was too much for him," said Dr. Bishop. "Poor Albert, he always loved art above everything else in the world."

"A wonderful theory . . ." Morty whispered in my ear sarcastically. "That painting never excited anybody—except me."

I SAW the baron nod to the old butler as we started leaving the room. Voltaire remained behind and slowly drew together the drapes. . . .

Morty telephoned me the next afternoon. I asked him if he had seen the baron.

"No," he said, "but don't worry about him. We'll see him tonight at El Granada."

"You think he'll be there?" I asked.

"You *are* a babe in the woods," Morty chuckled. "He'll not only be there but he'll be alone."

I asked my Sherlock how he deduced that.

"Because he's expecting me," said Morty. "I hold a great fascination for him. Much greater than he ever held for me."

I assured Morty that I was completely baffled by the whole thing and asked about the autopsy.

"Mr. Malchen died of a bad heart," Morty said happily. "No contributing factors in the way of bullets, poisons or blows were found. It was a perfect crime. Twelve o'clock—and don't be late. I don't want to keep the baron in suspense."

Baron Corfus was there, and alone, poised as a bit of old statuary. Obviously, he was waiting for us.

I have always admired dandyism in distress—Charles of England removing the long curls from his neck and murmuring that there was no occasion for the ax man to disturb them since they had offended no one; the literary prince of Paris listening to the pompous death warrant being read to him and interrupting wearily: "Tut-tut . . . the style of Diderot;" and that Brooklyn boy swimming through the oil-flaming Coral Sea and calling out to the rescue boat, "Hey, buddy, here's a couple of hitchhikers."

The temperament that yields no whit of its style to calamity has always been my favorite, and on this night our baron was an elegant member of its tribe. For if ever calamity signaled its presence, and nemesis bayed in the offing, it was Morty. He squinted at our host as if he were sighting a rifle on him, he perspired, leered and fidgeted like a June bride, and he gulped down glasses of wine. But his gloat was that of the pedagogue in pursuit of truth rather than the Puritan laying evil by the heels, and I forgave him. It pleased me to know, however, that our baron would sit unperturbed until doomsday, and that it would have to be Morty who first unmasked. It was Morty.

"Corfus," he said finally, "I'd like to tell you a story."

"That would be only fair," the baron replied. "You've listened to several of mine."

"Before I begin," said Morty, "I want to make it plain that I'm here not only as one who is going to accuse you of murder, but also as judge and jury."

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

A high, wide and handsome serial by

ERNEST HAYCOX

America's favorite writer of Westerns tells of a blood feud which flickered across the range, a romantic adventure full of color and gunsmoke

THE WILD BUNCH

"The court of El Granada." The baron nodded smilingly. "A charming locale in which to be tried."

"I'll enter the evidence quickly," said Morty, "since, of course, it will offer no surprise to you. My only reason for boring you possibly with the details is to convince you they are in my possession."

"YOU will not bore me," the baron said. "May I give you some more wine?" He refilled Morty's glass. Morty drank it absent-mindedly.

"I'll begin with the redheads," he said. "I couldn't satisfy myself about the significance of those redheads. I knew, of course, they were decoys for Dickie and I knew Dickie was a decoy for Uncle Albert. But why should a man with such authentic paintings to sell go through such a hocus-pocus to meet the art-hungry Malchen?

"This question, of course, was among the several answered last night. You needed both Dickie *and* Uncle Albert on the scene. You, naturally, were going to be absent. And you wanted someone present at the scene of Malchen's death beside your butler. That old gentleman with the Heidelberg scar is hardly a character that would bear close questioning. And if the mighty Malchen were found dead on the premises of a stranger with nobody but that dubious creature on the scene, there would be considerable questioning. Dickie was perfect insurance against any such investigation. Hence Dickie. Hence all the hocus-pocus."

The baron remained a picture of polite interest.

"The part I am grateful for," Morty resumed, "was that you called me over to your table last night to use me—as part of your alibi. That wasn't nice . . . but I enjoyed it. It was fruitful. And now we come to your vital and slightly paranoiac adventure. I knew, of course, from the first that you were neither a crook nor a swindler, but a man of hate . . ."

"Hate," said the baron, in the most amiable of tones, "is the sole diet of continents today."

MORTY mopped his face and continued: "Last night, when you spoke over the phone here, the basic nature of the adventure became clear to me. You lied. A lie, my dear fellow, is always the best signpost to the hidden. As long as a man doesn't lie, his secret is safe. My profession of psychoanalysis, as you know, is little more than a lie hunt. I'm always geared to spot a lie. When you said over the phone that you had forgotten the exact hour of your appointment with Uncle Albert, the gong sounded. A man who has devoted two months to bagging a Malchen isn't going to forget any detail of his appointment. It was also obvious, while you were talking on the phone, that you had been engaged for two months in establishing a public habit—an El Granada habit of attendance between midnight and one-thirty. This habit would serve as your alibi—this, and ourselves. Yes, indeed, El Granada had many uses for you."

The baron glanced at his wrist watch humorously.

"It is almost one," he said, "and I am still in the grip of habit."

"We will be through in time," Morty beamed. "To return to the spectacle of you at the telephone. You showed all the signs of extreme strain. Your hands shook, and your face sweated. And I knew that the adventure—a seven-year adventure as we learned last night from Uncle Albert's long-standing fear of murder—had reached its climax. The murder of Malchen was taking place as you held Dickie on the phone."

The baron sighed. "I am confused," he said. "Whom are you accusing—my butler?"

"Heavens, no," Morty said indignantly, and added, "At any rate—only as a very minor performer. The thing was so clear that I was afraid that ass Kenneth O. Bishop—O for ossified—would see it."

Morty shook his head reprovingly at the baron.

"You took a big chance killing Mr. Malchen with a Forain portrait," he said, "—a piece of painting that couldn't possibly affect his heart action—except maybe to depress it."

"Forain is a much undervalued artist," said the baron, "and I felt that they were both mad."

"I could see that you had great faith in him," Morty chuckled, "the minute I entered the room. Nevertheless I wondered why an art connoisseur like yourself should honor a fifth-rate canvas with a draped easel. Once I had asked myself that question, my dear Corfus, I needed only to ask another to know all the details of the murder. Were the drapes on the easel closed when Uncle Albert entered the room? They were. The rest was simplicity itself."

Morty paused as if for a round of applause. "Having gorged himself on Memlings and Goyas," he continued, "an art lover like Malchen would turn eagerly to the obvious prima donna of the collection—the canvas honored by a draped easel. Now we arrive at the crime. When I left the room, I made a final observation. I saw the butler, so-called, pulling the heavy drapes closed with some difficulty. I noticed that the knob on the cord of the drape rode up to an unusual height when the curtains were closed—in fact above Uncle Albert's head. Uncle Albert had to reach for this knob and pull hard, when he turned at last to gaze at the deadly Forain."

I felt like laughing.

"Do you mean that the extra exertion of opening the drapes ended the life of Mr Malchen?" I asked.

"I mean nothing of the sort," said Morty. "The knob on the drawstring killed him. There was a syringe in that knob, and when he grabbed hold of it he received a deadly injection."

"Poison?" I looked at the imperturbable baron.

"Obviously," said Morty. "But a special kind of poison, I realized, when Corfus didn't seem to be the least disturbed by the promise of an autopsy. I spent all nigh over a pharmaceutical volume refreshing my memory about poisons that leave no traces. Today, when that antediluvian medical freak, Dr. Bishop, phoned to assure me the results of the necropsy were entirely negative, I knew. There is only one such fooler: Insulin."

He looked at Corfus triumphantly.

"At least two hundred units of insulin were in the needle that was released into the hand of Mr. Malchen when he reached up for that knob and pulled greedily. I was perfect. Your victim received a staggering insulin shock, which nobody can distinguish from the last throes of a fata coronary attack."

OUR table became an oasis of silence in the blaring café. After several moments Morty said, rather appealingly, to the baron: "It's your turn, Corfus."

The baron seemed rather tired.

"An interesting story," he said softly "but a little fanciful."

"I haven't gone to the trouble of digging up any proof," said Morty coldly "but if the police were told to look a Uncle Albert's right palm, they would find a perforation. Also, an analysis of the draw cord on the easel would show insulin, and would also show, I am sure, tha a new and more innocent knob has been substituted for the one I have described to you."

The baron seemed to have fallen asleep I realized with surprise that he was talking—quietly, and without emphasis.

"Perhaps it will satisfy the judge and jury of the court of El Granada if I revea my true name. It is Count Eitel von Lichtenfels. This name is my only defense."

Morty beamed.

"Naturally I've heard the name. I studied in Berlin, you know. It was one of the big banking families of Germany. But i doesn't shed any light."

"I am sorry," said the baron. "It would have saved us time. That portrait by Forain that you failed to admire was of my sister—Marie von Lichtenfels."

"Why, of course," said Morty. "Forain didn't do her justice at all. She was a famous beauty."

"Yes, the gods were lavish with her—too lavish. They added one gift too many around her cradle. They bestowed on her the honor of being part Jewess. I don't know the exact percentage, but it was sufficiently large to aggravate Dr. Goebbels And being perhaps the richest of the undesirables, our family fled Germany in 1935.

"I went to Russia. My father, brother and sister went to London. In London my sister Marie received a cable from the American financier, Albert Malchen. He was in Austria and wished to buy a castle she owned in Salzburg. My father knew Malchen. He had tried for many years to buy a Rembrandt that was the pride of the Lichtenfels collection." The baron

Copyright 1943, Better Vision Institute, Inc.

This little girl is in trouble

School! It was going to be wonderful! It was growing up. It was learning—oh, everything. It was being somebody!

And now . . .

The teacher would write it. *But she couldn't tell.* The teacher would show it to them in the book. *But she couldn't tell.*

Nicky and Bets could tell. *But she couldn't tell*—because she couldn't *see!*

So there were the bad marks. And mom and pops didn't understand. And nobody understood . . .

There is no torment just like the humiliation and despair that ride a child who starts school with defective eyesight. Such a youngster is clumsy where others are skilled; slow where they are quick; worried and doubtful where they are serene and sure; at odds with everybody, unable to discover the reason; suffering from headaches, heartaches and utter defeat; always behind, behind, behind.

Don't bring this torture on your children. Remember: 83% of their knowledge reaches them through their eyes, which also control 80% of their motions.

If you haven't done it before, *and very recently*, have their eyes examined before they return to school.

Take them to a professional man of undoubted reputation. Profit by his expert analysis and if visual correction is needed, get the benefit of the best scientific and technical skills available.

No less than the best is wise or safe for the precious eyes of your loved ones. Good vision is the root of all achievement.

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

MEN OF VISION
PUT ALL THEIR
FIGHTING DOLLARS
INTO WAR BONDS

VISION FOR VICTORY

sipped his wine and looked dreamily at the dance floor.

"It is a difficult story to tell," he resumed, "because it has lost none of its horror."

Morty said nothing and we waited for Corfus to continue.

"Malchen asked my sister Marie to meet him in Austria," the baron resumed. "But Austria was dangerous ground for her. It had not yet been gobbled up by the Nazis, but they were sitting at its banquet board, knives in hand. Marie arranged with Malchen to meet him in Zurich, but Malchen failed to appear. He sent her a letter explaining that he was bedridden in a sanitarium just across the Austrian border, and he begged her to visit him and close the deal for the castle there. My sister, who was brave and eager to improve the family fortune—for we had fled with little of our wealth—my sister crossed into Austria and arrived at the sanitarium.

"Mr. Malchen was not waiting for her. Instead a group of Gestapo agents seized her and took her to Berlin. You see, it was known to the Nazis that our family on fleeing Germany had buried the bulk of the Lichtenfels art collection somewhere in a forest in Saxony. We had left fifty paintings, very famous ones and worth millions, underground to await our return when the Nazis had finished their day."

THE baron sighed. "It is a long day," he said, "longer than we imagined." He paused.

"In Berlin," the baron resumed, "the Nazis tortured my sister for three months. They disfigured her face and broke her hands and legs. And they were able finally to learn from her the hiding place of the Lichtenfels collection. Mr. Malchen was rewarded immediately for his part in the affair. He was allowed to buy the Rembrandt he had so long coveted, for a comparatively small sum. It hangs in his own collection now. Mr. Malchen had evidently heard that the remaining members of the Lichtenfels family had sworn to avenge Marie. My father was not among them. He shot himself after Marie died. Friends in Berlin were permitted to bury her. They wrote us that they were unable to recognize her. Last night my butler, who is my older brother Frederick, and I were able to fulfill the vow."

The baron sighed. "Last night," he said, "my sister watched Mr. Malchen die at her feet. If you will pardon me now"—the baron smiled faintly—"it is one-thirty."

He stood up. "The check has been paid," he said, "and thank you for an interesting evening. I hope we shall see each other again."

"Good night," said Morty, "and don't forget to burn the cord on that drape."

Baron Corfus bowed and walked toward the vestibule.

"My conscience," said Morty, "doesn't bother me at all. Justice of a very high order has been done."

"It's still murder," I said.

"Murder, my eye," Morty mopped his face. "The whole thing was a fantasy of mine. You can forget about it. Very pleasant fellow, Corfus. Too bad he's not long for this world. I made a close study of his physical signs tonight. That cachexia. It can only mean an advanced and pretty well metastasized cancerous condition. The man is probably in constant pain. I give him six months listening to El Granada music. It's a great place . . . Best in town." Morty beamed, and I followed his eyes around the crowded tables.

They were all there, all the toy faces of the city's night life. Fame, wealth and beauty sat huddled like a flock of bedizened sheep come in from a storm. Outside, the world was exploding on a hundred battle fronts. Around us the god of trivia was still in his heaven with his votaries yawning at their devotions.

And the most elegant and ennuied of them all was Baron Corfus bowing his good night to Ganzo in the doorway.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

up into a reasonable facsimile of cabbage. And its juice is good. Water lilies are a bonanza.

But it's not all vegetables and no meat. The book has directions for tracking down and fixing up such things as scrub turkey, wild pigs, barking pigeons, parrots and white cockatoos. The Filipinos are nuts about locusts, particularly when they are pickled in vinegar or fried in salty fat.

Sea food offers a fine variety. The book tells of a number of shellfish that can be picked up around the islands in the Pacific. Things like the cockle, the cowry, the limpet, the conch and a lot of other creatures, whose principal attraction has been their shells, are nice eating. So are prawns and fresh-water mussels. The wanderer has to watch out for one shellfish, however. It's called the cone, because it's shaped like a pine cone. The cone is not only poison to eat, but has sharp teeth that shoot venom into you like a serpent's fangs. Furthermore, it seems to get positive pleasure out of using its teeth.

The book tells how to cook the shellfish if no kitchen utensils are handy. Simply build a fire on top of them. They stew in their own juices and come out quite palatable. Or they can be eaten raw.

The turtle is a famous food. The book tells how to get him by shooting, trapping, lassoing, or flipping him over on his back. You have to be careful to keep out of the way of his big beak. It can tear a chunk out of you long after the turtle's head has been cut off. Besides furnishing good steaks and stews, the turtle also has a shell that's handy. It can be used as a stewpan in which to boil the turtle's eggs. The eggs are buried two or three feet deep in hot sand. They're easy to find because the turtle carves a regular highway from the edge of the water to the nest.

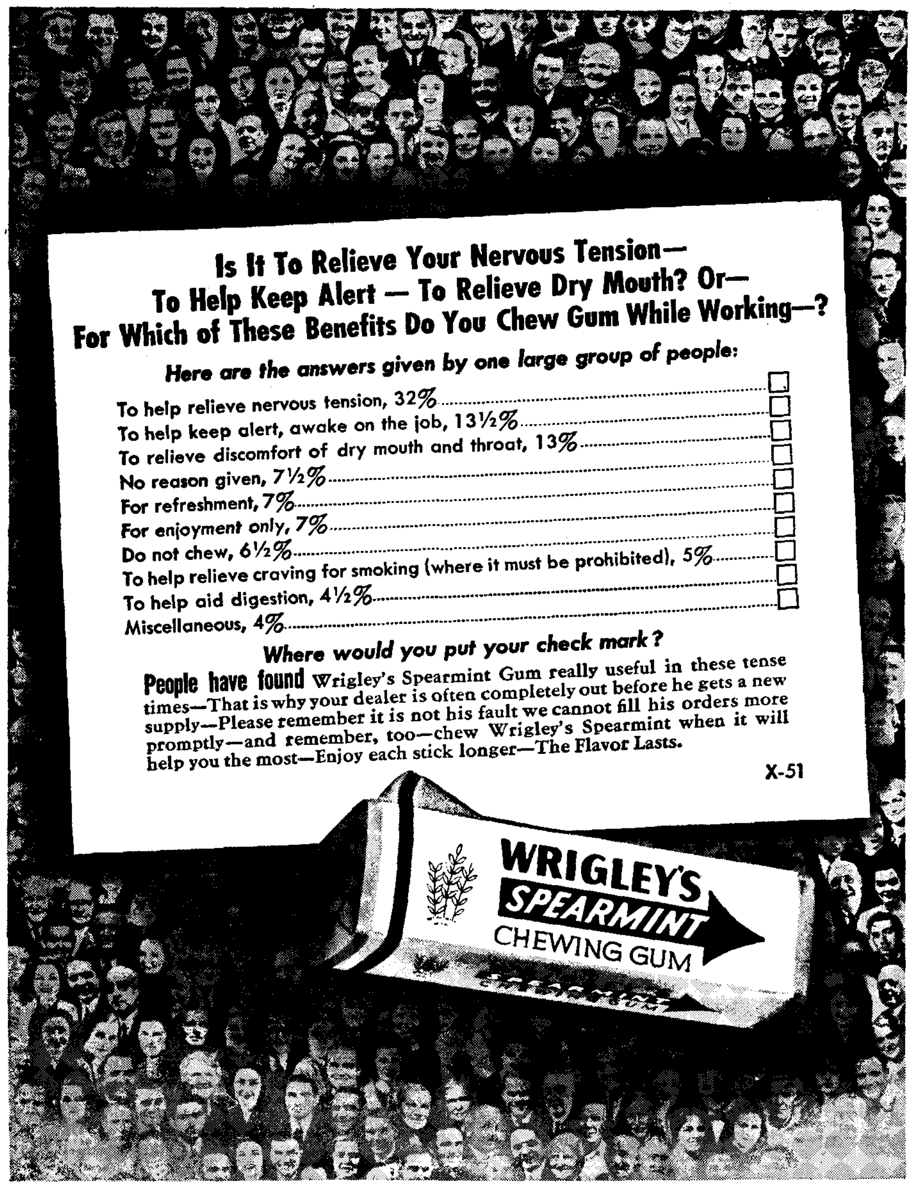
ALL this leaves out the prospects of catching fish and bringing down the more normal types of game. But that's all in the book, too, in addition to a number of household hints for the city slicker who has to set himself up in a tropical jungle.

Wanderers are told, for example, that when they need water, they should watch the white cockatoos. When cockatoos are around, good drinking water isn't far away.

And if there's a question about whether a particular plant is fit to eat, the birds will give the answer. If they eat it, the chances are overwhelming that it's good. Then there are these suggestions:

"If you come down in mountainous areas, make for the coast as the ranges are devoid of food and water. To avoid thirst, travel at night and sleep during the day. If you carry a small piece of sponge, or even chewed-grass fiber, water can be obtained at dawn by sponging the dew off the shrubs, rocks, etc. Flowers of various honeysuckle trees, shaken into a bark dish at dawn, will often yield an abundance of sugary liquid. It is useless to start the task after sunrise."

The things our fliers have to put up with! They even have to be Boy Scouts, yet. . . . ROBERT MCCORMICK



Is It To Relieve Your Nervous Tension—
To Help Keep Alert — To Relieve Dry Mouth? Or—
For Which of These Benefits Do You Chew Gum While Working—?

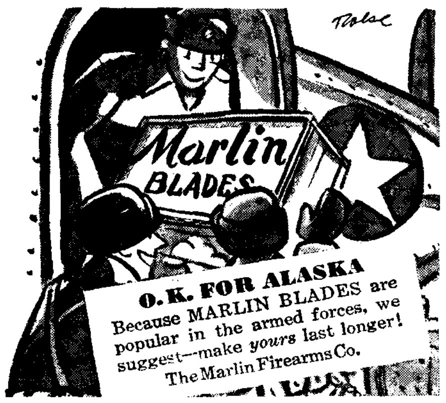
Here are the answers given by one large group of people:

To help relieve nervous tension, 32% ☐
To help keep alert, awake on the job, 13½% ☐
To relieve discomfort of dry mouth and throat, 13% ☐
No reason given, 7½% ☐
For refreshment, 7% ☐
For enjoyment only, 7% ☐
Do not chew, 6½% ☐
To help relieve craving for smoking (where it must be prohibited), 5% ☐
To help aid digestion, 4½% ☐
Miscellaneous, 4% ☐

Where would you put your check mark?

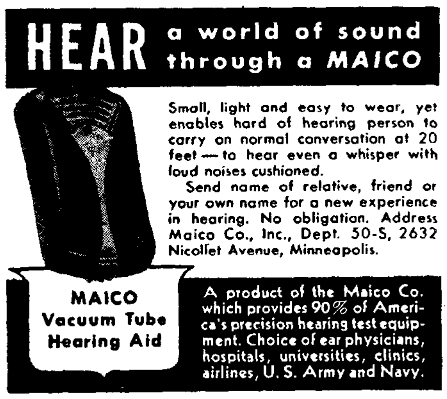
People have found Wrigley's Spearmint Gum really useful in these tense times—That is why your dealer is often completely out before he gets a new supply—Please remember it is not his fault we cannot fill his orders more promptly—and remember, too—chew Wrigley's Spearmint when it will help you the most—Enjoy each stick longer—The Flavor Lasts.

X-51



O.K. FOR ALASKA
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make *yours* last longer!
The Marlin Firearms Co.

Man! what relief for sun-parched lips!
Keep Chap Stick handy for quick relief when your lips get painfully sun-burned. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin — makes lips smooth and comfortable again. Be sure it's *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick. 25 cents at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.
FLEET'S Chap Stick
On duty with U.S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)



HEAR a world of sound through a MAICO

Small, light and easy to wear, yet enables hard of hearing person to carry on normal conversation at 20 feet—to hear even a whisper with loud noises cushioned.

Send name of relative, friend or your own name for a new experience in hearing. No obligation. Address Maico Co., Inc., Dept. 50-S, 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

MAICO Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid

A product of the Maico Co. which provides 90% of America's precision hearing test equipment. Choice of ear physicians, hospitals, universities, clinics, airlines, U.S. Army and Navy.

Helps Shorten Working Hours
For Tired, Burning, Swollen Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease — the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

There's NO BETTER BUY for a Nickel
Creamy...
Welch's chocolate covered Fudge 5¢
Delicious!
Quality 5¢ Candies
WELCH'S

CORNS Go Fast
1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes
Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; quickly remove corns. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores everywhere.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Shock Absorber

Continued from page 26

send an electrical impulse along a nerve for a muscle to get to work, but that message never arrives at its destination.

The first clinical work began in Omaha —under the direction of Doctor A. E. Bennett of the University of Nebraska. The first patient to get curare set the pattern for all that followed. The drug worked in an orderly pattern. First, it acted on facial muscles. The patient's face became a flaccid mask, jaw and lips sagged, eyelids became droopy. Neck muscles went out next; then arms and legs. Breathing is affected only if too large doses are administered.

But suppose a doctor does give a too large dose—one which paralyzes breathing? At first glance, this looks like a frightening prospect. It isn't. Curare is excreted rapidly. If muscles are temporarily paralyzed, artificial respiration will keep the patient going until normal breathing is resumed. In laboratory tests, experimental dogs have been given 50 times the lethal dose of curare—and been kept alive by artificial respiration.

In curarizing patients about to undergo shock, the drug is administered in an arm vein. Maximum effect is achieved in about two minutes. At this point, the patient can't lift his head. He can barely move arms and legs. He is ready for metrazol—also administered by hypodermic—or for a mule kick of electricity. Without curare he would bend double, and nurses would have difficulty keeping him on the table. But with curare, he lies quietly. Arms and legs twitch, but movements are so feeble that no damage is done.

Doctor Bennett reported brilliant results from his first series of 101 patients. There was only one fracture. In that patient, curare wore off while physicians searched for a vein to administer metrazol.

After this first series, curare went out for experimental work in dozens of other hospitals. Fractures, sore backs, and other things that had frightened physicians away from shock treatments were eliminated by this black magic from the jungle.

As this is written, over 40,000 doses of curare have been administered, with no untoward results.

Hope for the Hopeless

After this demonstration of the drug's safety and efficiency, physicians began looking for other applications—and found them. Mightn't curare be used in treating spastic paralysis? This ghastly sickness is more prevalent than infantile paralysis. It accounts for a good portion of the cripples you see on the street—and thousands of others you don't see. These are the ones confined to homes and hospitals.

One form of spastic paralysis results from injury during birth. Wild impulses go out through nerve channels, so that the sufferer has no control over his muscles. Speech is hopelessly garbled. Perhaps one arm muscle or leg muscle is under constant stimulus—so that it pulls the arm or leg into a permanent crook. Of all cripples, the spastics are the most hopeless. To add to their tragedy, their minds are clear and alert. They know what they want to say but can't control the muscles of speech. They know how leg muscles should move in walking but they can't make them work.

Curare? Some physicians began to wonder. Couldn't it be used to tame (or to shut off) those wild nerve-muscle impulses? To screen them out, perhaps, and let physiotherapists get to work re-educating muscles? It was a shot in the dark. Never before had there been *any* medication for spastic paralysis.

In Providence, one group of physicians got busy. Instead of injecting curare in a vein—where it would have a quick effect and be excreted—they injected it in muscle and under the skin. Thus it was liberated gradually into the blood. In some cases, the effect of curare persisted for as long as three days.

Children who had difficulty in talking before spoke clearly. One little boy had always wanted to spin a top and was able to do so. Curare, the sudden death from the jungle, granted one little girl a lifelong wish: She had always wanted to go up a flight of stairs without assistance.

This group of children were kept on curare for four months. In all of them, speech became clearer and muscle performance smoother. The drug, of course, has no healing effect. It cures nothing. It only permits temporary relief, during which time physiotherapists can institute a program of muscle training. The reaction of the children? They were so grateful for the relief it gave that they begged for it.

Curare has had only the most meager use so far in treating spasticity. The tragedy of this disease is too great for us to get any false notions here. In not a single case has the use of curare made a sick child into a well child. It merely offers a hopeful new approach to treatment.

Tetanus—the Nightmare

Curare offers promise in treatment of tetanus—an important point in wartime. Although there is a vaccination against this disease, a few cases will inevitably appear. Care of patients with tetanus has been a nightmare in the past. They are kept in dark, completely quiet rooms. The slightest thing—feeding, care of body needs, medication, even a sharp noise—will set off violent convulsions. Curare offers a merciful antidote. It has already been used on several patients, allowing them to make uneventful recoveries from this terrible disease.

Another field for curare usefulness is opening up. In abdominal work—hernia, appendicitis, intestinal obstruction—surgeons in the past have faced one omnipresent difficulty: tenseness of abdominal muscles. Muscular contractions of intestines make work on this organ difficult. Why not curarize patients and get complete relaxation? This has been done with excellent results. Curare is rarely used with ether, because both depress breathing and it is dangerous to pile one effect on another. But it has worked well with that brilliant new gas anesthesia, now coming into wide use—cyclopropane. This gas has few of ether's aftereffects—no nausea, no ether pneumonia, no depression. Patients emerge from cyclopropane with clear heads within a few minutes after completion of surgery. In abdominal work, curare is a perfect complement for cyclopropane anesthesia.

While these clinical trials have been going on, the laboratory men have been doing additional curare work. Remember, the curare so far used in hospitals has been merely a refined jungle product. The chemists have been interested in finding what it is in the jungle product that causes paralysis—what chemical. So far, one British worker has crystallized this pure stuff, and Squibb chemists have duplicated the feat. The next step is to try to make this chemical artificially.

All clinical work so far done with curare has been on an experimental basis. The drug won't be released for general use for several months yet, but it has a secure future. It holds out hope for thousands of afflicted men and women. The jungle's kiss of death has been tamed.

THE END

AL, THE MESSENGER...

The distant train beats its tom-tom of approach—and then, with a mighty crescendo of sound, roars on.

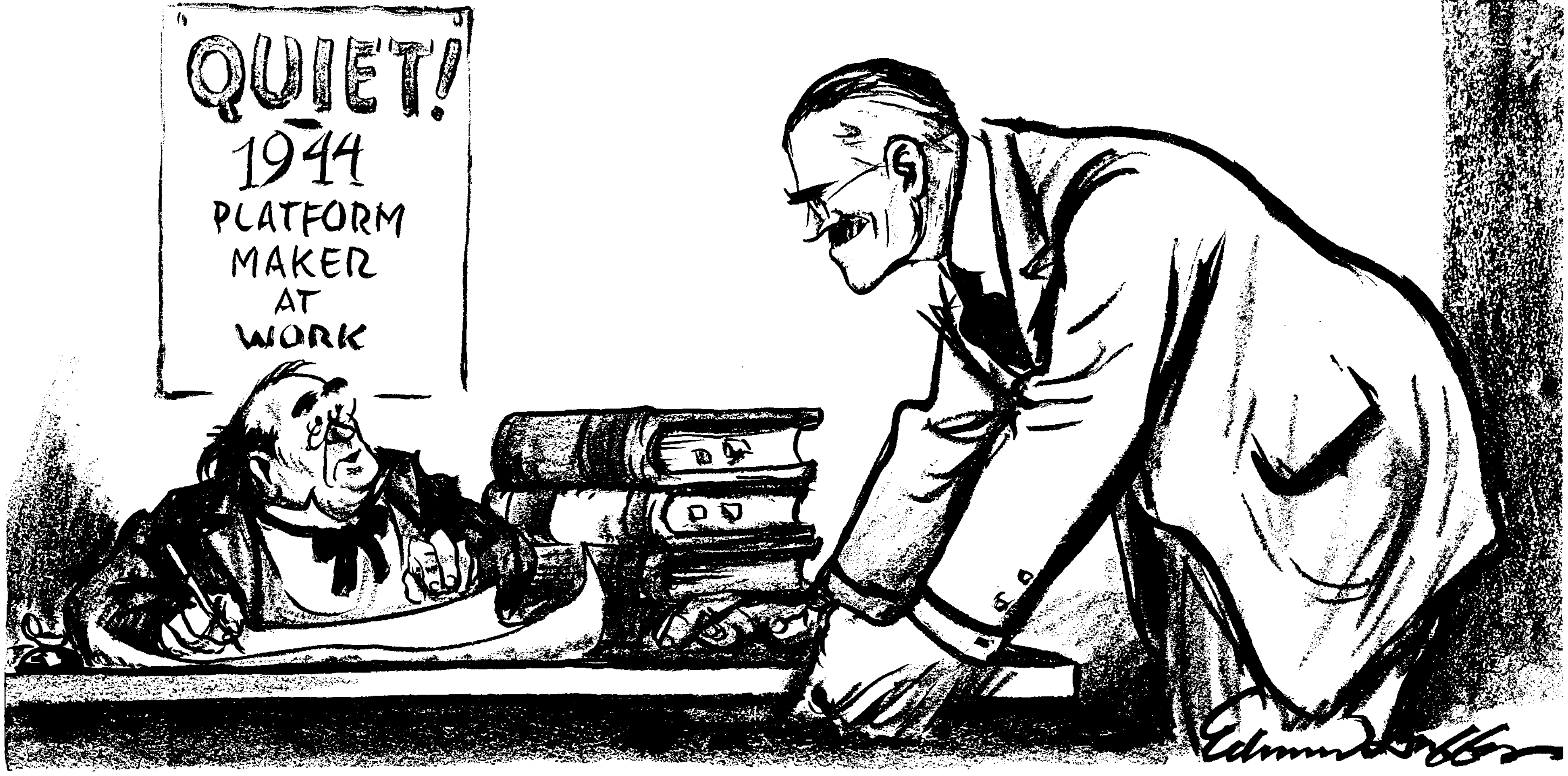
Inside the Express car, Al, the Railway Express Messenger, is busy. He works night and day to help facilitate and protect the transporting of every package entrusted to his care, so that no valuable time will be lost . . . loading or unloading at the next station, or the next, or the next.

North, South, East, West . . . on long journeys or short, every minute of the day or night, wherever trains go, some part of the army of 7,160 Express Messengers is always at work . . . helping Railway Express provide its fast, nationwide service.

RAILWAY
EXPRESS
AGENCY

★ Use AIR EXPRESS for Super-Speed at 3 miles a minute!

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
•
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor
•
JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



FOUR PLANKS FOR '44

COLLIER'S is in receipt of a statement from Elmo Roper concerning what he thinks most Americans will want the politicians to promise the people in the 1944 Presidential campaign now shaping up.

Mr. Roper is qualified to offer such an opinion. He has spent the last ten years or so as a conductor of public-opinion surveys—a man who asks cross sections of the people what they think about well-nigh everything under the sun. His reports have scored high for accuracy through the years, so we are glad to pass along here the Roper findings on the American people's wishes regarding 1944 national platforms.

Any political party that seriously wants to elect a President in 1944, Mr. Roper thinks, had better incorporate in its platform four principal planks, having to do with the subjects listed below; and its candidate had better convince the people that he means to deliver the goods on all four planks. Here they are:

1. Full Postwar Employment.

"To the average man," says Roper, "the right to work under decent conditions and for decent wages and with an opportunity for advancement is the cornerstone of any Social Security program."

To this average man, Roper finds, plans for old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, health insurance, etc., etc., are just desirable trimmings. Give him a reasonably steady job, his feeling is, and he'll buy what social security he can.

The bulk of the burden of furnishing full postwar employment must fall on private enterprise. The politicians' part of the job is chiefly to help private enterprise shoulder this burden, by enacting laws calculated to help industry maintain and expand pay rolls and plants, lay up reserves for research and for development of new outlets, keep wages fairly adjusted to living costs, and so on.

In slack periods, the federal government can legitimately step in with public-works programs financed from its own funds—but only as a stopgap and a pump primer. Our average man, as of 1944 and probably for a long time thereafter, does not want government competing with private enterprise or trying to push it out of the industrial picture. Government also has a responsibility for what Mr. Roper calls the "morally, physically and mentally unfit."

2. World Peace—World Co-operation.

Mr. Roper is convinced that Americans are not reconciled to the idea of a world war every 25 years or so from here on out; that they think peace can be guaranteed by a concert of powerful, well-intentioned nations; that their chief disagreements and perplexities turn on the question of what is the best way for the world's leading nations (our own included) to co-operate to keep the peace after the Allies win the war.

Isolationism seems to us not quite so dead as all that, and may indeed be set for quite a comeback sooner or later—a probability which we think postwar planners will ignore to their eventual regret.

But it does seem accurate to say that the national mood is now one of hatred of all war, including this one, and of ardent desire to prevent similar holocausts in future if they can possibly be prevented. Americans know now that polite expression of lofty ideals will not curb world gangsterism. Mr. Roper seems on safe ground in suggesting that the 1944 Presidential platforms had better set forth sane, businesslike plans for at least prolonging the peace after this war. "Businesslike" is the important word here, we think, because Americans have not forgotten how their pious hopes that wars were to be no more blew up in their faces in due time after the first World War.

3. Fair Distribution of Industry's Rewards.

Mr. Roper heavily discounts the occasional talk you hear to the effect that this war is softening the American people for Socialism or Communism. They want neither, Mr. Roper feels sure: "They want a country where individual initiative, exceptional vision, extraordinary abilities and hard work will secure for anyone who has these qualities, more financial security and more of the luxuries of life than they would like to see go to anyone who is not in possession of those qualities. They still want a land where anybody can become President or millionaire."

But Roper reports a widespread feeling that th gaps are still too large in some cases to be sociall healthy—as, for example, the distance between som corporation presidents' salaries and the wages pai some lower-rank white-collar help. What American appear to want under this head is a floor of decen minimum pay for all who work, but no penalizing o anybody for having unusual energy, enterprise an vision—since those qualities in one person almos invariably benefit a lot of other people as well as th person who possesses them.

4. Victory as Soon as Possible.

The American people, Mr. Roper finds, ar unanimous in their desire to have this war fought t the unconditional surrender of the Axis in the shortest possible time.

They are already fiercely impatient, and are growing more so by the day. with anything or anybod that appears to be dragging out the war by so muc as ten minutes—because your boy or mine may b killed or maimed for life in that last needless te minutes.

The majority of their 1944 votes will go, Mr Roper feels (in case the war is still in progress at th time, of course), to the party which can best convince them that it can and will, if its candidate wins cut the home-front bureaucratic bickerings and political shenanigans to the bone and get on remorselessly and relentlessly with the war.

"The Republicans," he says, "might try to get b as the 'Party of Prosperity'; the Democrats may tr to get by as the 'Party of Humanity.' But unless th Republicans can, for example, tie their 'Prosperity to a belief in the fair division of that prosperity, unless the Democrats can tie their 'Humanity' to a capacity for *curing* unemployment, not just alleviating the suffering that results from it, the voters will no be too impressed."

This analysis of Mr. Roper's makes sense to us We believe it will make sense to most Americans Therefore, we believe it is worth the careful—even prayerful—attention of every politician who expects to have anything to do with carpentering any 1944 national platform.